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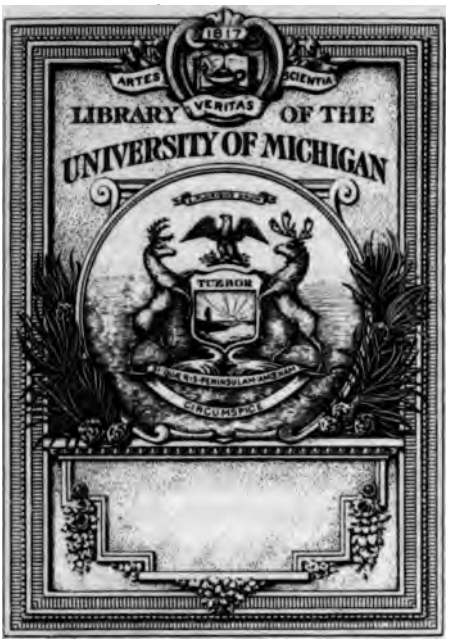
MEMOIRS OF KING GEORGE THE·THIRD

III



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MEMOIRS OF KING GEORGE III.

CHAPTER I.

Failure of Lord North's Proposals for Conciliating the North American Colonists — Franklin's Return to America — Burke's Conciliatory Resolutions Rejected in the House of Commons by a Large Majority — Infatuation of the British Ministers — Agitation in the Colonies — Collision at Lexington, Massachusetts — "Battle of Concord" — Disastrous Retreat of the British to Boston.

In the meantime, affairs in America had been exciting the deepest interest, as well in Great Britain as amongst the colonists themselves. While the oppressive act for restraining the trade of New England was still passing through its various stages in the British Parliament, Lord North, to the astonishment of the House of Commons, and even of some of his own colleagues, intimated that he had a conciliatory plan of his own to submit to the House. The British legislature, he premised, would never yield up the principle that it had the right to tax America. Let the colonial Assemblies, however, consent and promise to make

proper provision toward the common defence of the empire, for the maintenance of civil government in America and the administration of justice, and Great Britain, on her part, would guarantee to impose no more taxes on America, unless for the regulation of commerce. Such was the spirit of the conciliatory scheme, which, in the form of a resolution, Lord North submitted to the House of Commons. Whether, he said, any of the colonies would return to their allegiance on these terms, he was unable to say. It was, however, both wise and humane to give them the option; and, "if they rejected them," he added, "their blood must be on their own head."

Had this resolution been proposed at an earlier period of the disputes between the two countries, it is possible it might have produced a healing effect. Under present circumstances, however, it was little better than a mockery. "It is a mere verbiage," writes Lord Chatham to Lord Mahon; "a most puerile mockery that will be spurned in America, as well as laughed at here by the friends of America, and by the unrelenting enemies of that noble country." For instance, it still retained on the statute book the offensive assertion of right on the part of the parent country to tax her colonies. It left to the decision, not of the Assemblies of the different provinces, but of the Crown, the amount of funds which they were to be required to contribute toward the defence of

the empire; and lastly, any favourable impression which it might otherwise have produced on the minds of the American people was certain to be nullified by the recent odious bill for ruining their commerce and trade, which the same packet would probably carry across the Atlantic. It was like a man, said Franklin, with an olive-branch in one hand and a sword in the other. That Lord North's proposition would have been more ample and liberal, but for the opposition which he anticipated from the Bedford section of his party, there seems good reason to believe. Indeed, as it was, the probability of that party voting with the friends of high prerogative had threatened to place the minister in a minority. "Last Monday," writes Gibbon, "a conciliatory motion of allowing the colonies to tax themselves was introduced by Lord North, in the midst of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the House in confusion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion against those measures. Lord North rose six times to appease the storm, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert [Elliot] declared for administration, and the troops all rallied under the proper standard." "The Bedford party," writes the American historian, "threatened to vote against the minister, till Sir Gilbert Elliot, the well-known friend of the king, brought to his aid the royal influence, and secured for the motion a large majority."

This amiable, however inadequate, endeavour to conciliate the Americans originated, there is every reason to believe, in the king. His principal confidants would seem to have been Lord North, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Admiral Earl Howe. There was at this time no private family in England with whom the king associated on more affectionate terms than with the members of the house of Howe. For the earl, and for his charming and accomplished sister, Mrs. Howe, he ever entertained the strongest respect and regard. By the marriage of their father, Emanuel, second Viscount Howe, with Mary Sophia Kielmansegge, a natural daughter of George the First, they were first cousins once removed to the king. Moreover, the fact of the earl's mother having been lady of the bedchamber to Augusta, Princess of Wales, had probably improved the intimacy between the two families. When, therefore, we discover so intimate a friend of the king as Lord Howe seeking clandestine interviews with Franklin; when we remember that his lordship held important office as treasurer of the navy, and that Franklin, on the other hand, was not only regarded by the high prerogative party as a rebel, but that he lived in daily apprehension of arrest; and lastly, when we find that the object of their interviews was the conciliation of the American colonies, — we have surely a right to presume that so cautious and sagacious a nobleman as Lord Howe would never

have undertaken so delicate a negotiation, unless expressly desired and instructed by his sovereign. No one, indeed, can read the interesting accounts which Franklin has bequeathed us of those interviews, without, we think, being satisfied that the king was the promoter of them. A game of chess with the lady of the mansion was the ostensible cause of Franklin's visits to Grafton Street. To confer in private with Lord Howe on American affairs was the real and important motive. What, inquired Mrs. Howe of Franklin over their chess-board, were the real and substantive grounds of quarrel between Great Britain and America? There were no "clashing interests," was the pithy reply. "It was rather a matter of punctilio, which two or three sensible people might settle in half an hour." [1]

To the mortification of the illustrious American, this, his last attempt to obtain redress for his suffering fellow countrymen, came to nothing. He had by this time, to use his own words, ceased to entertain a hope that the destinies of America would be "rescued out of the mangling hands of the present set of blundering ministers." He had attended, and for the last time listened, in the House of Lords, to ministerial depreciations of "American courage, religion, and understanding." England, instead of adopting his views, threatened

[1] "The king," writes Franklin, in 1772, "has lately been heard to speak of me with regard."

him with a prison, and accordingly he prepared to return to his native country — insulted, mortified, disappointed. One of the last visits which he paid was to Edmund Burke, on the day previous to his finally quitting London.[1] Mournfully he predicted the impending separation between the mother country and her colonies. America, he said, had enjoyed happier days under the rule of Great Britain than possibly she might ever enjoy again. He lamented the separation, but, he added, it was inevitable. When, nineteen months afterward, Franklin next visited Europe, it was in the proud capacity of minister plenipotentiary from the American Congress to the court of France. "In regard to this event," writes Lord Rockingham, "I cannot refrain from paying my tribute of admiration to the vigour, magnanimity, and determined resolution of the old man. The horrid scene at a Privy Council is in my memory, though perhaps not in his. It may not excite his conduct. It certainly deters him not. He boldly ventures to cross the Atlantic in an American little frigate, and risks the dangers of being taken, and being

[1] Franklin arrived at Philadelphia on the 4th of May, to the great satisfaction of his fellow countrymen.

> "Welcome once more
> To these fair western plains, thy native shore!
> Here live beloved!
> Why staid apostate Wedderburn behind,
> The scum, the scorn, the scoundrel of mankind?"

once more brought before an implacable tribunal. The sight of Banquo's ghost could not more offend the eyes of Macbeth, than the knowledge of this old man being at Versailles should affect the minds of those who were principals in that horrid scene."

Burke appears to have been more sanguine than Franklin in regard to American affairs, and accordingly, not many days after the departure of his friend, he moved in the House of Commons a series of propositions as the basis for conciliation between Great Britain and America. His speech on this occasion is said to have been one of the finest ever delivered within the walls of Parliament; yet it produced no more favourable results than had been effected by the close reasonings and experience of Pownall, or by the fervid eloquence of Chatham. No fewer than two hundred and seventy members, against seventy-eight, voted in favour of tyranny and subjugation. Well might Burke exclaim, in the course of his memorable oration: "A great empire and little minds go but ill together." "Pacification with America," writes Walpole to Mann, "is not the measure adopted. More regiments are ordered thither. They are bold ministers, methinks, who do not hesitate on a civil war, in which victory may bring ruin, and disappointment endanger their heads."

Thus gradually began to die away most of the remaining hopes entertained by the wise and the

far-sighted, of being able to avert the horrors of civil war and the dismemberment of the empire. Henceforth, the question at issue between the two countries was reduced to the simple, but momentous proposition, whether Great Britain was to subjugate her colonies, or whether the colonies were to achieve their independence. Such was the view which was taken of the subject by the French court; and, indeed, with the exception of the British ministers and the country gentlemen, such was the view which was beginning to be adopted on either side of the Atlantic.

There were two points, connected with American affairs, on which the imaginations of Lord North and his colleagues appear to have run completely wild. In the first place, it was still their conviction that the colonists, instead of fighting, would be easily frightened into submission; and secondly, they were no less satisfied that the affection, which the Americans still professed for the mother country, was nothing but a feint, and that independence had long been the end and aim of their leading men. How completely American valour subsequently gave the lie to the former conviction it is needless to observe. Nor was the second proposition, cruelly reflecting, as it did, on the sincerity of the straightforward founders of the American republic, less unsound than the first. For instance, when, in the preceding month of October, the high-minded Washington expressed

his conviction "that no such thing as independence was desired by any thinking man in America," is it conceivable that he was inditing a deliberate untruth?[1] Again, when Franklin gave the same solemn assurance to Lord Chatham, is it credible that he was wilfully deceiving the stanchest champion and friend of American liberty and of the American people? "I assure your lordship," were Franklin's words, "that having more than once travelled almost from one end of the continent to the other, and kept a great variety of company, — eating, drinking, and conversing with them freely, — I never heard in any conversation from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for a separation, or hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America." Did Jefferson tell an untruth when he wrote: "Before the 19th of April, 1775, I never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain?" Or was John Adams similarly guilty of an untruth when, in March, 1775, he wrote of the people of Massachusetts: "That there are any who pant

[1] Again Washington writes, in 1774: "Give me leave to add, and I think I can announce it as a fact, that it is not the wish or interest of that government [Massachusetts], or of any other upon this continent, separately or collectively to set up for independence." Indeed, so late as the 1st of April, 1776, only three months before America declared her independence, Washington wrote to Joseph Reed: "My countrymen, I know from their form of government and steady attachment heretofore to royalty, will come reluctantly into the idea of independence; but time and persecution bring many wonderful things to pass."

after independence is the greatest slander on the province?" "It is our greatest wish and inclination, as well as interest, to continue our connection with, and dependence upon, the British government," were the words of the famous resolution which, at the suggestion of Washington, was adopted by the people of Fairfax County, Virginia. No! The independence of America sprang not from premeditation nor intrigue. There may, indeed, have been a few of the more exasperated or ambitious of her sons, who, looking forward to the future greatness of their country, already aspired to throw off the yoke of the parent land; but as yet such had not been the desire of the wisest and the best. The revolution, now fast approaching, was not of the Americans' seeking. It was instigated neither by false patriots, nor by mob-orators, nor by dreaming political enthusiasts. The wrongs from which it sprang were neither imaginary, nor were they ordinary wrongs. It was the universal rising of a sagacious and a loyal people[1] in defence of their chartered liberties and their lives — a solemn appeal to the God of Battles to defend and uphold the right. "Our conduct," writes Horace Walpole to General Conway, "has been that of pert children. We have thrown a

[1] At a dinner given at New York on the 5th of July to General Wooster and the officers of the Connecticut corps, we find the first toast proposed and drunk to be — "The king."

pebble at a mastiff, and are surprised it was not frightened."

In the meantime, the news of the arbitrary proceedings of the British legislature had greatly increased the ferment in America. All eyes, as formerly, were turned toward Massachusetts, and especially toward the people of Boston. In that city a dismal winter had been passed — by the British regiments, on the one side, in inglorious inactivity, and by the leading men of the province in providing firearms, collecting military stores, and increasing their militia, or minutemen, who now amounted to several thousands. The sight of the soldiers fortifying Boston Neck had kept their exasperation constantly alive. A mere accident — the loss of a single life in a scuffle — might at any moment kindle civil war throughout the whole continent of America.

Spring had scarcely set in, before such an occasion actually occurred. Intelligence having reached General Gage that a large magazine of military stores had been formed by the Americans at Concord, — an inland town, about twenty miles from Boston, — he determined, at the repeated solicitations, it is said, of the American loyalists in Massachusetts, at once to effect either its capture or destruction. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of April, a secret expedition, consisting of about eight hundred grenadiers, light infantry, and marines, under the command of

Lieutenant-Colonel Smith of the Tenth Regiment, were carried in boats across the Charles River to East Cambridge. "They will miss their aim," said a mysterious voice from amongst the bystanders. "What aim?" hastily inquired a British officer, Earl Percy. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the reply. Lord Percy instantly flew to communicate the words to General Gage, when immediate orders were given for preventing any American quitting the town, but it was found impossible to carry them into effect. Already two high-spirited young men, mounted on fleet horses, were making the best of their way to Concord; knocking at the house-doors of the different villages through which they galloped, and communicating to the inhabitants the intelligence of the advance of the British troops. Already, with far greater rapidity than the speed of horses, a mysterious light, streaming from the steeple of one of the Boston churches, was promulgating, far and wide, that peril was at hand. Then, too, fell on the ears of the astonished soldiery the sound of the ringing of bells and the distant firing of cannon. Even to the youngest soldier, it must have been evident that their purpose had transpired; that the sounds to which he listened were the signals for rousing up the minutemen[1] from their beds; and that, before daylight, an overpow-

[1] So called, it is said, from their being pledged to rush to the post of danger at a minute's notice.

ering force might possibly attack them and even cut off their retreat.[1] Nevertheless, Colonel Smith, in pursuance of his orders, continued his eventful march.

The troops had pushed on some miles beyond Boston, when Colonel Smith deemed it prudent to send forward six companies of light infantry, under the command of Major Pitcairn, of the royal marines, for the purpose of securing one or two bridges which it was indispensable for his men to cross. It was five o'clock in the morning when the advanced party reached the village of Lexington, at that time containing about seven hundred inhabitants. Here, by the dim light which was just beginning to dawn, Major Pitcairn perceived a body of militia, to the number of about seventy men, drawn up on the village green by the roadside, armed and wearing military accoutrements. With what object they were there, with this hostile demonstration, unless for the purpose of attacking, or of inviting an attack, from the British, it

[1] The Massachusetts Committee of Safety and Supplies had, by their votes on the 14th of the preceding month, provided for such an occasion as now occurred. "Voted, That Members from this Committee belonging to the towns of Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury, be desired, at the Province expense, to procure at least two men for a Watch every night to be placed in each of those towns; and that the said Members be in readiness to send Couriers forward to the Towns where the Magazines are placed, when sallies are made from the Army by night." It was also voted that similar instructions should be sent to Colonel Barret at Concord.

is difficult to determine. Even their historians, though they insist that their intentions were peaceful, do not deny that their pieces were loaded. Under all the circumstances, it seems only natural that Major Pitcairn should have ridden up to them and inquired the object of their being thus assembled. This, according to the American accounts, he did in an insufferably insolent manner, crying out to them, "Disperse, you rebels! D—n you! Throw down your arms and disperse!" This demand, it is said, not being instantly complied with, Pitcairn, having first of all discharged his own pistol, gave the order to his men to fire, an order which was only too promptly and effectually obeyed. "Then, and not till then," writes their historian, "did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives, or dying men, did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg." Seven of the militia were killed, and nine wounded.

Such is the American account of the skirmish at Lexington — an account certainly differing very materially from that which was subsequently drawn up by Colonel Smith for the information of General Gage and of the British government. "I understand," writes the colonel, "from the report of Major Pitcairn, and from many officers, that they found on a green, close to the road, a body

of the country people drawn up in military order, with arms and accoutrements, and, as appeared after, loaded; and that they had posted some men in a dwelling and meeting-house. Our troops advanced toward them, without any intention of injuring them, further than to inquire the reason of their being thus assembled, and, if not satisfactory, to have secured their arms. But they in confusion went off, principally to the left; only one of them fired before he went off, and three or four more jumped over a wall, and fired from behind it among the soldiers, on which the troops returned it, and killed several of them. They likewise fired on the soldiers from the meeting and dwelling house. We had one man wounded, and Major Pitcairn's horse shot in two places."[1] Accounts so different there is certainly great difficulty in reconciling. In the first place, that a body of half-disciplined countrymen should have commenced an attack on a detachment of British troops, who were not only highly organised, but superior to themselves in number, is, to say the least, improbable; while, on the other hand, no less difficult is it to question the veracity of an official report of a British officer of high position; more especially as

[1] "Major Pitcairn," according to another account, "called upon them to disperse, and on attempting to surround and disarm them, they fired upon our troops; upon which the light infantry, without being ordered, fired, and killed several of the country people." These statements tend altogether to exonerate Major Pitcairn from the charge of rash and violent conduct.

he had taken no part in the melancholy affray, and consequently could have no personal motive for misrepresenting the fact.

It was about seven o'clock, on a beautiful spring morning, that the British troops marched into the excited town of Concord. The only force which seemed to threaten to dispute their advance was a body of about two hundred exasperated militiamen who were posted on a neighbouring eminence, but who, perceiving how inferior they were in numbers to the regulars, withdrew at their approach to the distance of about half a mile, where they waited for reinforcements. Paying no attention to this body of men, further than detaching about a hundred soldiers to occupy the bridge across the Concord River, Colonel Smith commenced his search for the cannon, and other warlike stores, of which he had come in quest. The Americans, however, had been allowed time to bury the one, and to carry off the greater portion of the other, and consequently the paltry destruction of about sixty barrels of powder and an insignificant quantity of ball, the spiking of three pieces of artillery, and the burning of the Tree of Liberty and some gun-carriages, were all the advantages for which, to use the words of the American historian, General Gage "precipitated a civil war." "Private dwellings," according to the same authority, "were rifled;" but so far from any such outrage having been sanctioned by Colonel Smith, we

find, from his despatch to General Gage, that both he and Major Pitcairn did their utmost to allay the apprehensions of the inhabitants, by explaining to them the true and only object of their visit to Concord. "We had opportunities," writes the colonel, "of convincing them of our good intentions, but they were sulky, and one of them even struck Major Pitcairn."

In the meantime, by the pouring into Concord of numbers of armed men from the neighbouring farmhouses and villages, the party of American militia — which we have mentioned as having retired at the approach of the redcoats — had been increased to about four hundred. In front of them, almost within gunshot, was presented the irritating spectacle of a hundred British soldiers occupying, and standing at their arms, upon the town bridge; while, farther off, was seen the smoke arising from the burning gun-carriages and Tree of Liberty. For some length of time the leading Americans stood apart in anxious consultation. It was, in fact, no light responsibility to fall to the lot of three or four peaceful individuals, to be suddenly called upon to decide on the alternative of either remaining passive spectators of the destruction of their property and the invasion of their rights, or else, by offering resistance to the king's troops, probably plunge their country into a civil war. In front of them, almost inviting attack, was ranged an isolated detachment of the redoubt-

able British infantry. To induce the redcoats to fire in the first instance, instead of being themselves the aggressors; to follow up their success, should they prove victorious, by pursuing, harassing, attacking, and, if possible, annihilating, the remainder of the British force while on its return to Boston, — appears to have been the plan of operations which was agreed upon by this little council of war. At all events, the word was presently given to advance, when the whole body, having previously received the strictest commands not to be the first to fire, marched directly toward the bridge. As their pace was a rapid one, and as their intentions and attitude were to all appearance hostile, surely the British, if they were the first to fire, are not to be too severely blamed. "On their coming pretty near," writes Colonel Smith, "one of our men fired on them, which they returned." It was not, however, till the British had poured in a volley upon them, nor till after the lapse of many seconds, that the return fire came from the American side. For a moment, indeed, it seemed to be a question with the latter whether to fight or fly, when their enthusiastic leader, Maj. John Buttrick,[1] of Concord, leaped impetuously forward,

[1] Major Buttrick subsequently received a colonel's commission and served with credit during the Revolutionary War. "On his decease, his funeral was attended by military honours. A procession, with appropriate music, moved over the very ground where he had led his soldiers to action; and the entire scene was

exclaiming, "Fire, fellow soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" Had they continued to hesitate, the liberties of America might have been crushed for a time, and her independence postponed for another century. That voice, however, acted like a spell. The words, "Fire! fire! fire!" flew from mouth to mouth, and instantaneously a volley was discharged at the British, which killed two of them and wounded several others. Then ensued a short conflict, which was followed by the discomfiture of the redcoats, who, outnumbered by as many as four to one, retreated in confusion, and apparently panic-struck, to the main body of their comrades, leaving the bridge in the possession of the Americans. Such were the chief incidents associated with that momentous conflict, upon which the Americans, with a pardonable vanity, have conferred the stately title of the Battle of Concord. "This," writes their historian, "is the world-renowned Battle of Concord, more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim."

It was noon when Colonel Smith and his men commenced retracing their steps to Boston. The road which his troops had to traverse was a hilly and zigzag one, winding through forests and brushwood, and occasionally between defiles. By this time the whole of the surrounding country had

the most solemn and impressive ever known in Concord." A handsome granite monument, commemorative of the events of the day, now stands upon the spot.

risen against the British. Great numbers of armed men came pouring in from all quarters, each of them intent on bringing to the earth a British soldier. No sooner, consequently, did the royal forces commence their retreat, than they found themselves exposed to an incessant and galling fire. It was to no purpose that, facing about, they endeavoured to bring their assailants to a close encounter. From thickets and ditches, and from behind stone walls, an irregular fire was kept up, which, with scarcely five minutes' interruption, was continued for eighteen miles. Not a rock, not a tree, but was taken advantage of to harass the retreating force. Although scarcely half a dozen Americans were at any one moment to be seen together, the occasional density of the galling fire evinced how numerous were the assailants. The British had commenced their retreat in good order. Previously, however, to their reaching Lexington, it was converted almost into a flight. Their ammunition, by this time, was nearly expended; the wounded had begun to drop from lassitude and loss of blood; the flanking parties had become too fatigued to be able any longer to discharge their duties with proper effect. Even the American writers admit that the officers behaved admirably; yet, but for the promptitude of General Gage, all their gallantry, and all their efforts to form their men, would have been to no purpose. Intelligence having reached him of the opposition which the

troops had met with at Lexington, he instantly sent forward a reinforcement, consisting of eight companies of the 4th, the same number of companies of other regiments, with some marines and two field-pieces. This detachment, which was under the command of Earl Percy, happily reached Lexington at a most critical moment, when the fire of the Provincials was the fiercest, and when a disorderly flight on the part of the royal troops seemed to be almost inevitable. The British artillery immediately opened fire upon the enemy, under the protection of which Lord Percy formed his brigade into a hollow square, into which he received his wounded and exhausted fellow soldiers. Never did a military reinforcement arrive at a more opportune moment. Such, we are assured, was the pitiable condition of the hunted British soldiers, that "their tongues were hanging out of their mouths, like those of dogs after a chase."

But, though the British had been reinforced by their friends, their condition, on resuming their march, proved to be scarcely less perilous than it had previously been. The number of their foes had increased to a very formidable amount. Armed men had continued to pour in by hundreds from the surrounding towns and villages. The old, as well as the young, had seized their guns. One and all were bent on the extermination of the redcoats. In vain the British officers, mortified

and exasperated at the humiliating character of the conflict, made renewed attempts to bring on a close encounter. "Notwithstanding the enemy's numbers," writes Colonel Smith to Governor Gage, "they did not make one gallant attempt during so long an action." But far it was from being the policy of the half-disciplined peasantry of Massachusetts to contend at close quarters with the redoubtable British infantry. To the keen-eyed marksmen of the soil, every familiar tree and every ditch was a fortification. When cover was wanting, they raised breastworks of shingle, or, lying down to load their guns at one place, fired them off from another. Thus pursued and harassed by their merciless assailants, — their ammunition again beginning to fail and all but the strongest beginning to sink from fatigue, — great indeed must have been the satisfaction of the British when, shortly before sunset, the town and harbour of Charlestown appeared in sight. During the day Lord Percy's brigade had marched thirty miles in ten hours. Smith and his detachment had retreated eighteen miles in six hours. Fortunately, some British ships-of-war lay in the harbour of Charlestown, and accordingly under the protection of their guns the fugitives were enabled to cross Charles River, and to reach Boston without further molestation. Altogether, the loss to the British was less, perhaps, than might have been anticipated. It amounted, in killed, wounded,

and missing, to two hundred and seventy-three. The loss to the Americans was eighty-eight.[1]

Such was the disastrous result of General Gage's ill-advised expedition to Concord! When the sun had risen, on the morning of the 19th of April, there had probably not been half a dozen persons in Massachusetts who had anticipated that before night-time a single hostile shot would be fired. At noon on that day a splendid detachment of British troops had marched gaily out of Boston; their band striking up the tune of "Yankee Doodle,"[2] and the officers boasting that at the mere sight of the grenadiers' caps the "rebels" would take to their heels. Yet, before the evening gun had been fired, not only were those gallant men to be seen flocking back to their quarters, jaded and footsore, but from that time they found themselves prisoners in Boston. Gage, in order to prevent his troops being driven into the sea,

[1] "The troops, not being able to stand it," writes an American eye-witness, "were obliged to continue the retreat, which they did with the bravery becoming British soldiers." "I stood upon the hills in town and saw the engagement very plain, which was very bloody for seven hours; and it is conjectured that one-half of the soldiers at least are killed." "We could see the flashes," writes another eye-witness, "and hear the reports of the guns for hours; the warmest fire being about two miles from the town, where only water parted us."

[2] "The brigade under Lord Percy," writes the Rev. William Gordon, of Roxbury, "marched out playing, by way of contempt, 'Yankee Doodle.' They were afterward told that they had been made to dance to it."

had now no option but to fortify the place as expeditiously as possible.

Thus may be said to have commenced the great American war of independence! Thus also was fulfilled a remarkable prediction, delivered by the Marquis de Montcalm previously to his encountering Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham! "If Wolfe beats me," he wrote, "France has lost America utterly. One's only consolation is that, in ten years further, America will be in revolt against England."

"'The child that is unborn shall rue
The hunting of that day—'"

was Walpole's poetic, but not less apt, prediction on hearing the news. Walpole, in fact, with all his frivolity, conceived a very wise and prescient view of the consequences of Great Britain going to war with her colonies. "Probably," he writes on the 7th of September, "the war will be long. On the side of England it must be attended with ruin. If England prevails, English and American liberty is at an end. If the colonies prevail, our commerce is gone. And if, at last, we negotiate, they will neither forgive, nor give us our former advantages." "They" [the Americans], continues Walpole, "openly talk of our tyranny and folly with horror and contempt, and perhaps with amazement; and so does every foreign minister here, as well as Frenchman." [1]

[1] Walpole, it is expedient to mention, was at this time at Paris.

The people of Massachusetts, having once drawn the sword, determined to throw away the scabbard. The Congress of the province not only voted that General Gage, by his conduct, had rendered himself no longer entitled to their obedience, but also unanimously passed a proposition for raising a New England army of thirty thousand men, of which number they guaranteed to furnish, as their own proportion, thirteen thousand six hundred. Within an incredibly short space of time Boston was invested by twenty thousand armed men. The British officers had the mortification to find themselves cooped up in an ignominious confinement; fear of the American marksmen keeping them within their quarters.

In the meantime, very exaggerated accounts of the unhappy collisions at Lexington and Concord had gradually spread horror and consternation over the American continent. From the hour that the tidings of those events went forth, the authority of Great Britain over her colonies became virtually at an end. America, it was evident, must now declare, and do battle for, her independence. "With one impulse," writes the American historian, "the colonies sprang to arms. With one spirit they pledged themselves to each other to be ready for the extreme event. With one heart, the continent cried, 'Liberty or death!'"[1]

[1] The following anecdote, which appeared in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, June 12, 1775, affords striking evidence, if its

Such continued to be the state of public feeling in America, when, on the 10th of May, the Continental Congress met for the second time at Philadelphia, "the City," as its inhabitants affectionately called it, "of Brotherly Love."

There, among its chosen delegates, sat the illustrious Franklin, burning with indignation against the ministers of Great Britain, and eager to convert to the benefit of the New World the intimate knowledge which he had acquired of the affairs, the feelings, and intrigues of the Old. There too were assembled the no less illustrious Washington, and Patrick Henry, Samuel and John Adams, and Richard Henry Lee. With great promptitude Congress passed resolutions for raising a continental army; for the issue of a paper currency; for stopping the supply of provisions to the British vessels employed in the fisheries off Newfoundland, and preventing necessaries being sent to the British army and navy. These measures were not only boldly voted, but were no less resolutely carried

facts be correct, of the embittered state of public feeling in America at this time: "A gentleman, who travelled lately through Connecticut, informs us that he met with an old gentlewoman, who told him that she had fitted out and sent five sons and eleven grandsons to Boston, when she heard of the engagement between the Provincials and Regulars. The gentleman asked her if she did not shed a tear at parting with them. 'No,' said she, 'I never parted with them with more pleasure.' 'But suppose,' said the gentleman, 'they had all been killed?' 'I had rather,' said the noble matron, 'this had been the case, than that one of them had come back a coward.'"

out. By the middle of April it was calculated that between Nova Scotia and Georgia no less than one hundred thousand men were in daily military training, exclusive of the twenty thousand militiamen employed in the blockade of Boston.

Congress was still sitting, and Boston was still invested by the Provincialists, when large military reinforcements, under the command of Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton, reached that city. The force under Gage now amounted to ten thousand men, a force which, backed as it was by a powerful squadron of ships that floated despotically in the harbour of Boston, seemed to render Gage at least equal, if not superior, in strength, to the Provincialists. While the latter, then, were still half-disciplined, — while in the whole American camp there were not nine cartridges to a man, and while their line was weakened by being extended over an area of no fewer than ten miles, — now was, in the opinion of the most competent judges, the time for Gage to strike a blow with sure and terrible effect. But, whether from a dread of incurring responsibility, or from want of vigour and judgment, the well-intentioned governor contented himself with proclaiming martial law in the province, with publishing puny promises of pardon to those who should lay down their arms, and sterile threats of condign punishment to those who might reject the proffered clemency. His army, in fact, was for the time more than

useless. "I have heard of ships," said Burke, "but never of armies, securing a port." The only persons excepted from pardon were the celebrated John Hancock and Samuel Adams, whose offences were declared to be "of too flagitious a nature" to admit of consideration. "When," writes Walpole to Mason, "did you ever read before of a besieged army threatening military execution on the country of the besiegers?" So little did the Americans regard the exception, that the central Continental Congress elected Hancock to be their president;[1] at the same time making their memorable selection of George Washington to command their armies.

In addition to General Gage's remissness in attacking the American army, he was guilty of another omission, apparently even less defensible than the other. Opposite to Boston, divided from that city by the river Charles, stands the town or suburb of Charlestown, at the rear of which rises some high ground, the occupation of which was, for obvious reasons, of no less consequence to the insurgents than to the British. Gage, however, whatever excuse there may have been for him, had omitted to fortify this important post,[2] and in the mean-

[1] John Hancock, LL. D., was born about the year 1737. As president of the Continental Congress in 1776, he signed the famous Declaration of Independence. He died Governor of Massachusetts, 8 October, 1793, at the age of fifty-six.

[2] "It is said that General Gage was repeatedly advised to occupy and fortify this commanding post."

time the Americans had laid a plan to get it into their possession, a plan which they proceeded to execute as follows. About eleven o'clock, on the night of the 16th of June, a detachment of about a thousand men, who had previously joined solemnly together in prayer, ascended silently and stealthily a part of the heights known as Bunker's Hill, situated within cannon-range of Boston, and commanding a view of every part of the town. This brigade was composed chiefly of husbandmen, who wore no uniform, and who were armed with fowling-pieces only, unequipped with bayonets. The person selected to command them on this daring service was one of the lords of the soil of Massachusetts, William Prescott, of Pepperell, the colonel of a Middlesex regiment of militia. "For myself," he said to his men, "I am resolved never to be taken alive." Preceded by two sergeants, bearing dark lanterns, and accompanied by his friends, Colonel Gridley and Judge Winthrop, the gallant Prescott, distinguished by his tall and commanding figure, though simply attired in his ordinary calico frock, calmly and resolutely led the way to the heights. Those who followed him were not unworthy of their leader. They were not the refuse of the galleys, such as had been the men who had won for Dupleix the sovereignty of the Carnatic, nor were they the sweepings of the stews and pothouses of Westminster and Southwark, such as had assisted Clive to win his

magnificent victory at Plassey. The men who followed William Prescott to Bunker's Hill were a staid and thoughtful peasantry, — ill-disciplined and ill-armed, it is true, — but many of them, from their habits of life, and from frequent encounters with Indians, having the advantage of being excellent marksmen with the rifle. Moreover, if the British infantry was prepared to fight to the last for the credit of its immemorial reputation for steadiness and valour, the men of Massachusetts were animated by the still more ardent feeling that upon their steadfastness and bravery depended, in all probability, the freedom or subjugation of their country. Several of their officers were veterans of the old wars with the French in America. Prescott had assisted at the conquest of Nova Scotia. Israel Putnam had won for himself a brilliant reputation for chivalrous gallantry. Richard Gridley, to whom was allotted the duty of forming the intrenchments, had been the engineer employed at the reduction of Louisburg in 1745, and, lastly, both he and John Stark, another intrepid soldier of the old wars, had distinguished themselves fighting under the banner of Wolfe at Quebec.

It was half-past eleven o'clock before the engineers commenced drawing the lines of a redoubt. As the first sod was being upturned, the clocks of Boston struck twelve. More than once during the night — which happened to be a beautifully

calm and starry one — Colonel Prescott descended to the shore, where the sound of the British sentries walking their rounds, and their exclamations of "All's well," as they relieved guard, continued to satisfy him that they entertained no suspicion of what was passing above their heads. Before daybreak the Americans had thrown up an intrenchment, which extended from the Mystic River to a redoubt on their left. The astonishment of Gage when, on the following morning, he found this important site in the hands of the enemy, may be readily conceived. Obviously, not a moment was to be lost in attempting to dislodge them, and accordingly a detachment under General Howe was at once ordered on this critical service. In the meantime, a heavy cannonade — first of all from the *Lively* sloop-of-war, and afterward from a battery of heavy guns from Copp's Hill, in Boston — was opened upon the Americans. Exposed, however, as they were, to a storm of shot and shell, and unaccustomed, as they also were, to face an enemy's fire, they nevertheless pursued their operations with the calm courage of veteran soldiers. Later in the day, indeed, when the scorching sun rose high in the cloudless heavens, — when the continuous labours of so many hours threatened to prostrate them — and when they waited, but waited in vain, for provisions and refreshments, — the hearts of a few began to fail them, and the word retreat was suffered to escape

from their lips. There was among them, however, a master-spirit, whose cheering words and chivalrous example never failed to restore confidence. On the spot — where now a lofty column, overlooking the fair landscape and calm waters, commemorates the events of that momentous day — was then to be seen, conspicuous above the rest, the form of Prescott of Pepperell in his calico frock, as he paced the parapet to and fro, instilling resolution into his followers by the contempt which he manifested for danger, and, amidst the hottest of the British fire, delivering his orders with the same serenity as if he had been on parade. "Who is that person?" inquired Governor Gage of a Massachusetts gentleman, as they stood reconnoitring the American works from the opposite side of the river Charles. "My brother-in-law, Colonel Prescott," was the reply. "Will he fight?" asked Gage. "Ay," said the other, "to the last drop of his blood."

Next after Prescott, the person most active in encouraging the Provincialists and in giving orders was the gallant veteran, Israel Putnam. He was thus employed, when a solitary horseman rode up to him at full gallop. It was the youthful and meditative president of the Massachusetts Congress, Joseph Warren, who, notwithstanding he had passed the night in transacting business, and was suffering severely from headache, was no sooner informed that the British troops were

preparing to march out of Boston, than he hurried off to the scene of the expected conflict. Putnam at once offered to resign his command to him, to which the other made reply that he had merely come to the ground as a volunteer; at the same time inquiring where his musket was likely to be of most service against the British. "Go to the redoubt," said Putnam; "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," replied Warren; "tell me where I shall be most in danger. Tell me where the action will be hottest." "The redoubt," said Putnam, "will be the enemy's object. If that can be defended, the day is ours." Warren, it is needless to say, hastened to the redoubt.

It was past three o'clock in the afternoon, when General Howe's detachment, consisting of about two thousand men,[1] landed at Charlestown and formed for the attack. Prescott's instructions

[1] This number was subsequently increased by another reinforcement under General Clinton. The insurgent force, according to the most trustworthy of their writers, never exceeded four thousand. General Gage, on the other hand, in his despatch to the secretary of state, states that the British had to contend against "above three times their own number. If this was the case, the American force must have amounted to six thousand. A British officer, who was engaged in the battle, writes home to his friends that they were opposed by between five thousand and seven thousand men. This, however, is no doubt an exaggeration. Probably, on neither side, were there at any time more than two thousand actually engaged; indeed, Washington computed that, on the American side, there were never more than one thousand five hundred.

to his men, as the British approached, were sufficiently brief. "The redcoats," he said, "will never reach the redoubt if you will but withhold your fire till I give the order, and be careful not to shoot over their heads." In the meanwhile, ascending the hill under the protection of a heavy cannonade, the British infantry had advanced unmolested to within a few yards of the enemy's works, when Prescott gave the word, "Fire!" So promptly and effectually were his orders obeyed, that nearly the whole front rank of the British fell. Volley after volley was now opened upon them from behind the intrenchments, till at length even the bravest began to waver and fall back; some of them, in spite of the threats and passionate entreaties of their officers, even retreating to the boats. Minutes, many minutes apparently, elapsed before the British troops were rallied and returned to the attack. Exposed to the burning rays of the sun, encumbered with heavy knapsacks containing provisions for three days, compelled to toil up very disadvantageous ground with the grass reaching to their knees, clambering over rails and hedges, and led against men who were fighting from behind intrenchments, and constantly receiving reinforcements by hundreds, few soldiers, perhaps, but British infantry, would have been prevailed upon to renew the conflict. Again, however, they advanced to the charge. Again, when within five or six

rods of the redoubt, the same tremendous discharge of musketry was opened upon them, and again, in spite of many heroic examples of gallantry set them by their officers, they retreated in the same disorder as before. By this time, the grenadiers and light infantry had lost three-fourths of their men; some companies had only eight or nine men left; one or two had even less. When the Americans looked forth from their intrenchments, the ground was literally covered with the wounded and the dead. According to an American who was present: "The dead lay as thick as sheep in a fold." For a few seconds General Howe was left almost alone. Nearly every officer of his staff had been either killed or wounded. The Americans, who have done honourable justice to his gallantry, remarked that, conspicuous as he stood in his general officer's uniform, it was a marvel that he escaped unhurt. He retired; but it was with the stern resolve of a hero to rally his men; to return and to vanquish.

In the meantime, the horrors of this celebrated day were far from being confined to the scene of carnage on Bunker's Hill. In consequence of a raking fire having been kept up on the British flanking parties from the houses at Charlestown, General Clinton had given orders for the immediate destruction of the place. These orders were effectually carried into execution by discharges of red-hot shot from the ships, and of carcasses

from Copp's Hill battery, the result of which was, that, owing to the houses and some of the principal edifices being constructed of wood, there burst forth a conflagration which, combined with the roar of artillery, the crashing of falling buildings, and the bloody conflict raging on the heights, presented a scene of indescribable grandeur and awe. "Straight before us," writes General Burgoyne, who witnessed the scene from the batteries, "[lay] a large and noble town in one great blaze. The church steeples, being timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us the church steeples, and heights of our own camp, covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was engaged; the hills around the country covered with spectators, the enemy all in anxious suspense. The roar of cannon, mortars, and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks, and whole streets falling together, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubts, with the objects above described, to fill the eye, and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss to the British empire in America, to fill the mind, made the whole a picture, and a complication of horror and importance, beyond anything that ever came to my lot to be witness to. It was a sight for a young soldier, that the longest service may not furnish again."

The third and last attack made by General Howe upon the enemy's intrenchments appears

to have taken place after a considerably longer interval than the previous one. This interval was employed by Prescott in addressing words of confidence and exhortation to his followers, to which their cheers returned an enthusiastic response. "If we drive them back once more," he said, "they cannot rally again." General Howe, in the meantime, by disencumbering his men of their knapsacks, and by bringing the British artillery to play so as to rake the interior of the American breastworks, had greatly enhanced his chances of success. Once more then, at the word of command, in steady unbroken line, the British infantry mounted to the deadly struggle. Once more the cheerful voice of Prescott exhorted his men to reserve their fire till their enemies were close upon them. Once more the same deadly fire was poured down upon the advancing royalists. Again, on their part, there was a stagger — a pause — an indication of wavering, but on this occasion it was only momentary. Onward and headlong, against breastworks and against vastly superior numbers, dashed the British infantry with an heroic devotedness never surpassed in the annals of chivalry. Almost in a moment of time, in spite of a second volley as destructive as the first, the ditch was leaped and the parapet mounted. In that final charge fell many of the bravest of the brave. Of the 52d Regiment alone, three captains, the moment they stood

on the parapet, were shot down. Still, the British infantry continued to pour forward, flinging themselves among the American militiamen, who met them with a gallantry equal to their own. The powder of the latter having by this time become nearly exhausted, they endeavoured to force back their assailants with the butt-ends of their muskets. But the British bayonets carried all before them. Then it was, when further resistance was evidently fruitless, and not till then, that the heroic Prescott gave the order to retire. From the nature of the ground it was necessarily more a flight than a retreat. Many of the Americans, leaping over the walls of the parapet, attempted to fight their way through the British troops; while the majority endeavoured to escape by the narrow entrance to the redoubt. In consequence of the fugitives being thus huddled together, the slaughter became terrific. "Nothing," writes a young British officer who was engaged in the mêlée, "could be more shocking than the carnage that followed the storming of this work. We tumbled over the dead to get at the living, who were crowding out of the gorge of the redoubt in order to form under the defences which they had prepared to cover their retreat."[1] Prescott was one of the last to quit the scene of slaugh-

[1] Letter from Lieutenant and Adjutant J. Waller, of the Royal Marines, to his brother, dated "Charlestown Heights, June 22, 1775."

ter. Although more than one British bayonet had pierced his clothes, he escaped without a wound.[1]

Less fortunate was the humane, the accomplished, and eloquent Joseph Warren. In the midst of the retreat, a ball struck him on the head. Mechanically he raised his hand to the part where he was hit, and then fell down dead. Only four days previously he had received his commission as a major-general. So well was his worth known to the Royalists, that they are said to have computed his loss as equal to that of five hundred ordinary men.

Another brave man who fell at Bunker's Hill was Major Pitcairn, who had commanded the British advanced force in the unhappy affair at Lexington. At the time when he fell, his son, Lieutenant Pitcairn, was standing at his side. Fixing a wistful look upon the youth, he expired without uttering a word. "My father is killed," said the son, as he kneeled down by him; "I have lost my father." For more than a minute the soldiers

[1] William Prescott, the son of a councillor and wealthy landed proprietor in Massachusetts, was born in that province in the year 1725, and consequently, at the time of the battle of Bunker's Hill, he must have entered upon his fiftieth year. The following year he accompanied Washington in his expedition against the British at New York, and subsequently served in the brief campaign which led to the surrender to the American general, Gates, of the British army under the command of General Burgoyne. Colonel Prescott died October 13, 1795, at the age of seventy.

slackened their fire. "We have all," cried many of them, "lost a father."

That night the British intrenched themselves on the heights, lying down in front of the recent scene of conflict. The loss in killed and wounded was found to be no less than one thousand and fifty-four. "The loss sustained by the rebels," writes General Gage, "must have been considerable from the vast numbers they were seen to carry off during the action. About one hundred were buried the day after, and thirty found on the field, some of whom are since dead." According to the account published by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, the American loss was one hundred and forty-five killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded. Of their six pieces of artillery they succeeded in carrying off only one.

Such was the result of the famous "Battle of Bunker's Hill," a contest from which Great Britain derived little advantage beyond the credit of having achieved a brilliant passage at arms, but which, on the other hand, produced the significant effect of manifesting, not only to the Americans themselves, but to Europe, that the colonists could fight with a steadiness and courage which ere long might render them capable of coping with the disciplined troops of the mother country. Already Washington had written to a friend in England in allusion to the skirmish at Concord: "This may serve to convince Lord Sandwich, and others of

the same sentiment, that Americans will fight for their liberties and property, however pusillanimous, in his lordship's eyes, they may appear in other respects." "Americans will fight," wrote Franklin; "England has lost her colonies for ever." Franklin's mind, as is evident, had become more and more incensed against the British legislature. "Mr. Strahan," runs his well-known epistle to his old friend, William Strahan, the printer, "you are a member of Parliament, and one of the majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands. They are stained with the blood of your relations. You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am yours, Benjamin Franklin."

It was apparently owing to the supineness with which General Gage had allowed himself to be blockaded within his lines, as well as to the recent untoward military events which had taken place under his command, that, in the month of October, the hearts of the people of Boston were gladdened by seeing him take his departure from their shores. Ministers, by ascribing his recall to a desire to consult with him in respect to the plan of the next campaign, allowed him to fall with respectability.[1] General Howe was appointed to

[1] General Thomas Gage, formerly Governor of Montreal and afterward Governor of Massachusetts, died on the 2d of April, 1788. He was the second son of Thomas, first Viscount Gage.

the chief command of the British forces in his room.[1]

In the meantime, the bold spirit of resistance which animated the people of Massachusetts was rapidly diffusing itself over the other colonies. In Virginia so threatening became the aspect of affairs, that the governor of the province, the Earl of Dunmore, was compelled to seek refuge on board a British man-of-war; nor was it long before Lord William Campbell and Governor Martin, the respective Governors of North and South Carolina, deemed it prudent to imitate his example. Another important event, at this time, was the accession of the Province of Georgia to the general confederacy; thus enabling the people of America to designate themselves by a title which they had long coveted, — that of the Thirteen United Colonies. "I fear," writes the English secretary at war, Lord Barrington, "we shall not suppress the rebellion, though we may, and probably shall, beat the rebels." The sagacious Judge Livingston, on the other side of the Atlantic, had long been of the same opinion. "It is intolerable," were his words to his family, as far back as the year 1773, "that a continent like America should be governed by a little island three thousand miles away. America must and will be independent."

[1] General, afterward Sir William Howe, on the death of his brother, the celebrated admiral, in 1799, succeeded him as fifth Viscount Howe. He died in 1814.

CHAPTER II.

Reluctance of the Americans to Break off from the "Old Country" — The "Olive Branch" Petition to the King — No Answer Given to It — The Lake Forts Taken by the Americans — Unconciliatory Royal Speech on Opening Parliament — Warm Debates — Duke of Grafton Retires from Office — Lord George Germaine Appointed Secretary for American Affairs — Speech of Edmund Burke in Favour of Conciliation — "Lord North's Prohibitory Bill" Passed — Fox's Motion for Inquiry Negatived by the Commons, and the Duke of Grafton's Plan of Conciliation Rejected by the Lords — Montreal Occupied by the Americans — Siege of Quebec — The Americans Evacuate Canada.

SLIGHT reason as there was for the Americans to retain their ancient affection for Great Britain, they nevertheless attributed their wrongs rather to the aristocratic form of her government than to any unfriendly feelings on the part of the British nation, and, accordingly, the great mass of the American people were still reluctant to break off the ties which united them to the "old country," without making a further attempt to effect a reconciliation. Under these circumstances, it was proposed and carried in Congress in the month of June, that, on condition of Great Britain foregoing altogether her assertion of right to tax her colonies,

and also conceding them a free commerce, America, on her part, would not only continue to vote pecuniary aids to the mother country, but would undertake to discharge the whole of her debts within the space of a century. Congress, at the same time, drew up a petition to the king, in which — styling him the "king's most excellent Majesty," and preferring their complaints in the most loyal and dutiful language — they humbly entreated him to exercise his benevolence and magnanimity in reëstablishing peace and unity between the two countries. This document, on the success of which the Americans rested their last fleeting hopes of being able to avert the horrors of civil war, was tenderly designated by them "The Olive Branch." Its safe transmission to Great Britain was entrusted to Richard Penn, an honoured proprietary of Pennsylvania, who in due time sailed with it to England, attended by the sanguine hopes and ardent prayers of every lover of peace throughout the great continent of America.

It was on the 1st of September that Penn placed in the hands of the amiable and well-intentioned Earl of Dartmouth this memorable appeal, on which depended the integrity of a great empire and the freedom or bondage of millions. Dartmouth, a timid and cautious statesman, received it, pending a consultation with his colleagues, in ominous silence. Constituted as the Cabinet was, its fate may be readily conceived. To the Norths,

the Dartmouths, and the Sandwiches, nothing could be easier than to arrive at the conclusion that Congress, being a self-constituted body, and its constituents being in open rebellion, had put themselves beyond the pale of recognition. And such, unhappily, proved to be the result of their deliberations. It was coldly intimated to the American people that no notice could be taken of their petition. Thus, then, did Great Britain fling away the last chance of conciliating the colonies, and preventing the dismemberment of the empire! And what were likely to be the feelings of the American people, — of the husbandman hesitating to sharpen his bayonet; of the wife trembling for the safety of her husband; of the mother for her son, — when, after weeks, if not months, of hope deferred, the fact became known, over the length and breadth of the land, that their "Olive Branch" lay a dead letter in a secretary of state's office, and that the words, "No answer would be given," constituted the only recognition which it would probably every receive? Then it was, that indignation effectually took the place of ancient sympathies and affections! Then it was, that the brave vowed to stand by the brave, and the timid sought to animate the timid. From that moment, whenever the man of peace urged the unrighteousness of shedding human blood; whenever the philanthropist descanted on the awful consequences of plunging into civil war; whenever the waver-

ing loyalist pleaded the sacred ties which attached him to his sovereign; the invariable reply which they received from their fellow countrymen was a recurrence to the fate of the "Olive Branch," and to the aristocratic insolence of the British legislature. "Bear in mind" — said the master-spirits of America — "the fate of the second petition of Congress to the king! All the blood and guilt of the war rests with British and not American councils." [1]

During the time that Washington was employed in blockading General Howe in Boston, other military operations, of no mean interest, were being carried on in a distant province of the American continent. The part which Canada might be induced to take, in the event of a civil war breaking out between Great Britain and her colonies, was naturally a question of deep interest to both parties. By the other colonies, the Canadians seem to have been regarded as much more disaffected toward the mother country than subsequently proved to be the case; and accordingly, influenced by this consideration, some bold and

[1] "There was not a word," Wilkes said, "in the petition but what breathed submission and loyalty. And yet the official answer of the secretary of the American Department, after long deliberation, was to the last degree irritating. It was, 'that no answer would be given!' That is — We will not treat. We scorn to negotiate with you. We exact unconditional submission. This, Sir, in my opinion, might justly be called indignity and insult. It drove the Americans to despair."

ardent spirits of the Province of Connecticut organised a secret project for seizing two forts renowned in former warfare, Ticonderoga, situated on Lake George, and Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. The expedition consisted of about three hundred and forty men, of whom the majority were known by the name of Green Mountain Boys, from the locality in Vermont which had given them birth. Their leader was Ethan Allen, a native of Connecticut, well known to his fellow countrymen as an active and intrepid champion of popular rights. At Castleton, about twenty-five miles from Ticonderoga, they were overtaken by the celebrated Benedict Arnold, who, preferring the profession of arms to his former occupations of druggist and general merchant, had recently received a colonel's commission from the Congress of Massachusetts. Their great difficulty lay in procuring boats, in which to cross the lake to the opposite shore on which Ticonderoga stood, as well as in finding a guide sufficiently well acquainted with the fort and its vicinity. "Allen," writes his biographer, "made inquiries as to these points, of Mr. Beman, a farmer residing near the lake, in Shoreham, who answered that he seldom crossed to Ticonderoga, and was little acquainted with the particulars of its situation, but that his son Nathan, a young lad, passed much of his time there in company with the boys of the garrison. Nathan was called, and appeared, by his answers, to be familiar

with every nook in the fort, and every passage and by-path by which it could be approached. In the eye of Colonel Allen he was the very person to thread out the best avenue, and, accordingly, with the consent of the father, and by a little persuasion, Nathan Beman was engaged to be the guide of the party." Arrived, at last, on the other side of the lake, it was in the gray dawn of a spring morning that Allen and Arnold, unobserved by the British, found themselves, with an advanced detachment of eighty-three men, within cannon-shot of Ticonderoga, then an important military post, but in our day a picturesque ruin. Every eye was fixed upon Ethan Allen as he proceeded to address his followers. "Friends, and fellow soldiers," he said, "we must this morning quit our pretensions to valour, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it contrary to will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks." Every firelock was poised as he spoke; and accordingly, placing himself at the head of the centre file, he led the way, with Arnold walking by his side, silently and stealthily, toward the gate of the fortress.

The garrison of Ticonderoga consisted at this time of a governor, — one Captain De La Place, — three sergeants, a gunner, and forty-four men, a force amply sufficient to have maintained it against the undisciplined band by which it was threatened. De La Place's imprudence, however, precluded the

necessity of a siege. So little suspicion had he of danger, and consequently so little precaution had he taken to prevent surprise, that when Ethan Allen reached the fortress, he found, to his great satisfaction, that the wicket was left open. Scarcely had the sentinel had time to snap his musket at him, and betake himself to flight, before the Americans, raising the war-whoop of the Indians, had dashed into the fort and overpowered the guard. The first demand of their leader was to be conducted to De La Place's sleeping-room, the door of which proved to be fastened within. "Come forth instantly," exclaimed Allen, "or I will sacrifice the whole garrison." "By what authority?" inquired the bewildered officer, as he came forth undressed. "I demand it," said Ethan Allen, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." De La Place endeavoured to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose. At length, overawed by the drawn sword and the determined expression of countenance of Ethan Allen, he reluctantly yielded to circumstances, and ordered his men to be paraded without arms.[1]

The fall of Fort Ticonderoga was followed by that of Crown Point, which, by some neglect, had been left without a garrison. About the same time, Arnold seized and armed a private schooner,

[1] There were probably some extenuating circumstances in De La Place's case; as instead of being brought before a court-martial he was allowed to sell his commission.

of which, having been a seaman in his youth, he took command. Proceeding down Lake Champlain to St. John's, he not only took possession of the fort at that place, but with great skill and spirit surprised and captured the *Enterprise* sloop, the only vessel-of-war on the lake, thus transferring the command of that important sheet of water from the sway of the British to that of the Americans.

The blame of these disgraces is said to have been in a great degree attributable to General Carleton, the Governor of Canada,[1] who, by committing the double error of conceiving exaggerated notions of the loyalty of the Canadians, as well as of his own popularity amongst them, had allowed himself to be lulled into a false security. A corporal's guard, he told General Gage, was sufficient to defend the province. Arnold and Ethan Allen had arrived at a different conclusion. It was the conviction of Arnold, as he wrote to the Continental Congress in June, that Canada might be reduced with as few as two thousand men. "The key is ours as yet," also writes Allen to the

[1] General afterward Sir Guy Carleton, K. B. In 1781, he succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, in which post he continued till the termination of the war, when, after a final interview with General Washington, he evacuated New York and returned to England. On the 21st of August, 1786, he was created Baron Dorchester. His death took place on the 10th of November, 1808, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Congress of New York on the 2d of June, "and provided the colonies would suddenly push an army of two or three thousand men into Canada, they might make a conquest of all that would oppose them in the extensive Province of Quebec, unless reinforcements from England should prevent it. Such a diversion would weaken General Gage or ensure us Canada. I would lay my life on it that with fifteen hundred men I would take Montreal." As affairs at present stood, General Carleton had no other alternative but to concentrate the small force under his command, amounting only to eight hundred men, with whom he shut himself up in St. John's, about one hundred miles to the northward of Ticonderoga, where he awaited the arrival of reinforcements and the dawn of better times.

It was during the eventful season of the blockade of Boston by the Americans, and of their simultaneous invasion of Canada, that the British Parliament reassembled at Westminster. The speech which the king delivered from the throne was listened to with intense interest. If there were any persons who imagined that ministers might possibly have learned wisdom during the recess, they were destined to be signally disappointed. The speech, in fact, was a tissue of arrogance and misrepresentation. The great people who were struggling for their liberties were insolently designated "an unhappy, a misled, and

deluded multitude." It was falsely asserted that their professions of loyalty were intended only to mislead, and, no less falsely, that their real object in taking up arms was the establishment of an independent empire. Wisdom, no less than clemency, proceeded the speech, required the adoption of decisive measures, and consequently his Majesty had thought proper to order a considerable increase both to his military and naval establishments.

Such a document was little likely to be discussed in Parliament without giving rise to many severe animadversions. In the House of Commons, Lord John Cavendish, and other members, insisted that portions of the king's speech were positively untrue, while Colonel Barré and Charles Fox passed from the speech itself to reprobate the military conduct of the war. Neither Lord Chatham, said Fox, nor the King of Prussia, nor even Alexander the Great, had ever gained more in one campaign than had been lost by the present ministers. They had lost, in fact, a continent. Although, added Fox, it might be difficult to justify the conduct of the Americans in the whole of their proceedings, still, resistance was less reprehensible than tame submission to the tyranny of a British Parliament. General Conway followed in the same strain. Great Britain, he insisted, had no right to tax her colonies. The Declaratory Act ought to be immediately repealed. "In the Com-

mons," writes Walpole, "Mr. Conway, in a hotter speech than ever was made, exposed all their outrages and blunders, and Charles Fox told Lord North, that not Alexander, nor Cæsar, had ever conquered so much as he had lost in one campaign."

In the House of Lords, the speech from the throne was denounced in language no less bold and forcible. The assertion that independence was the real, though concealed, aim of the Americans was declared by Lord Rockingham to be utterly without any foundation. "Nevertheless," he added, prophetically, "what they themselves never intended, we shall certainly drive them to. They will undoubtedly prefer independence to slavery." In the strongest terms, also, he denied that their professions of loyalty had been merely hollow and insidious. So far, he said, from their conduct having been marked by duplicity, their declarations and intentions had invariably been most explicit. From the commencement of the unhappy quarrel, they had not only announced their determination never to submit to taxation, but had boldly proclaimed to the world the steps which they intended to take, if driven to extremity. Session after session, said his lordship, have ministers been warned of the ruin in which they were involving their country, as well as themselves. But what had been their policy? Instead of seeking information from the trusty and

the well-informed, they had listened to the false or partial representations of prejudiced and designing men, men who, enjoying lucrative employments in America, were often only too glad to be furnished with an opportunity of advancing their own interests, and of gratifying their feelings of revenge, at the expense of others. The measures, he concluded, which had been recommended in the speech from the throne, he considered as portentous of the most disastrous consequences to the empire, and he should oppose them to the utmost of his ability.

Lord Shelburne, in no less indignant terms, condemned the conduct of ministers. Last year, he said, a certain law-lord had pledged himself that a little bloodshed would bring the Americans to their senses. Since then, blood had been actually shed, but for what purpose had it flowed, except to separate America from Great Britain — to sever her, perhaps, for ever? Ministers, by the despotic policy which they had pursued, had "precipitated their country into the most perilous of wars — a war with our brothers, our friends, and our fellow subjects." Whatever visionaries might write on the subject, the prosperity of this great empire depended upon her commerce with her colonies, and consequently the independence of the one must inevitably lead to the destruction of the other. Indigence, if not ruin, he said, stared their lordships in the face. For himself, he

was singularly fortunate in having been brought up in the profession of a soldier. He was accustomed to the moderation and to the hardships of a military life, and his fall therefore would be comparatively easy.

But the most remarkable speech in the course of the debate was that of the lord privy seal, the Duke of Grafton. He had written, some weeks previously, to Lord North, intimating his conviction that the present struggle with the colonies was fraught with ruin and disgrace, and urging him to adopt immediate measures for effecting a reconciliation. Strong, however, as was the language in which his Grace had then expressed himself, ministers could scarcely have expected such a chastisement as they were about to receive from their refractory colleague. "The lord privy seal," writes Walpole to Mann, "deserted and fired on them." The policy, said the duke, which, for the last twelve months, had been applied to America, was most unfortunate. For himself, he openly admitted that he had been in error. It was true, he said, that he had supported the administration. It had been partly, however, from the hope that conciliation might follow, and partly from having been misled and misinformed as to the true state of America, that he had been induced to give his countenance to measures which he had never really approved, and in which he could no longer think of con-

curring. He was now convinced that nothing short of a repeal of all the acts of Parliament relating to America, which had been passed since 1763, would restore peace and good-will between the two countries. Only by so sweeping a repeal could their lordships avert those fearful consequences which he anticipated with the utmost grief and horror. So strong, he concluded, was this conviction, that not only was he prepared to give his most determined opposition to the fatal measures advocated by the ministry, but, broken down though he was in health, he should feel it his duty to continue to press his views upon their lordships, even though he should be compelled to attend their House in a litter.

In both Houses of Parliament, the appeals to the fears and common sense of ministers were, as usual, made in vain. In the House of Lords the address was carried by a large majority; nineteen peers, however, leaving on record a solemn protest against such parts of it as related to the policy of ministers toward America. "We cannot consent to an address," concludes this remarkable document, "which may deceive his Majesty and the public into a belief of the confidence of this House in the present ministers, who have deceived Parliament, disgraced the nation, lost the colonies, and involved us in a civil war against our dearest interests and upon the most unjustifiable grounds; wantonly spill-

ing the blood of thousands of our fellow subjects." [1]

A few days after having delivered his recantation in the House of Lords, the Duke of Grafton retired from the post of lord privy seal. At his parting interview with the king in the royal closet, he ventured to endeavour to impress upon his sovereign the same convictions which he had declared in Parliament. "I added," writes the duke, in his memoirs, "that, deluded themselves, his ministers were deluding his Majesty. The king vouchsafed to debate the business much at large. He informed me that a large body of German troops was to join our forces, and appeared astonished when I answered earnestly, that his Majesty would find, too late, that twice that number would only increase the disgrace, and never effect his purpose."

Unhappily, the middle as well as the upper classes of society took, at this time, the same harsh view of the conduct of the American people as had been adopted by the king and his ministers. Accordingly, loyal addresses, entirely unsolicited by ministers, poured in, to their agreeable surprise, from all parts of the kingdom. "Lord North,"

[1] The signatures attached to the protest are: Manchester, Devonshire, Chedworth, Boyle, Craven, Scarborough, Effingham, Rockingham, Richmond, Torrington, Fitzwilliam, Archer Thanet, Cholmondeley, King, Portland, Stamford, Ponsonby, and Abingdon.

writes Gibbon, "was as much surprised at the first that came up, as we could be at Sheffield."

The Duke of Grafton was succeeded as lord privy seal by the Earl of Dartmouth, whose removal from the American secretaryship made room for Lord George Germaine. Lord Rochford resigning soon afterward, Lord Weymouth was appointed secretary of state for the Southern Department in his place.

As secretary of the colonies, Lord George Germaine will be found playing so conspicuous a part during the remainder of the fatal contest with America, that a brief notice of this once celebrated person may not be unacceptable. Lord George, third son of Lionel, first Duke of Dorset, subsequently became the father of Charles, the fifth and last duke.[1] In his youth he had eminently distinguished himself in the military profession. His gallantry at the battle of Dettingen had induced George the Second, whose godson he was, to appoint him one of his aides-de-camp, and at Fontenoy he was wounded while charging at the head of his regiment. The laurels, however, which he had won on these and on other occasions, were destined to be torn from him by his conduct on the

[1] During the greater portion of his life he was known as Lord George Sackville. In 1770, however, he assumed the surname of Germaine by act of Parliament, pursuant to the wills of Sir John and Lady Elizabeth Germaine, of Drayton, in the County of Northampton.

field of Minden, on the 1st of August, 1759. Three times, during the battle, the commander-in-chief, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, had sent orders to him to lead the British cavalry to the charge, and each time those orders were, for some unaccountable reason, disobeyed. Thus the entire destruction of the French army was left unaccomplished, and the victory rendered incomplete. Whether Lord George's conduct on that occasion was attributable to pusillanimity, or whether, as has been supposed, to jealousy of the reputation of Prince Ferdinand, with whom he had recently been on ill terms, will probably ever continue a matter of doubt. To himself, the consequences were fatal. The prince not only made no mention of him in the general orders after the battle, but expressed his surprise to some officers near him, when, in the evening, Lord George presented himself at his table. "Lord George's fall," writes Walpole to Mann, "is prodigious; nobody stood higher; nobody has more ambition or more sense." The disgrace which he had entailed on the British army, naturally drew down on him the indignation of his fellow countrymen. George the Second dismissed him from the command of his regiment and degraded him from his rank of general, on which Lord George demanded a court-martial, which was not refused him. Accordingly, on the 28th of February, 1760, the secretary of war, Lord Barrington, acquainted the House of Commons that one of their members

was under arrest. On the following day the trial commenced at the Horse Guards. One might have imagined that it would have required far more resolution to appear and defend himself before so formidable a court of honour, than to have charged into the enemy's ranks at the battle of Minden. But Lord George manifested neither irresolution nor dismay. On the contrary, the undaunted front which he opposed to his accusers, the great abilities which he displayed during the trial, as well as his distinguished bearing and tall commanding figure, invested him with an air of dignity which excited the admiration even of his enemies. "From the outset, and during the whole process," writes Walpole, "he assumed a dictatorial style to the court, and treated the inferiority of their capacities as he would have done if sitting amongst them. He browbeat the witnesses, gave the lie to Sloper, and used the judge-advocate, though a very clever man, with contempt. Nothing was timid. Nothing humble in his behaviour. His replies were quick and spirited. He prescribed to the court, and they acquiesced." Nevertheless, the court confirmed the judgment of the king and of the public, finding him guilty of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand, and pronouncing him unfit to serve his Majesty, in future, in any military capacity whatever. At the same time, the king ordered his name to be struck off the list of privy councillors. Fortunately for him,

George the Third took a more lenient view of his offence than George the Second had done. Accordingly, in December, 1765, he was appointed one of the vice-treasurers for Ireland, and on the 10th of November, 1775, to the indignation of many persons, was nominated secretary of state for the American colonies.

Such was the previous history of this unpopular statesman, to whose judgment and talents were entrusted the future conduct of a ruinous war. In times less pregnant with difficulties and danger, Lord George Germaine would doubtless have figured not only as an efficient, but as a distinguished, statesman. Though gifted with no great grasp of mind nor originality of genius, his abilities were unquestionably of no mean order. His judgment was usually excellent; he was singularly quick in comprehending the merits of any particular question, and was rapid, as well as correct, in conducting the business of the secretary's department. His political courage was never called in question. Moreover, he was in the highest degree straightforward. There was not a grain of duplicity in his disposition. It was said of him by "Single-speech" Hamilton that there was "no trash in his mind," and Richard Cumberland, who served under him at the Board of Trade, has done justice to his "decision and despatch of business." In the House of Commons he was always listened to with attention and respect. Though far from being an

eloquent or a brilliant speaker, he was an excellent debater. His language was the most simple. He never spoke except to the purpose. In conciseness, and in the perspicacity with which he explained himself, he has rarely been surpassed.

Cold in his manners, unconciliating in his intercourse with others, of a grave and thoughtful tone of mind, and keeping aloof from a world which seems to have taken a constant pleasure in reminding him of, and even exulting over, his disgrace, it was not unnatural that Lord George Germaine should have been regarded by his contemporaries as a man wrapped up in pride and misanthropy, without sympathies, and almost without a heart. Nevertheless his temper was placid, his disposition benevolent. In the society of the few persons whom he loved, no one could be more cheerful, nor even more fascinating. It is impossible, indeed, to peruse the evidence of his private virtues — of his unostentatious piety; his constant and well-timed charities; his desire to see his dependents smiling and happy; the cheerful resignation with which he endured the tortures of a fatal and excruciating disorder, and the Christian fortitude with which he met his end — without a desire to do some justice to one who was assuredly too harshly judged in his lifetime, and who after all, may have been wrongfully accused. "I was present," writes Cumberland, "whilst the holy sacrament was administered to him, two

days before his death. He caused his windows and bed curtains to be thrown open, and exerted himself to the utmost on that awful occasion. He received the elements with a devotion and fervour, expressive of such inward peace and even gladness of heart, as are the strongest of all human evidences of an easy conscience and a well-prepared mind." The last words which he addressed to Cumberland evince that, whatever may have been his political errors, his intentions, at least, had been righteous. "You see me now," he said, "in those moments when no disguise will serve, and when the spirit of a man must be proved. I have a mind perfectly resigned, and at peace within itself. I have no more to do with this world, and what I have done in it, I have done for the best. I hope and trust I am prepared for the next. Tell me not of all that passes in health and pride of heart. These are the moments in which a man must be searched, and remember that I die, as you see me, happy and content."[1]

Notwithstanding the failure of former attempts to arouse the legislature to a sense of its danger, Burke, on the 16th of November, moved for permission to bring into Parliament another, and very important bill, for the purpose of "composing the present troubles, and quieting the minds of his

[1] Lord George, who was raised to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Sackville, on the 11th of February, 1782, died on the 26th of April, 1785, in the seventieth year of his age.

Majesty's subjects in America." The principal objects which he advocated "were the renunciation, on the part of Great Britain, of the exercise of taxation, without interfering with the question of right;" the repeal of the obnoxious duty on tea, imposed in 1767; and a general pardon for past political offences. The bill, indeed, proposed to retain the power of levying duties for the regulation of commerce, but, on the other hand, it placed at the disposal of the several General Assemblies whatever moneys might be so collected. Lastly, it recommended the holding of a Congress, by royal authority, for the purpose of adjusting existing differences, and restoring good-will between the two countries. In vain, however, the illustrious philanthropist pressed his wise and simple measure on the attention of his hearers. It was lost by a fatal majority, the numbers being 210 to 105.

In the meantime, ministers were engaged in preparing another fatal measure, afterward memorable as "Lord North's Prohibitory Bill," which, on the 20th of November, the premier submitted to the House of Commons. By the provisions of this bill, all trade and commerce with the Thirteen united colonies were interdicted. It authorised the seizure, whether in harbour or on the high seas, of all vessels laden with American property; and lastly, it contained a provision, subsequently denounced in the House of Lords as a "refine-

ment in tyranny," which rendered all persons, taken on board American vessels, liable to be entered as sailors on board British ships-of-war, and to serve, if required, against their own countrymen. Notwithstanding a violent opposition which this arbitrary measure met with from a few noble spirits in the House of Commons, it was carried in that assembly by 112 against sixteen. Well might Mansfield exclaim, in the House of Lords, that Great Britain "had passed the Rubicon!" Great Britain, argued the impassive lawyer, was justified in subjugating her colonies by any means within her reach. "My lords," he said, quoting the words addressed by a Swedish general to his men, "'you see the enemy before you. If you do not kill them, they will kill you.'" Well might the Lord Shelburne exclaim: "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat!*" Well might it be said by one of the ablest advocates of American rights, that Great Britain, already detested in the East, would now be execrated on both sides of the globe.[1] She had recklessly, almost wickedly, thrown away the scabbard. She had manifested to a brave and free people that no terms, short of an absolute and unconditional surrender of their rights, would satisfy her haughty demands. No alternative, therefore, was left to the Ameri-

[1] "Observations on the Justice and Policy of War with America." By Dr. Richard Price. This treatise obtained for its author the thanks of the citizens of London, as well as the freedom

cans but either to agree to wear the fetters which they imagined that the parent country was forging for them, or else to declare themselves, in the face of the world, a free and independent people, and to do battle for their liberties to the death.

Such, in fact, was the consummation which was fast approaching. In vain, during the remainder of the season, was effort after effort made in both Houses of Parliament to arouse the legislature to a sense of its infatuation, and the people of England to a knowledge of their danger. In vain the illustrious Camden denounced the impending war as a "wanton, cruel, and diabolical" one. In vain, over and over again it was asked whether it was in the nature of things that so vast a continent as America — a continent distinguished by the magnificence of its rivers and the productiveness of its soil, and sustaining a brave and rapidly increasing population — should long continue subject to the British power. It was in vain that Charles Fox, in the House of Commons, moved for an inquiry into the causes of the ill success

of the city, which was presented to him in a gold box. Shortly after the publication of this treatise, the Duke of Cumberland, happening to meet Doctor Price in the lobby of the House of Lords, was induced to pay him a high compliment on its merits. "I sat up so late last night reading it," said the duke, "that I was almost blinded." "I am sorry," said Dunning, who was standing by, "that your Royal Highness should have been so affected by a work which has opened the eyes of almost every one else."

of the British arms in North America. In vain he endeavoured by his brilliant eloquence to arouse his audience to a sense of danger, if not of shame. It was in vain that he exposed to ridicule and scorn the incompetency of the British generals in America; that he denounced the unskilfulness of their late operations, and prophesied the failure of future ones. There had been perpetrated, he said, either gross ignorance and incapacity, or else gross negligence. Either the blame lay with the military and naval commanders, or else with the ministers who had employed them. In either case, the country had a right to be informed who were the real culprits, in order that the evil might be remedied. Public justice demanded the inquiry, and none but the guilty would shrink from investigation. If, he added, our generals and admirals are blameless, is it fair that, to hide or palliate the blunders, the follies, the shameful and wretched inability of others, the innocent should be saddled with the disgrace which attaches to failure? Fox's motion was negatived by a majority of 136. Not less unsuccessful was the final and affecting attempt made by the Duke of Grafton to prevent the further effusion of blood; this being the last important debate of the session.[1] On the 15th of April, the House of Lords sat in judgment on the notorious Duch-

[1] The duke's plan of conciliation was rejected by ninety-one against thirty-one votes.

ess of Kingston, and on the 23d of May the session was declared to be at an end.

We must now revert to the state of affairs on the other side of the Atlantic. In Boston, closely blockaded by the Americans under General Washington, the British regiments had been compelled to endure all the tedium and discomforts of a long winter and of an ignominious constraint. In Canada more stirring events had taken place. When we last took leave of that country, the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been captured by Arnold and Ethan Allen. General Carleton had shut himself up in Fort St. John.

The American Congress had originally repudiated the irruption of the "Green Mountain Boys" into Canada, but, as it was unlikely that there should again occur so favourable an opportunity of carrying war into the heart of that province, they chose to adopt the convenient pretext that General Carleton was projecting the invasion of the American territories, and despatched three thousand men to the aid of Arnold and Ethan Allen. The expedition was placed under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery; their orders being "to take possession of St. John's, Montreal, and to pursue any other measures in Canada which might have a tendency to promote the peace and security of the American colonies." In execution of these instructions, the American generals advanced to Lake Champlain, where they

took possession of Isle aux Noix, but were repulsed in an attack on St. John's. At this time, ill health compelling General Schuyler to return to Albany, the sole command of the expedition devolved on Montgomery. Without delay, that bold and able general laid siege to Forts Chamblée and St. John, situated about five miles from each other. The former, containing a large amount of ammunition, of which the Americans stood greatly in want, was reduced in fifteen days. The latter place, being ill supplied with provisions and ammunition, capitulated shortly afterward. Montgomery then advanced in triumph to Montreal.

Of that gallant and accomplished soldier, Richard Montgomery, a passing notice may not be unacceptable. Born in the north of Ireland, in 1737, he had formerly held a commission in the royal army, and, in addition to other distinguished military service, had fought under Wolfe at the battle and capture of Quebec. Since then, he had adopted America as the country of his affections, and consequently, when she took up arms against the mother country, he "sadly and reluctantly" accepted one of the eight brigadier-generalships which Congress added to the complement of the American army. Having, like Washington, set his heart on devoting the remainder of his days to the pursuit of agriculture and the due discharge of his social duties, the gallant soldier had retired with a fair and newly married wife,

a sister of the celebrated Robert and Edward Livingston, to Rheinbach, an estate which he had purchased in the Province of New York, eighty miles away from the empire city. Often did Edward Livingston, then a child of nine years old, recall in later days the last evening which Richard Montgomery passed with those whom he loved, in the little parlour at Rheinbach. "It was just," he writes, "before General Montgomery left for Canada. We were only three in the room; he, my sister, and myself. He was sitting in a musing attitude between his wife, who, sad and silent, seemed to be reading the future, and myself, whose childish admiration was divided between the glittering uniform, and the martial bearing of him who wore it, when, all of a sudden, the silence was broken by Montgomery's deep voice repeating the following line:

"'. . . 'Tis a mad world, my masters.'

'I once thought so; now I know it.' The tone, the words, the circumstances, all overawed me, and I noiselessly retired." Edward Livingston never heard his voice again. His wife accompanied her "soldier," as she ever afterward called her husband, as far as Saratoga, where they bade each other a last adieu. "You shall never," were his parting words, "have cause to blush for your Montgomery."

In the meantime, Ethan Allen, with a force of

one hundred and fifty men, had advanced to Montreal, in the hope of being able to take that city by surprise. The expedition, however, encountered signal ill success. Ethan Allen was met, and defeated, by a detachment of the 26th Regiment, and, having been taken prisoner, was sent on board a vessel-of-war, in which he was carried, handcuffed and fettered, to England.[1]

"Several Canadians," writes a contemporary American, "were taken prisoners with Colonel Allen, whom the regular officers said they would put to death; on which Allen stepped up, opened his breast, and said the Canadians were not to blame; that he brought them there; and if anybody must be murdered, let it be him. This got him great credit with all the officers at Montreal, and Carleton himself said it was a pity a man of Allen's spirit should be engaged in so bad a cause, as he calls it. Colonel Allen is prisoner on board the Gaspee brig before Montreal." Montgomery, however, nothing daunted by the ill success of his friend, pushed forward to Montreal, which impor-

[1] Colonel, afterward Brigadier-General, Ethan Allen, was born in Roxbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut. On his arrival in England, about the middle of December, he was confined in Pendennis castle, near Falmouth, where he remained only till the 8th of January, 1776, when he was put on board another vessel-of-war and conveyed to Halifax. Here he was kept in gaol till October, when he was removed to New York, where he was detained, sometimes in prison and sometimes on parole, till the 6th of May, 1778, when he was exchanged and set at liberty. He died February 13, 1789.

tant place proved to be utterly defenceless against the attack of any considerable military force. Accordingly, General Carleton was compelled to evacuate it, when the inhabitants surrendered at discretion.

But the great object which the Americans had in view in invading Canada was the capture of Quebec and its almost impregnable fortress. In furtherance of this daring and hazardous project, General Washington had decided on strengthening the force under Montgomery by an additional body of fifteen hundred men, the command of whom he entrusted to Arnold, the original designer of the expedition. Accordingly, after one of the most painful and perilous marches on record, — after having been compelled by want of food to devour their dogs, and having had their ranks reduced by privation and fatigue to two-thirds of their original number, — the expedition at length arrived in sight of Quebec. As the route by which they had made their way had been hitherto considered impassable by the inhabitants of the Canadian capital, the latter beheld the approach of the invaders with no less astonishment than alarm. Quebec was at this time in a very defenceless state. General Carleton was absent. A few troops only had been left by him in the city. On the other hand, as an offset to these propitious circumstances, the St. Lawrence flowed between Arnold and Quebec, and, as yet, he was without

the means of transporting his force across the stream. This delay was promptly taken advantage of by a brave and energetic British officer, Colonel Maclean, who at once threw himself with a few troops into the city. This timely measure proved fatal to the designs of the Americans. When, subsequently, Arnold made a bold assault on one of the gates of the city, he was repulsed with considerable loss.

Thus Arnold, instead of entering Quebec as a victor, found himself in a very perilous position. Expecting every moment to be attacked by Colonel Maclean, — who had strengthened his small force by arming the British sailors in the port, — the American general retreated to Point aux Trembles, on the St. Lawrence, where he took up a favourable position between Quebec and Montreal. In the meantime, General Carleton, having been apprised of what had been passing in his absence, had immediately set out on his return to the Canadian capital; a purpose, however, which, in consequence of the St. Lawrence being covered with the craft of the enemy, he was only able to accomplish by disguising himself as a fisherman, and crossing the stream in a fishing-boat, rowed by muffled oars. The British general immediately applied himself to put the city in as good a state of defence as possible. Every able-bodied royalist in Quebec was supplied with a musket. The disaffected were ordered to quit the city.

Such was the state of affairs when General Montgomery joined his forces with those of Arnold at Point aux Trembles, and proceeded with him to lay siege to Quebec. Greatly, however, to their disappointment, they discovered that their artillery was of too light a calibre to make a sufficient impression upon the place, and that a successful bombardment was therefore out of the question. Retreat, if not disgrace, stared them in the face. An inclement Canadian winter was rapidly setting in. The American troops were ill-provided with warm clothing. Their former enthusiasm had given place to disaffection and discontent; and lastly, the day was near at hand which was to terminate their present military engagements. There still, however, remained the chance of being able to capture the city by escalade, and of this chance, almost desperate as it was, the American generals resolved to avail themselves. Accordingly, on the last day of the year, in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, Montgomery, at the head of nine hundred men, and Arnold, having seven hundred men under his command, issued from their quarters, for the purpose of making separate attacks upon different parts of the city. Admirable was the steadiness and resolution with which both detachments performed the service entrusted to them. At each point of attack, however, they encountered equal firmness and valour on the part of the British. Arnold's

leg was shattered early in the action, yet his men, undismayed by being deprived of their gallant leader, continued to fight not the less valiantly till, surrounded by a superior force, they were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. The assault made by Montgomery's detachment was equally unsuccessful. The British, reserving their fire till the insurgents had advanced to within a few yards of them, opened upon them a discharge of grape-shot which did fatal execution. For a moment Montgomery paused for the purpose of animating his troops. "Men of New York," he exclaimed, "you will not fear to follow where your general leads." Then, resuming his place in their front, he pressed forward amidst the murderous fire, till he had advanced within a few paces of the mouths of the British cannon, when he received three wounds, which instantly deprived him of life. In vain his followers sought to avenge his death. Their assaults were encountered with unflinching steadiness. The Americans were forced to retreat.

Among the persons who now poured forth from the rescued city in pursuit of the flying foe was that eminent lawyer and profound reasoner, Sir William Grant, at this time Attorney-General of Canada, and wearing the uniform of a volunteer in defence of the province. One of the first corpses which impeded their path was that of Montgomery, who lay with his hand extended toward the city, as

if he had received his death-wound while in the act of urging on his men toward the goal which it was destined that he should never reach. "That," said Grant, "is Montgomery; I knew him when we studied together at St. Andrew's College."

Thus fell the brave Montgomery, a graceful gentleman, distinguished in private life by many amiable qualities, and, as a soldier, qualified by nature to rise to the highest distinction. Not only did America mourn for him as for one of the bravest and best of her adopted sons, but, in England, there were persons generous enough to express veneration for the memory of so intrepid and uncompromising a patriot. General Carleton, to his infinite credit, overlooked the delinquency of the rebel in the merits of the hero, and awarded him an honourable interment.[1] "The loss of the brave Montgomery," are Washington's words to General Schuyler, "will ever be remembered." And again, he writes to Colonel Arnold: "In the midst of distress, I am happy to find that suitable honours were paid to the remains of Mr. Montgomery."

General Arnold, after his repulse, withdrew his forces to the famous Heights of Abraham, where,

[1] Forty-two years afterward the remains of General Montgomery were removed from the spot where he fell and reinterred in the Episcopal church of St. Paul's, New York, in front of which stands a monument of white marble erected by order of Congress in honour of his memory.

notwithstanding the desertion of some of his followers, and the increasing disaffection of others, this able soldier contrived to keep Quebec in a state of siege till the approach of spring, at which season he expected to receive reinforcements of men and stores, of which he greatly stood in need. At the same time, General Carleton was no less anxiously waiting supplies from England, when, to his great joy, and to that of the garrison of Quebec, he learned that the *Isis*, with two other British ships-of-war carrying the expected reinforcements on board them, were forcing their way through the masses of ice which impeded the navigation of the St. Lawrence. This accession of strength, so acceptable to one party, proved no less fatal to the prospects of the other. From other causes, the situation of the besieging force had become more and more embarrassing and its position more and more precarious. "Many of the troops are dejected," writes Arnold to General Wooster, "and anxious to get home; and some of them have actually set off, but I shall endeavour to continue the blockade while there are any hopes of success." Before long, Arnold, in consequence of the state of his wounded leg, obtained leave of absence to proceed to Montreal. In his absence, his generals passed their time in quarrelling among themselves. Provisions and stores of every kind were becoming more and more difficult to be obtained, and, lastly, the smallpox began to make

fearful havoc in their ranks. Under these circumstances there remained no alternative but retreat, which they had scarcely commenced before General Carleton, issuing from the gates of Quebec, followed them so vigorously as to compel them to abandon their artillery and baggage, and to betake themselves to a precipitate and disorganised flight. One division of their army was captured at the Cedars by a mixed force of British and Indians. Another was overtaken and routed by General Carleton at Trois Rivières, between Quebec and Montreal. The remainder succeeded in reaching Lake Champlain, where they embarked, together with the garrisons of the other American military posts in Canada, for New York. The embarkation was personally superintended by Arnold, who remained behind till every boat, except his own, had left the shore. "He then," writes his biographer, "mounted his horse, attended by Wilkinson, his aide-de-camp, and rode back two miles, when they discovered the enemy's advanced division in full march under General Burgoyne. They gazed on it, or, in military phrase, reconnoitred it, for a short time, and then hastened back to St. John's. A boat being in readiness to receive them, the horses were stripped and shot. The men were ordered on board, and Arnold, refusing all assistance, pushed off the boat with his own hands; 'thus,' says Wilkinson, 'indulging the vanity of being the last man who embarked

from the shores of the enemy.' The sun was now down, and darkness followed, but the boat overtook the army in the night at Isle aux Noix." Thus was Canada once more brought under complete subjection to Great Britain.

CHAPTER III.

Deplorable Condition of the American Army — Energy and Ability of Washington as a Commander — Dorchester Heights Taken by the Americans — The British Evacuate Boston, Which Is Entered by Washington in Triumph — Arrival of German Troops Hired by the British — American "Declaration of Independence" Published on the Fourth of July, 1776 — Conciliatory Overtures of the British Commissioners Rejected by the Americans — Battle of Brooklyn — Fruitless Conference on Staten Island — New York Taken by General Howe — Perverse Policy of the British Government — Speech of Lord Chatham — His Motion for Conciliation Rejected by the House of Lords.

AT the time when Washington was chosen general-in-chief of the American forces, and assumed the direction of the blockade of Boston, his fellow citizens had expected from him the performance of scarcely less than impossibilities. Little aware, however, was the vast majority of them of the difficulties against which this illustrious man was called upon to contend. His situation was truly a most unenviable one. To use his own words, he found the army under his command a mere "mixed multitude of people under very little order or government." He was greatly in want of engineers. Enlistment went on but

slowly. As winter approached, his men naturally became impatient to return to their chimney-corners and their families. There was a lamentable want in his camp of money, firearms, and engineers' stores. To the president of Congress Washington writes, on the 21st of September: "My situation is inexpressibly distressing, to see the winter fast approaching upon a naked army; the time of their service within a few weeks of expiring, and no provision yet made for such important events. Add to these, the military chest is totally exhausted. The paymaster has not a single dollar in hand." Such was the scarcity of another most important store, gunpowder, that the destruction of game by fowling-pieces was strictly prohibited. "We are obliged," writes Washington to his brother, on the 13th of October, "to submit to an almost daily cannonade without returning a shot, from our scarcity of powder, which we are necessitated to keep for closer work than cannon-distance, whenever the redcoat gentry please to step out of their intrenchments." But dispiriting as this state of affairs must have been to Washington, far gloomier would have been his feeling, had the startling fact been known to him that, in addition to the disciplined forces of Great Britain, the vast military power of Russia was likely, before the lapse of many months, to be arrayed against his country. In a letter from Lord Dartmouth to General Howe, dated Septem-

ber 5, 1775, and marked "Secret," his lordship writes: "I should be unpardonable if I did not acquaint you that his Majesty's minister at Petersburgh, having been instructed to sound the empress how far she would be disposed, in case of necessity, to assist his Majesty with such force as the state and security of the empire would admit, her Imperial Majesty has, in the fulness of her affection for the British nation, and of gratitude for the benefit she received under her late difficulties, made the most explicit declaration, and given the most ample assurance of letting us have any number of infantry that may be wanted. In consequence of this generous and magnanimous offer, a requisition has been made for twenty thousand men; and it is proposed to send the greatest part of these auxiliaries, as early as possible in the spring, to Quebec, and I trust we shall have at least an equal number of British troops in North America to act with them if occasion requires."[1] How far less hopeful, at this time, was

[1] Curiously enough, only six days after the date of Lord Dartmouth's despatch, we find Horace Walpole fully cognizant of the "secret" and remarkable fact of the Empress Catherine having given her assent to letting out her troops for the subjugation of American freedom. "That miracle of gratitude, the czarina," he writes to Mann, on the 11th of September, 1775, "has consented to lend England twenty thousand Russians to be transported to America. The Parliament is to meet on the 20th of next month, and vote twenty-six thousand seamen! What a paragraph of blood is there! With what torrents must liberty be preserved in America!"

the language of Washington! To his adjutant-general he writes, on the 28th of November: "Could I have foreseen what I have experienced, and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth should have induced me to accept this command. A regiment, or any subordinate department, would have been accompanied with ten times the satisfaction, perhaps ten times the honour."

But, of all men, Washington was the least likely to yield to despondency. That indomitable resolution, that high and chivalrous sense of duty, that pure and unselfish patriotism which were his invariable characteristics, were never more eminently displayed than at the present trying and perilous crisis. By degrees, he infused order and discipline, as well as ardour, among his troops. "The Generals Washington and Lee," writes one of the chaplains of his army, "are upon the lines every day. New orders from his Excellency are read to the respective regiments every morning after prayers. The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place and keep in it, or be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes, according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four till eleven o'clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done. The lines are extended almost from Cambridge to Mystic River, so that very soon it

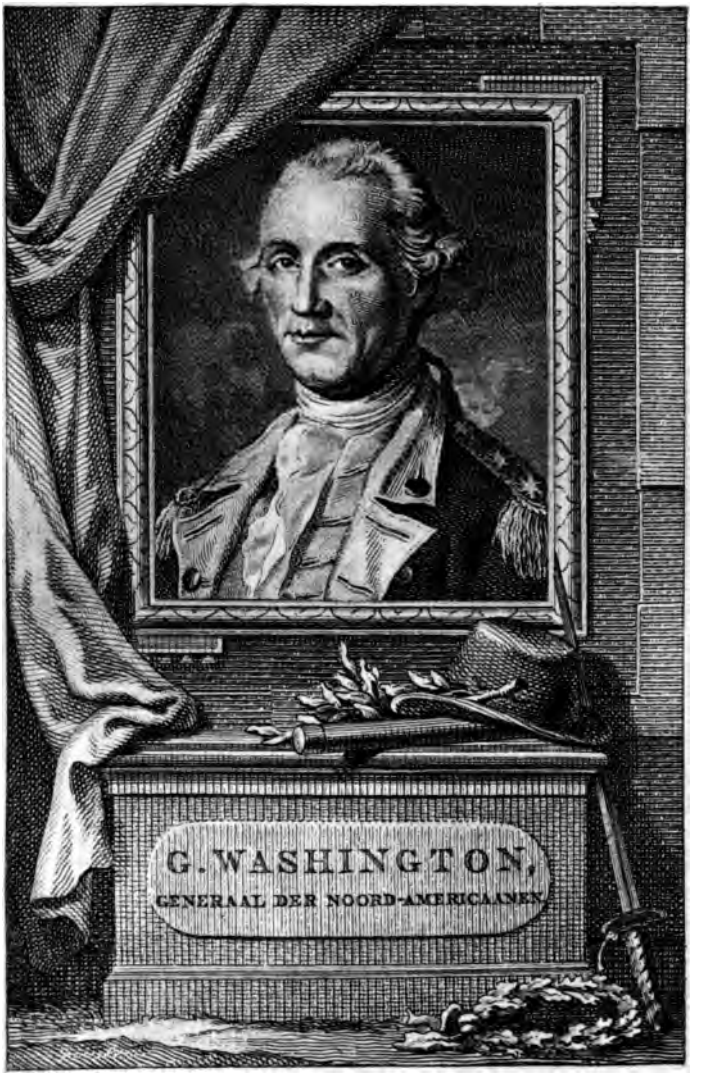
will be morally impossible for the enemy to get between the works." [1]

Thus, by his energy, his genius, and perseverance, did Washington perform the double feat of keeping together, during a long winter, sixteen thousand raw and homesick troops, and holding the British army blockaded in Boston. Moreover, so soon as reinforcements reached him at the beginning of March, he succeeded, by a masterly stratagem, in seizing and fortifying the celebrated Dorchester Heights, commanding the British lines on Boston Neck, thus anticipating and outwitting General Howe, and placing the British army in a very critical position. In consequence of this movement, the British general found himself reduced to the necessity of removing his troops to some other part of the continent, where provisions were likely to be more plentiful, and the country better adapted for carrying on successful military operations. Accordingly, on the 17th of March, the inhabitants of Boston were elated at the spectacle of a British

[1] "I hear," writes Walpole to Lady Ossory, on the 3d of August, "that the Congress have named General Washington generalissimo, with two thousand a year, and five pounds a day for his table. He desired to be excused receiving the two thousand. If these folks will imitate both the Romans and Cromwellians, in self-denial and enthusiasm, we shall be horribly plagued with them." Again, Walpole writes, on the same day, to Sir Horace Mann: "The Congress, not asleep, have appointed a generalissimo, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war. Well! we had better have gone on robbing the Indies. It was a more lucrative trade."

George Washington.

Photo etching from a rare old print


G. WASHINGTON,
GENERAAL DER NOORD-AMERICAANEN.

army being driven from the very province which they had been despatched across the Atlantic expressly to overawe and subdue. The troops were allowed to embark without being molested, and, on the following day, Washington entered Boston in triumph.

From Boston, General Howe proceeded to Halifax, and afterward to Staten Island, in the Province of New York, where, at the end of June, he succeeded in landing his troops without meeting with opposition. Here, on the 12th of July, he was joined by a large reinforcement of men which he had been long and anxiously expecting, and which increased the British military force in America to nearly thirty thousand soldiers. Had the newly arrived troops consisted entirely of British-born subjects, doubtless the satisfaction of General Howe would have been much greater. It comprised, however, several thousand kidnapped German soldiers, whom the cupidity of the Duke of Brunswick, of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and other German princes, had induced to let out for hire to the British government. The fact of these petty sovereigns — for the purpose of putting some paltry gold in their coffers — sending forth their subjects to perish of pestilence or by the sword, fighting against a gallant race with whom they had no shadow of a quarrel, very naturally excited the indignation of Europe. Even Frederick of Prussia, neither the most tender-hearted nor the most scru-

pulous of monarchs, not only denounced the traffic as a most scandalous one, but wherever, it is said, the unfortunate hirelings had occasion to march through any part of his dominions, used to levy a toll upon them, as if they had been so many head of bullocks. "They had been sold," he said, "as cattle, and therefore he was entitled to exact the toll." The fact is a monstrous one, that by one of the articles of the treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, it was provided that an executioner and his attendants should form part of the Hessian establishment. But if the conduct of the German princes, in letting out their subjects, and that of Great Britain, in hiring them, was an abomination in the eyes of the world, how much the more keenly and bitterly was it likely to be felt by the American people! Great Britain, they said, had not only declared war against her own colonies, and against her own flesh and blood, but had arrayed against them a foreign soldiery, men who, being alien to them in language and lineage, would in all probability carry war into the heart of their country, attended by its very worst calamities and horrors. Surely, they argued, the mother country might have been satisfied with imposing taxes upon them, and invading their liberties, without letting loose a set of hireling murderers to spread rapine and desolation over the land. Such was the language which, prompted by the bitterest feelings of animosity, travelled from house to house and from cottage to

cottage, — those formerly happy and contented homes in which, scarcely twelve months since, every Englishman had met with an hospitable welcome, and on the walls of which the familiar portrait of the sovereign had hung, an object of veneration and love.

If the Americans had lately been loth to shake off their allegiance to the British Crown, no less anxious were they, now that the sword had been drawn, for the day that was to bring them emancipation. At length, on the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee rose in his place in the assembly of the representatives of the Confederated States, and, agreeably with instructions which he had received from the people of Virginia, made his famous proposition that America should declare herself a free and independent nation. Without immediately adopting this resolution, Congress nominated a committee of five persons, whose instructions were to draw up a statement of the various grievances, and other causes, which induced the American colonies to desire to sever their connection with Great Britain. That famous committee consisted of Benjamin Franklin, of John Adams, who succeeded Washington as President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, who became the third President, Roger Sherman, of whom it was said by Jefferson that he never said a foolish thing in his life, and Robert R. Livingston, afterward minister plenipotentiary at the court of Ver-

sailles. Their memorable report to Congress is known to have been the composition, with some trifling alterations only, of Thomas Jefferson. To that eminent lawyer and accomplished man the task must have proved an especially painful one. Almost to the last, his affection for the "old country" had induced him to sigh at the prospect of separation. In the whole empire, he writes to Attorney-General Randolph, there was not a man who more cordially loved the union with Great Britain than himself. Even after American blood had been shed at Lexington, and when American exasperation had risen to fever-heat, we find him still anxiously expressing hopes that a reconciliation might be effected. Neither did Jefferson stand alone in his hesitation and regrets. Even the fiery Patrick Henry had, within the last two months, been averse to an immediate declaration of independence. To Washington, Joseph Reed also writes, in March: "There is a strange reluctance in the minds of many to cut the knot which ties us to Great Britain." But the great majority of thinking Americans had become of the opinion that, having drawn the sword, no alternative was left but to fling away the scabbard. "Having weighed the arguments on both sides," writes General Lee to Patrick Henry, in the month of March, "I am clearly of opinion that we must, as we value the liberties of America, or even her existence, without a moment's delay declare for independence." "I

have no notion," said Joseph Reed, "of being hanged for half treason. When a subject draws his sword against his prince, he must cut his way through, if he means afterward to sit down in safety."

In due time, the committee of five submitted to Congress the draft of a proposed declaration of grievances and rights, which Congress subjected to a careful revision. With the exception of the sweeping, and apparently undue amount of obloquy cast by the Americans personally on the king, little fault is apparently to be found with this memorable document. Hitherto, whether justly or not, they had been accustomed to trace their grievances and their wrongs, not to the king, but to the aristocratic element which prevailed in the British Houses of Parliament, and especially to the British ministers individually, as the constitutional and responsible advisers of their royal master. Hitherto, accordingly, it had been customary to name the sovereign with reverence, and to canvass his actions with tenderness. During the lengthened period that Franklin had resided in England he had missed no opportunity, as he himself informs us, of explaining to his countrymen across the Atlantic, that the oppressive acts of which they complained were the result neither of "royal nor national" measures, but were the work of a scheming administration. So, also, Washington, in remonstrating with General Howe on the harsh

treatment to which Ethan Allen was subjected, intimates the deep regret of the American people that "the name of Howe, a name so dear to them, should appear at the head of the catalogue of the instruments employed by a wicked ministry for their destruction." Even at so late a period as when the famous "Olive Branch" was transmitted to England, we find the British military force in America designated by Congress, not as the royal, but as the parliamentary army. But now, when it was confessedly the policy of Congress to propitiate the great mass of the British people, — now that it had become of the highest importance to satisfy the consciences of such of their own people as retained their ancient reverence for the kingly office, and for the private virtues of George the Third, — it seems to have afforded the founders of the embryo republic an easy escape from their difficulties, by laying the principal odium at the door of the well-intentioned monarch. To the king, therefore, in their memorable Declaration of Independence, they attributed their wrongs and the necessity for separation. The history of the reigning sovereign, they said, was a history of repeated injuries and usurpations. So evidently was it his intention to establish an absolute despotism, that it had become their duty, as well as their right, to secure themselves against further aggressions. "In every stage of these oppressions," proceeds the Declaration, "we have petitioned for redress in

the most humble terms. Our petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, 'Free and Independent States.'"

Yet, it was not till after many difficulties had been disposed of, nor till after many long and anxious discussions, that the whole of the thirteen colonies had been induced to agree to this famous Declaration. For a long time, the deputies of four of the colonies — South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New York, and Delaware — refused to attach their signatures to the deed of separation. Maryland, too, held out long, and acceded reluctantly.[1] At length, however, entire unanimity was obtained; and accordingly, on an ever memorable day, the 4th of July, 1776, America boldly and proudly

[1] According to the American historian, David Ramsay, so strong, in the important Province of South Carolina, was "the attachment of many to Great Britain, which they fondly called the mother country, that though they assented to the establishment of an independent Constitution, yet it was carried, after a long debate, that it was only to exist till a reconciliation between Great Britain and the colonies shall take place."

announced to the world that she was an independent empire, and that the word colonies no longer existed in her vocabulary.

It may here be mentioned as a remarkable coincidence, that the lives of two of the most considerable and most honoured of the founders of the American Republic, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, should have been prolonged to the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and that, on that same day, they should have severally breathed their last. Their dissolution took place in the year 1826; the former being in his ninety-first, and the latter in his eighty-fourth year. A few hours before the venerable Adams expired, as the firing of guns and the ringing of bells began to herald in the great jubilee day of America, his attendant inquired of the dying patriot whether he heard, and understood the meaning of, those sounds. "Oh, yes!" he said. "It is the glorious 4th of July. God bless it! God bless you all! Some short time afterward, a deferential request was made to him to suggest a sentiment, for delivery at the public dinner held in the honour of the day. "I will give you," was his reply, "Independence for ever." Later in the day he was heard to murmur, "It is a great and glorious day." Just before he expired, his thoughts reverted to his early friend and former fellow labourer in the cause of freedom. "Jefferson," he said, "survives." He was wrong. Jeffer-

son had died at one o'clock in the afternoon. He himself lived till twenty minutes past six. Jefferson, a day or two before he breathed his last, had expressed a wish to be permitted to see the fiftieth anniversary of his imperishable triumph.

The announcement that America had shaken off her dependence upon Great Britain was received throughout her vast continent with extraordinary enthusiasm. The horrors of war, said her people, might for a time desolate their country; but, on the other hand, henceforth they would be emancipated from the hateful fetters of royalty, and the insolence of an imperious and prejudiced aristocracy. "The reveries," writes Lee to Patrick Henry, "which I considered as mere golden castles in the air, at length bid fair for being realised. We shall now most probably see a mighty empire established, of freemen whose honour, property, and military glories are not to be at the disposal of a sceptred tyrant, nor their consciences fettered by a proud, domineering hierarchy." As the English Puritans in the seventeenth century had thrown down the statue of Charles the First, — engraving, on its site, "Exit tyrannus, Regum Ultimus," (the tyrant is gone, the last of the kings), — so did the people of New York fling from its pedestal, and demolish, the equestrian statue of George the Third. In the various cities and villages of America, the imperial crown ceased to be any longer an emblem or a sign. The term "royalty"

grew to be either a byword, or else became obsolete.

In the meantime, the military position of General Howe had been greatly strengthened by the arrival, in American waters, of a powerful naval force under the command of his brother, Vice-Admiral Lord Howe. The mission, however, of the two brothers was far from being of an entirely hostile character. In addition to their military and naval powers, they were invested with due authority to act as special commissioners for restoring amity between Great Britain and her colonies, and to grant pardon in cases of submission. In England a favourable result had, not without some good reason, been anticipated from this irregular commission. Not only were these two high-minded men known to be opposed to the principles which had provoked hostilities, as well as to be sensitively anxious to prevent the further shedding of blood, but the additional fact of their name being a familiar and a cherished one in America seemed to enhance their chances of success. In the late wars with the French, their brother George, the third Viscount Howe, had fought side by side with many Americans still living, to whose memories the sweetness of his disposition, his chivalrous courage, and premature death in the hour of victory, had greatly endeared him. Massachusetts had even raised a monument in his honour. The general, moreover, who was

now unhappily in arms against them, had also formerly been their fellow soldier; had been a distinguished favourite of the illustrious Wolfe, and had led the detachment which first planted the British flag on the Heights of Abraham. But the "Olive Branch" from the British side of the Atlantic had arrived too late. The British fleet had scarcely appeared off Sandy Hook before Lord Howe had the mortification of learning that eight important days had elapsed since America had solemnly declared her independence. Nor was he long in discovering that the national sentiment, which had reflected so much honour on his family, had passed away for ever. Grieved they were, said the Americans, that men, whom they had so sincerely revered, should have been induced to accept the command of an expedition which was clearly designed to complete their subjugation. "America," said Congress, "is amazed to find the name of Howe in the catalogue of her enemies. She loved his brother." "I hope," said Lord Howe, a short time afterward, to an American officer, Colonel Palfrey, "that America will one day or other be convinced that, in our affection for that country, we also are Howes." "His lordship," writes Colonel Palfrey, "when speaking of his brother was greatly affected, and I could perceive a tear standing in his eye."

Nevertheless, hopeless as were the prospects of success, the commissioners prepared to use

every endeavour to effect a reconciliation. Accordingly, Lord Howe, being extremely anxious to open a direct negotiation with Washington, despatched a letter to him under the protection of a flag of truce, which, however, in consequence of its repudiating his military rank, and being addressed to him simply as "George Washington, Esquire," was returned unopened by the American general. A second letter, in which he was addressed as "George Washington, Esquire, etc., etc., etc.," met with similar treatment. Of still less avail were certain circular letters, addressed by the commissioners to the governors of the different provinces, one of which having fallen into the hands of Washington and having been forwarded by him to the American government, Congress turned it to good account by publishing it with comments of their own. It was right and proper, they said, that the people of the United States should be apprised of what nature were the commissions, and what were the terms, with which the insidious court of Great Britain was endeavouring to amuse them. Washington, in like manner, treated the powers of the commissioners with profound contempt. It was tolerably evident, he said, that those powers extended no further than an authority to grant pardons. The Americans had been guilty of no offence, and therefore needed no pardon. They were no longer the subjects of the King of England, but a free people,

prepared to defend to the last what they believed to be their legitimate and indisputable rights.[1]

Lord Howe, however, was not yet entirely disheartened. Deeply anxious to prevent the further effusion of blood, he now turned his thoughts toward Franklin, with whom, as may be remembered, he had formerly associated on very agreeable terms in the British metropolis. He recalled to mind how often they had discussed American affairs at the cheerful tea-table of his sister, Mrs. Howe, in Grafton Street, and how he had seen tears of pleasure start into the eyes of the great philosopher whenever a prospect of returning peace and good-will had presented itself. We have seen, however, how completely the wrongs inflicted on his country, and the insults offered to himself, had hardened the heart of Franklin toward the British nation; and accordingly, when Lord Howe appealed to him for assistance in his work of pacification, his reply was not only cold and unsatisfactory, but haughty almost to discourtesy. Speaking of Great Britain as "your proud and uninformed country," he argued that her persistent ill treatment of America had put reunion utterly out of the question. "It is impossible," he writes, "we

[1] So far back as the 15th of April Washington had written to John Adams: "I have ever thought, and am still of opinion, that no terms of accommodation will be offered by the British ministry but such as cannot be accepted by America. We have nothing, my dear sir, to depend upon but the protection of a kind Providence, and unanimity among ourselves."

should think of a submission to a government that has, with the most wanton barbarity and cruelty, burnt our defenceless towns in the middle of winter, excited the savages to murder our farmers, and our slaves to murder their masters, and is even now bringing foreign mercenaries to deluge our settlements with blood. These atrocious injuries have extinguished every remaining spark of affection for that parent country we once held so dear." Before America, continued Franklin, could entertain any treaty of amity or peace, Great Britain must consent and agree to negotiate with her as a free and separate state; to punish the late governors of colonies who had caused and afterward aggravated the mischief, and to rebuild the towns which British soldiers had destroyed. "I know," he concluded, "your great motive in coming hither was the hope of being instrumental in [effecting] a reconciliation; and I believe when you find that impossible, on any terms given you to propose, you will relinquish so odious a command, and return to a more honourable private station."

Thus, all hope of reconciliation being for the present at an end, the two armies prepared to confront each other with vigour in the field. Fortune, for a considerable time, favoured the British. On the 22d of August, General Howe, under the protection of the guns of the fleet, landed his forces on Long Island, — a fertile tract of land in view of the island and city of New York, — and

five days afterward fought the battle of Brooklyn, in which the Americans lost about two thousand men in killed and wounded, and nearly eleven hundred prisoners. Unfortunately for the cause of the Americans, their accomplished general, Nathaniel Greene, lay at this time helplessly prostrated on a sick-bed. His agitation and anxiety, as the roar of cannon reached his ear, and as adverse news was from time to time broken to him, may be readily imagined. "Gracious God!" exclaimed the Quaker hero, "to be confined at such a time!" Washington, too, who, on hearing the sound of firing, had hurried from New York to the scene of action, and who arrived only in time to witness the pursuit and slaughter of his troops, betrayed no less vehemently the anguish of his mind. New York now lay at the mercy of the victors. Even Washington, hopeful and resolute as was his nature, seemed half to despair.

General Howe's success on Long Island obtained for him the Order of the Bath, as well as high commendation from his employers. "Those," writes Lord George Germaine to him, on the 18th of October, 1776, "who, in the earlier part of your life, — from an observation of the inborn courage and active spirit which you manifested in inferior stations, — were led to form favourable conjectures relative to your future exploits, will, with me, be happy to find their expectations answered, and will be agreeably surprised to see

you making such hasty advances toward military excellence, by thus uniting to the fire of youth all the wisdom and conduct of the most experienced commander."

Conciliation, rather than conquest, was the object of Lord Howe, and, consequently, speculating that the result of the late battle was likely to have abridged the high demands of the American people, he decided on making another attempt to open a negotiation. With this object in view, he despatched on parole, to Philadelphia, Gen. John Sullivan, whom he had taken prisoner on Long Island, to whom he confided a verbal conciliatory proposition for the consideration of the leaders of the Revolution. It was impossible for him, said the British admiral, to treat with Congress in its assumed independent legislative capacity, but, on the other hand, if two or three of its members would meet him as private gentlemen, he would gladly confer with them on the present deplorable state of affairs. Congress accepted the invitation, although somewhat tardily and haughtily; and accordingly a selection was made of three of the most uncompromising republicans of its body, to attend at the appointed conference. Those persons were Benjamin Franklin, Edward Routledge, of South Carolina, and John Adams. The scene of the meeting was a house on Staten Island, nearly facing the town of Amboy, in New Jersey; Lord Howe despatching his barge to con-

vey his visitors across the Sound, and receiving them with the utmost courtesy. To induce them to return to their allegiance to the King of Great Britain was of course the drift of the arguments made use of by Lord Howe. Neither the king nor his ministers, he assured them, entertained any other than a kindly feeling for the American people. Every oppressive act of Parliament of which America complained should be revised. Redress should be rendered for every grievance which had induced her to declare herself independent. The delegates listened apathetically and unconvinced. The memory of former injuries and insults; of petitions thrown unanswered on one side; of insolent language levelled at them in the British Parliament; and lastly of American blood shed, not only by British bayonets, but by German hirelings, was engraven far too deeply on the hearts of those uncompromising patriots to admit of a moment's hesitation. America, was their final and haughty answer, was willing to treat for peace with Great Britain; but only as a free and independent nation would she condescend to negotiate. Similarly lofty was their reply to Lord Howe, when, after having assured them of his personal affection for America, he intimated how deep would be the pain which her impending fall and humiliation must occasion him. It was a pain, they said, which his lordship might rest satisfied they would do their utmost to spare him.

Lord Howe had now no alternative but the mournful one of breaking up the meeting, leaving the delegates to return to, and to report progress at, Philadelphia.

The breaking up of the conference on Staten Island was followed by a series of successful military operations on the part of the British, which, but for the fatal mistakes and oversights committed by the British generals, might have gone far to demolish the new liberties of America. "I do not know," said Lord North, "whether our generals will frighten the enemy, but I know they frighten me whenever I think of them." The disaster which weighed the heaviest on the mind of Washington was the fall of New York. Washington happened to be at his headquarters at Harlem, about nine miles from that city, when, for the second time, the distant roar of artillery announced to him that the British, in his absence, were pressing vigorously upon his troops. For the second time, he was to be seen riding impetuously toward the scene of action, destined again to behold a disheartening scene of slaughter and rout. "As soon," he writes, "as I heard the firing, I rode with all possible despatch toward the place of landing, when, to my great surprise and mortification, I found the troops that had been posted in the lines retreating with the utmost precipitation." "We made," writes General Greene from Harlem Heights to a friend, "a miserable,

disorderly retreat from New York, owing to the dastardly conduct of the militia, who ran at the appearance of the enemy's advanced guard. Fellows's and Parsons's brigades ran away from about fifty men, and left his Excellency on the ground, within eighty yards of the enemy, so vexed at the infamous conduct of the troops, that he sought death rather than life." In the intensity of his vexation and wrath, Washington is said to have thrown himself in front of the terrified fugitives, threatening to run them through the body with his sword unless they stood their ground, and even snapping his pistol at those who persisted in continuing their ignominious flight. "I used every means in my power," he writes, "to rally and get them into some order, but my attempts were fruitless and ineffectual, and, on the appearance of a small party of the enemy, — not more than sixty or seventy, — their disorder increased, and they ran away in the greatest confusion, without firing a single shot." So lost, in the agony of the hour, was Washington to every consideration of personal safety, that his staff were compelled to seize hold of the bridle of his horse and forcibly withdraw him from the field. That day, General, now Sir William Howe, entered New York in triumph.

The capture of New York was succeeded by the battle of White Plains. There, upon ground on which a busy railway station, on the Harlem

line, now stands, and near which a residence of Washington is still reverentially pointed out to the traveller, Sir William Howe, at the head of thirteen thousand British, defeated eighteen thousand three hundred Americans. Less than three weeks afterward, Fort Washington, with its valuable magazine of stores, was gallantly stormed and captured by the British troops; no fewer than three thousand Americans being either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Washington, as he beheld the slaughter of his troops, is said to have "cried with the tenderness of a child." "This is a most unfortunate affair," he writes to his brother, "and has given me great mortification." Before the close of the year, other successes attended the royal arms. General Clinton had compelled the Americans to abandon Rhode Island. Lord Cornwallis, having effected a landing in New Jersey, had driven the enemy beyond the Hackensack River and overrun the entire province. Sir William Howe had advanced his troops to the banks of the Delaware. The American Congress had been forced to transfer its sittings from Philadelphia to Baltimore. General Lee, one of the ablest of the American commanders, had been surprised at night in a private house and carried off in triumph. Washington himself might at one time be said to be a fugitive.

In the meantime, while this unhappy warfare

was desolating the New World, political prejudice was still at work in the Old. On the 31st of October, three days after the battle of White Plains, the British Parliament reassembled at Westminster. As on like former occasions, the speech from the throne was replete, as far as related to America, with misrepresentations and misinformation. Again, the noble stand which the Americans were making for their liberties was ascribed to deliberate and long-concerted treason. Again, the wise and dignified founders of the great republic were spoken of as a mere set of daring and desperate rebels — as men who, to suit their own selfish purposes, had deluded their fellow countrymen into exchanging the blessings of law and of order for the calamities of war and the tyranny of their own people. As for the war itself, so little capable were ministers of appreciating its magnitude and probable duration, that "another campaign" was mentioned as being all that might be required to bring it to a successful close. "There is no man, who has access to his Majesty," writes Lord Rockingham, "who has integrity and magnanimity of mind sufficient to enable him to go and say to his Majesty, 'The measures and policy of the ministers toward America are erroneous; the adherence to them is destruction.' Of this," adds his lordship, "at least we are certain, that force, violence, and cruelty have brought the country into this dire-

ful situation. The reverse of such measures is the only thing fit to try."

In Parliament, the obstinate and disastrous policy pursued by ministers continued to provoke many fierce and eloquent animadversions. In the House of Commons — where an amendment to the address to the throne was moved by Lord John Cavendish and seconded by the Marquis of Granby — it was ably and boldly argued by those noblemen that unless great wrongs had been inflicted, a whole people would never have been induced to revolt; that the errors of ministers, and the ignorance of Parliament as to the real feelings and requirements of the people of America, had driven thirteen large provinces to despair; that their reiterated complaints and petitions for redress had been dismissed without a hearing; and lastly, that not fewer than thirteen weeks had been culpably allowed to elapse between the appointment of the chief commissioner and his departure from England. Under all these circumstances it was insisted that the Americans — though certainly to blame for having too precipitately resorted to violent measures — had doubtless felt themselves justified in declaring themselves a sovereign people, and, therefore, it behoved the House to express its respect for the spirit and principles which had prompted them to struggle for their rights. "We should look with the utmost shame and horror," proceeds the amendment, "on any

events tending to break the spirit of any large part of the British nation; to bow them to an abject unconditional submission to any power whatsoever; to annihilate their liberties, and to subdue them to servile principles and passive habits, by the mere force of foreign mercenary arms."

The amendment was supported by several members with considerable ability. "Where," it was asked, "are those mighty leaders to be found, whom the Americans are said to obey so implicitly, and who govern them with so despotic a rule? They have no grandees among them. Their soil is not productive of nobility. In no country are there so few individuals possessed of a commanding or extensive influence. The president of their supreme assembly is a merchant. The general of their armies is a private gentleman." The Americans, argued Wilkes, had merely followed the example set them by the mother country, when she rose in arms against the tyranny of James the Second. When that monarch, he said, quitted the kingdom, England had pronounced the throne to have been abdicated, and chose for herself another king. In like manner, when the late laws, passed against the Americans, had thrown them into a state of anarchy, they declared that the British legislature had abdicated its functions, and that they were entitled to choose a government for themselves. Great Britain, insisted Wilkes, was engaged in a savage and piratical, as well as an

unjust, war. "The evil," he exclaimed, "grows more desperate. Last year only twelve colonies humbly petitioned the throne. This year, by the accession of Georgia, we have seen a federal union of thirteen free and powerful provinces asserting their independency as high and mighty States, and setting our power at defiance. This was done, with circumstances of spirit and courage to which posterity will do justice. It was done directly after the safe landing of your whole force."

By both Colonel Barré and Fox it was prophetically argued that a prolonged contest with America would inevitably plunge Great Britain into a war with France. "The attack will shortly be made," exclaimed Barré, "and made within the hearing of those who now sit in this House. Gentlemen may laugh; but I dare aver that those who laugh now will, in the moment of danger, be lying in tears on their backs, like cowards." It had been contended, said Fox, that American independence was opposed to the interests of France and Spain, but such an argument was repugnant to common sense. "Is not," he asked, "the division of an enemy's power advantageous? Is not a free country, engaged in trade, less formidable than the ambition of an old corrupted government, their only formidable rival in Europe?"[1]

[1] "Charles Fox," writes Walpole, "answered Lord George [Germaine] in one of his finest and most animated orations, and with severity to the answered person. He made Lord North's

Notwithstanding these wise and spirited appeals on the part of the opposition, they divided only eighty-seven votes against two hundred and forty-two. In the House of Lords, where Lord Rockingham moved an amendment to the address, the minority actually numbered only twenty-six.

It was at the close of this session that, in a memorable and heart-stirring appeal to his brother peers, the illustrious Chatham endeavoured to avert the dismemberment of the empire, and a continuance of the horrors of civil war. For the last two years he had been prevented by illness from occupying his accustomed seat in the House of Lords, and even now, when he at length made his appearance, his bearing was still that of an invalid, and his limbs were swathed in flannels.[1] Despite, however, the languor which seemed to oppress him, he delivered his sentiments with much of the fervour, and in all the beautiful language, of former days. Slowly and solemnly he moved an address to the throne, deprecating the

conciliatory proposition be read, which, he said, his lordship seemed to have forgotten; and he declared he thought it better to abandon America than attempt to conquer it. Mr. Gibbon, author of the Roman History, a very good judge, — and, being on the court side, a very impartial one, — told me he never heard a more masterly speech than Fox's in his life."

[1] Lord Chatham had been ill and secluded from the world since the spring of 1775. "Lord Chatham," writes Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton, on the 4th of January, 1776, "continues in the same melancholy way; and the house is so shut up that his sons are not permitted to receive visitors."

unnatural war which Great Britain was waging against her colonies, and beseeching his Majesty, speedily and effectually, to bring it to a close, by authorising a sweeping redress of those accumulated grievances under which America was labouring. By no other means, he said, could Great Britain recover for herself the affections of the American people. "The Americans," he exclaimed, "are rebels; but what are they rebels for? Surely not for defending their unquestionable rights." The danger was imminent; the remedy ought to be immediate. Forty thousand German boors, he said, could never conquer ten times the number of British freemen. They might ravage, but they could never conquer America. "No!" he exclaimed; "it is impossible. You cannot conquer the Americans. You talk of your numerous friends to annihilate the Congress, and of your powerful forces to disperse their army, but"—and he raised his staff as he spoke—"I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch." Take away, he argued, a British army from the protection of the fleet, and it would be starved. If dispersed, it would be cut to pieces in detail. "You have been three years," he said, "teaching them the art of war, and they are apt scholars. I will venture to tell your lordships that the American gentry will make officers enough fit to command the troops of all the European powers. What you have sent there are too many to

make peace; too few to make war. You cannot make them respect you. You cannot make them wear your cloth. You will plant an invincible hatred in their breasts against you. Coming from the stock they do, they can never respect you." Great Britain, he exclaimed, had said to America, "Lay down your arms," and America had replied, in the language of the Spartan, "Come and take them!" Great Britain had tried to exact unconditional submission. She ought now to try the effect of unconditional redress. "My lords," he said, on rising a second time to speak, "you have been the aggressors from the beginning. I say again this country has been the aggressor. You have made descents upon their coasts. You have burnt their towns, plundered their country, made war upon the inhabitants, confiscated their property, proscribed and imprisoned their persons." Again and again he urged the House to redress the grievances of America by repealing the laws of which she complained, and acknowledging their right to dispose of their own money. "The people of America," he concluded, "look upon Parliament as the authors of their miseries. Their affections are estranged from their sovereign. Let, then, reparation come from the hands that inflicted the injuries. Let conciliation succeed chastisement, and I do maintain that Parliament will again recover its authority; that his Majesty will be once more enthroned in the hearts of his American

subjects; and that your lordships — as contributing to so great, glorious, salutary, and benignant a work — will receive the prayers and benedictions of every part of the British empire."

Among those who listened to this celebrated speech was the future prime minister, William Pitt, the son of the illustrious orator. To his mother, Lady Chatham, he writes, on the following day, "I cannot help expressing to you how happy, beyond description, I feel in reflecting that my father was able to exert, in their full vigour, the sentiments and eloquence which have always distinguished him. His first speech took up half an hour, and was full of all his usual force and vivacity." "He spoke a second time, in answer to Lord Weymouth, to explain the object of his motion, and his intention to follow it by one for the repeal of all the acts of Parliament which form the system of chastisement. This he did in a flow of eloquence, and with a beauty of expression, animated and striking beyond conception." Unfortunately, the eloquence of the great earl produced no better results than it had done on former similar occasions. "The rebels," exclaimed Lord Lyttelton, insultingly, "have added, to all the horrors of war, the brutality of savages and the treachery of cowards." Ministers achieved a complete triumph. Chatham's motion was rejected upon division, the numbers being ninety-nine to twenty-eight.

CHAPTER IV.

Critical Position of the American Army — Battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Brandywine — Philadelphia Occupied by the British — Battle of Germantown — Expedition of General Burgoyne — He Gains the Battle of Beymus's Heights, but Is Compelled to Withdraw His Forces, and at Last to Surrender — Is Kindly Treated by the American Generals — Infatuation of the Home Government — Chatham's Speech on the Employment of Indians in the War — His Amendment to the Address Rejected — The French Government Friendly to American Independence.

WHEN lately we took leave of the shores of America, General Clinton was master of Rhode Island; Lord Cornwallis had overrun New Jersey; Sir William Howe had driven Washington across the Delaware. Had the British army been commanded by a younger and more adventurous general than Sir William Howe, the probability seems to be that much greater advantage would have been taken of the enemy's weakness and despondency; that the campaign would have been prolonged into the winter months; that the Delaware would have been crossed; Philadelphia captured; and, not impossibly, that the submission of the entire continent would have followed. It was a crisis

in American affairs which filled even the mind of Washington with apprehensions. "He trembled," he said, "for the fate of America, which nothing but the infatuation of the enemy could have saved." "If every nerve," he writes to his brother, "be not strained, to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty nearly up." Again, in communicating to his adjutant-general, Colonel Reed, an intended attack on the British at Trenton, he writes: "For Heaven's sake, keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal to us; our numbers, sorry am I to say, being less than I had had any conception of; but necessity, dire necessity will, nay must, justify an attack."

Happily the attack, alluded to by Washington, not only proved to be an eminently successful one, but, for a time, it changed the tide of affairs. Sir William Howe, on withdrawing his army into winter quarters, had extended his cantonments to so imprudent a length, as to afford a favourable opportunity to Washington of dealing a serious blow at the British. "Now," said the American general, "that their wings are so spread, is the time to clip them." Accordingly, on the night of Christmas Day, in the face of a violent storm of hail and snow, and notwithstanding a mass of floating ice clogged the Delaware, he succeeded in transporting 2,500 men across the river to Trenton, where he surprised a body of 1,500 Hes-

sians, nearly a thousand of whom he took prisoner.[1] Following up his advantage, the American general, a few days afterward, executed a well-conceived and successful attack on a British brigade at Princeton. "We found Princeton," he writes to the president of Congress, "with only three regiments and three troops of light horse in it, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have lost five hundred men. Upwards of a hundred of them were left dead on the field." On the side of the Americans was mortally wounded a gallant officer, Gen. Hugh Mercer, a native of Scotland, who, in his youth,

[1] "In justice to the officers and men," writes Washington to the president of Congress, "I must add that their behaviour on this occasion reflects the highest honour upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardour; but when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward; and, were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others. Colonel Taylor, my first aide-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behaviour upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice." In consequence of Washington's recommendation, Colonel Taylor — who carried with him, in addition to the despatch of which this is an extract, a Hessian standard, which he delivered to Congress — was presented by that assembly with a horse properly caparisoned for military service, and recommended for promotion to the command of a regiment of cavalry.

had served as a surgeon's mate at the battle of Culloden, and who had afterward been the companion in arms of Washington, in the war with the French in America. Throughout the action at Princeton, Washington is described as exposing his person in the hottest of the fight, and as doing his utmost to animate his troops by his encouraging words and fearless example.

The success obtained by Washington at Princeton he followed up by a series of masterly manœuvres which brought the campaign to a close. New Jersey was delivered from the sway of Great Britain. The Congress was again enabled to hold its sittings at Philadelphia.

The first event of importance, by which the succeeding campaign was distinguished, was the removal by sea of the British army from the Jerseys. Sir William Howe, leaving behind him at New York eight thousand men under the command of General Clinton, sailed, on the 23d of June, with his army from Staten Island, and on the 24th of August, after a tedious voyage, landed them on the banks of the Chesapeake. Washington, rightly conjecturing that the object of the British general was the capture of Philadelphia, immediately followed him to the banks of the Brandywine, where, on the 11th of September, was fought the important battle to which that river has given its name. The Americans were signally defeated. According to Sir William Howe's

computation, about nine hundred of them were killed and wounded, and about four hundred taken prisoners. The remainder, pursued by Lord Cornwallis, made the best of their way to Philadelphia, from which city the Congress, at the approach of the British forces, fled in the first instance to Lancaster, and subsequently to Yorktown. On the 26th of September Cornwallis entered Philadelphia in triumph, the band of the advanced guard, as they marched through the streets, playing "God Save the King."

In the meantime, Washington, defeated though not disheartened, continued to hover in the neighbourhood of the British army, the headquarters of which were now stationed at Germantown, about six miles from Philadelphia. Too weak, at this time, to cope in the open field with the disciplined forces of his adversary, it was only by successful stratagem, and by rapid and daring attacks, that he could hope to recover the ground he had lost. To precipitate his forces, therefore, suddenly into the thick of the British army — to drive the enemy, if possible, out of Philadelphia, and thus revolutionise the present gloomy condition of American affairs — became the half-desperate resolve of the indomitable patriot. Accordingly, on the night of the 3d of October, he led his troops stealthily to Germantown, in sight of which place he found himself, in a foggy daybreak, on the following morning. The advanced British corps, upon which

it was the chance of the attacking party to fall, and upon whose steadiness or unsteadiness depended the fortune of the day, was the 40th Regiment of foot. Unluckily for the success of the expedition, the regiment happened to be one of the most highly disciplined, and most devoted to its colours, of any in the British service. Thus, though surprised, and though forced back for the moment by irresistible numbers, it soon recovered itself, and offered a formidable front to the foe. With great promptitude and coolness, its gallant commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Musgrave,[1] flung himself, with six companies, into a stone-built house in the village, from the windows of which they did great execution among the Americans,

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel, afterward General Sir Thomas Musgrave, Bart., commenced his military career as an ensign in the 3d Foot, or Buffs; his first commission bearing date December 31, 1754. "Lieutenant-Colonel Musgrave especially distinguished himself at the battle of Germantown, on the 4th of October, 1777, by throwing himself, with six companies of the 40th Regiment, into a large stone house in the face of the enemy, and, although surrounded by a brigade supported by four pieces of artillery, made a most gallant and successful defence until Major-General Grey and Brigadier Agnew had, by a vigorous attack, repulsed the American troops that had penetrated into the upper part of the village. A medal commemorative of the gallantry of Colonel Musgrave and of the 40th Regiment on this occasion was subsequently awarded to the officers and men." This gallant officer, "after a lengthened and honourable career of usefulness to his king and country," died, holding the rank of general, December 31, 1812, being the same day of the same month on which his first commission was dated.

and in which, in defiance of four pieces of cannon which were brought to bear upon them, they defended themselves till the British force had time to form. While the conflict was thus prevailing, the density of the atmosphere — occasioned by the smoke of gunpowder blending with the fog — led to the Americans mistaking their own regiments for those of the British, and firing into them with fatal precision. The result was a panic, which no entreaties nor threats on the part of their officers could control; the whole force taking to flight, leaving behind them as many as fourteen hundred of their companions killed, wounded, or prisoners. "It was a bloody day," wrote Washington to his brother. "Would to Heaven I could add that it had been a more fortunate one for us!"

Yet, let it not be imagined that, as a consequence of the accumulated ill successes which had befallen Washington on the field, he had in any degree forfeited the confidence and admiration of his fellow countrymen. On the contrary, the rude peasantry whom he had converted into disciplined soldiers, and whom he had taught to confront, without despondency, the long-dreaded legions of Great Britain, continued to follow him lovingly, trustingly, and uncomplainingly. "Your troops," once observed the Count de Vergennes to the American commissioners at Paris, "have behaved well on several occasions; but nothing has struck me so much as that General Washington should

have attacked and given battle to General Howe. To bring an army, raised within a year, to this, promises everything." Later, in the bitter winter of this year, although hundreds of Washington's soldiers were without blankets, and although, for miles, their march might be tracked by the blood left by their naked feet on the snow, yet not a voice was heard to murmur at their idolised leader.

Washington, after his ill success at Germantown, withdrew his army to White Marsh, a strong position about fourteen miles from Philadelphia, from whence Sir William Howe made many, but always ineffectual, attempts to draw him into the open country. The British general, accordingly, finding the season far advanced, proceeded to take up his comfortable winter quarters in Philadelphia; while Washington withdrew his army to Valley Forge, in the hills, a still stronger position than White Marsh, where the site of his headquarters, during the winter of 1777, is still pointed out as an object of pious interest by his admiring fellow countrymen.[1]

[1] "It must be confessed," writes the English historian of the American war, "that on the whole the British arms under Sir William Howe were attended with success; but this success was never duly followed up and improved. That commander had several opportunities of defeating the American army, and thereby putting an end to the war. At Long Island, in the Jerseys, at Brandywine, at White Marsh, and at Valley Forge, fortune had placed the enemy within his grasp, but he declined to seize the offered advantage. None of his military exploits possessed either plan, object, or decision; and the only fruit derived

Happily for the cause of liberty, and for the interests of the people of the United States, fortune proved more favourable to their arms in another, and more important, part of the vast continent. The invasion of America from the side of Canada, and thus effecting a communication with the army under Sir William Howe, had, for some time past, been a favourite project of the War Department in England, and was one which, after due consideration, was approved by the Cabinet. The command of this important expedition was conferred on Gen. John Burgoyne, a natural son of Lord Bingley.[1] Hitherto Burgoyne had been principally known to his countrymen as a man of wit, literature, and pleasure. His figure was commanding; his manners were eminently engaging; his reputation for courage had never been called in question. He had entered the army at an early age, and, while quartered at Preston, in Lancashire, had established a powerful aristocratic connection for himself by winning the affections of Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of Edward, eleventh Earl of Derby, whom he persuaded to elope with him, and to become his wife. In 1762, Burgoyne had served

from the several victories of Sir William Howe, during the campaign of 1777, amounted to no more than the acquisition of good winter quarters for the British army at Philadelphia."

[1] Robert Benson, created Baron of Bingley, in the county of York, 1713, died July 21, 1730, when the title became extinct.

with some reputation as a brigadier-general in the war in Portugal, and, on his return, had obtained a seat in the House of Commons.[1] As a speaker in Parliament he rose to some eminence, but by his literary productions alone he deserves to be remembered by posterity. His comic opera, "The Lord of the Manor," was long a favourite on the stage. His comedy, "The Heiress," is one of the most pleasing in our language. He was also a contributor to *The Rolliad;* nor have some of his lighter poetical pieces wanted admirers.[2] At the fashionable play-tables of the day, whether of hazard or skill, Burgoyne was a successful and therefore a formidable antagonist. Junius more than hints that he played unfairly. "If any

[1] Junius seems to have entertained no very high opinion of Burgoyne as a soldier. "Let me ask your Grace," he writes to the Duke of Grafton, on the 12th of December, 1769, "for what military merits you have been pleased to reward him with military government?" Since the date of this letter Burgoyne had served some time in America under General Gage, but without having been afforded much opportunity of improving his military experience.

[2] The following pleasing stanzas, from "The Lord of the Manor," may be taken as a favourable specimen of General Burgoyne's muse:

"Encompassed in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did Heaven assert the claim,
And call its own away.

"My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return:
What now shall fill these widowed arms?
Ah, me! my Anna's urn."

man," he ironically writes, "were to accuse him of taking his stand at a gaming-table, and watching, with the soberest attention, for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at piquet, he would undoubtedly consider it as an infamous aspersion upon his character, and resent it like a man of honour." It is but fair, however, to observe, that General Burgoyne's acquaintances seem to have completely acquitted him of this cruel anonymous charge. "Junius," writes Horace Walpole, "was thought unjust; as he [Burgoyne] was never supposed to do more than play very well."

The army in Canada, commanded by Burgoyne, consisted of upwards of seven thousand men, British and German, exclusive of a powerful train of artillery. At first the march of the man of fashion resembled a triumph. As he advanced, the Americans — leaving their provisions, artillery, and military stores behind them — precipitately evacuated Ticonderoga, from which post Burgoyne drove them before him to Fort Edward, on the banks of the Hudson, which in like manner they abandoned at the approach of the British army; bending their flight in the direction of the memorable springs of Saratoga. It was now, while in pursuit of the enemy, that Burgoyne's difficulties commenced. The face of the country was intersected by streams and morasses. His heavy artillery was a great incumbrance to him. Entire

trees, felled by the Americans, were laid, with other obstructions, across his path. His provisions began to fail him. In consequence of a want of boats to carry his army across the Hudson, no fewer than forty bridges had to be constructed. Moreover, while the enemy was constantly receiving reinforcements of men alike from the neighbouring towns and from the mountains, Burgoyne's ranks, in consequence of unprofitable skirmishes and other casualties, were hourly becoming thinner and thinner. "The prospect of the campaign," he writes, "is much less prosperous than when I wrote last. Wherever the king's forces point, militia, to the amount of three or four thousand, assemble in twenty-four hours. They bring with them their subsistence, and, the alarm over, they return to their farms. The Hampshire Grants, in particular, — a country unpeopled, and almost unknown, during the last war, — now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent, and hangs, like a gathering storm, upon my left. In all parts, the industry and management in driving cattle and removing corn are indefatigable and certain, and it becomes impracticable to move without portable magazines. Another most embarrassing circumstance is the want of communication with Sir William Howe. Of the messengers I have sent, I know of two being hanged, and am ignorant whether any of the rest arrived."

It was the middle of September when Burgoyne, relinquishing his communications with Canada, transported his army across the Hudson, and took post on the heights of Saratoga. The American force, under General Gates, was at this time encamped in a very advantageous post on Beymus's Heights, a low range of hills in front of Stillwater, whither Burgoyne advanced in hopes of forcing them to give him battle. The British army was by this time in a most perilous as well as wasted condition. Could Albany, indeed, be reached, — and Albany was only twenty-five miles distant, — not only would the British army be safe, but the primary object of the costly expedition would have been obtained. That desirable result, however, was denied them. Burgoyne, it is true, after a well-contested engagement which lasted for four hours, succeeded in defeating the Americans, but unfortunately victory, instead of improving his condition, rendered it even more critical than it had previously been. His casualties amounted to as many as six hundred men. Most of his artillery men were killed at their guns. One regiment alone, the 62d, lost more than two-thirds of its officers. Nevertheless, superior as was the force which confronted Burgoyne, willingly would he have attempted to cut his way to Albany, but humanity prevented his abandoning his wounded to their fate. Influenced by this consideration, as well as calculating on the probability

of Sir Henry Clinton speedily making a diversion in his favour, he resolved to intrench his troops upon the ground which they at present occupied. The bitterness of hope deferred was now added to his other distresses. Hour after hour, and day after day, came and went, and yet there appeared no sign of approaching succour. Death continued to spread its ravages among his ranks. His horses perished from starvation. A like fate threatened his followers. Nightfall completed their miseries. The want of sleep, occasioned by frequent alarms false or real, the incessant sounds of the enemy firing upon the British advanced pickets, and, lastly, the dismal howling of packs of wolves, while employed in their occupation of scenting and scratching up the dead, produced a state of discomfort and gloom of which it would be difficult to present an exaggerated picture. "I do not believe," writes Burgoyne, "either officer or soldier ever slept, during that interval, without his clothes."

In the meantime, the only occasion on which Burgoyne had ventured to strike a blow from his intrenchments had proved a disaster. A detachment of about fifteen hundred men, whom he deployed in the vain hope of dislodging the enemy from their commanding position, and of thus extricating him and his army from their toils, were not only forced back to their lines, but a gallant band of Americans, led by the famous

Benedict Arnold, brilliantly forced their way into the British works. The British quarter, it is true, was heroically and successfully defended, but unhappily the German intrenchments were carried. Every endeavour was made by Burgoyne to bring on a general engagement, but as the grand object of the Americans was evidently to compel a British army to surrender at discretion, it was an issue which they very naturally declined. Thus, then, with starvation staring his followers in the face, in the hourly dread of being surrounded by overpowering numbers, and with his communications with Canada being gradually cut off, no alternative was left to him but either unconditional surrender, or else a last desperate effort to fight his way back to British America.

The last alternative befitted Burgoyne the best; and accordingly, having collected the remains of his disheartened army, he led them forth on a dismal rainy night on their return to Ticonderoga. Miserable as was that memorable retreat, far worse were the calamities that awaited them on reaching their destination. "Such was their state of fatigue," writes Burgoyne, "that the men for the most part had not the strength or inclination to cut wood and make fires, but rather sought sleep in their wet clothes upon the wet ground, under the continuing rain." Unquestionably the person most to be commiserated was Burgoyne himself. To his consternation he found himself hemmed

in on every side. In whatever direction he looked, his eye encountered the bristling of the enemy's bayonets, and their cannon pointed toward his camp. No tidings reached him from Sir Henry Clinton. His tents and baggage had been either captured or destroyed. His provisions were almost exhausted. In his misery he summoned a council of war; but then arose the humiliating question, in what corner they could assemble without being exposed to the cannon and rifles of the enemy. They met, however; when briefly and mournfully Burgoyne explained his position and craved their advice. He was unwilling, he said, to be left with the sole charge of the national honour. For himself, he saw no alternative but to surrender to the enemy on the most honourable terms they could obtain; but should others have better advice to offer, he was ready to afford them all the support in his power. No one, however, was prepared with a remedy, and consequently surrender was unanimously agreed upon. It may be mentioned that, while they were deliberating, an eighteen-pound ball passed by the table at which they were seated.

The concluding details of this disastrous episode in the annals of British chivalry may be briefly related. On the 14th of October a flag of truce was to be seen proceeding from the royal camp to the headquarters of General Gates, bearing with it the terms on which the British forces proposed

to deliver themselves up as prisoners of war. The reply of the American general proved to be a most disheartening one. The British army, he said, was in an utterly defenceless state; its retreat was cut off; its camp invested; and under these circumstances, not only must it surrender at discretion, but the officers and men must submit to lay down their arms within their lines. With this last humiliating requisition the British officers unanimously and indignantly refused to comply. "Sooner," they wrote back to Gates, "than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter."

Subsequently, Gates not only lowered his demands, but behaved toward his fallen enemies with a generosity and delicacy which did him the highest credit. By the terms of surrender it was agreed that the British should march out of their encampment attended by all the honours of war; that the word of command to pile their arms should be given by their own officers; that the officers should be allowed to retain their side-arms, and on no account be separated from their men. Furthermore, Gates, to prevent his men triumphing over the spectacle of a British army delivering up its arms, issued an order that, on their day of humiliation, no American soldier should quit the camp. Such an injunction, however, would scarcely seem to have been necessary. Instead of the

American army betraying any exultation, we find them generously sympathising with the wounded feelings of their foes. When the British, after having piled their arms, marched past the American army, not a cheer was heard in their ranks. Not a countenance wore a look of satisfaction. According to an English officer who was present, "all was mute astonishment and pity."

In justice to the memory of Burgoyne and of his gallant followers, it is but fair to observe that the force to which they were compelled to submit far outnumbered their own. Adopting the American returns, the British force which surrendered at Saratoga amounted only to 5,752 men, of whom 3,500 were trained soldiers; the remainder being camp-followers. On the other hand, according to a return signed by Gates on the day previous to the convention, the victorious army consisted of no fewer than 13,216 men, in addition to 3,875 men who had been sent forward in detachments with the object of cutting off the retreat of the British between Saratoga and Ticonderoga. According to Gibbon, the historian, the latter, at the time of their surrender, had been "three days without eating."

It was a remarkable party, composed of defeated as well as of victorious general officers, who, on the evening of the surrender of the British army at Saratoga, assembled at General Gates's hospitable dinner-table. Gates was not only himself an

Englishman by birth, but in a letter, written only a few days after his great success, to the Earl of Thanet, we find him styling himself one "who glories in the name." When therefore he greeted Burgoyne with the somewhat equivocally worded salutation — "I am very happy to see you" — it is impossible to believe, as has been sometimes supposed, that the words were intended to be the vehicle of either insult or wit. "I believe it," was Burgoyne's reply; "the fortune of war is entirely yours." Another eminent American officer, to whom, on this trying occasion, Burgoyne was introduced, was General Philip Schuyler, one of those innate gentlemen, and, at the same time, enterprising soldiers, whom, at this crisis of the destinies of America, it was her good fortune to number among her sons. It had happened that Burgoyne, in the course of his disastrous campaign, had felt himself constrained by military necessity to burn down, not only the favourite summer residence of General Schuyler, but also his valuable storehouses; thus occasioning him a loss amounting, it is said, to ten thousand pounds. Yet when they subsequently met at General Gates's table, the American, instead of displaying any displeasure, or even concern, for what had occurred, at once placed him, by the high-bred good humour with which he accepted Burgoyne's apologies, completely at his ease. "I expressed to him," said Burgoyne, "my regret at the event which had

happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it, saying that the occasion justified it, according to the principles and rules of war, and that he should have done the same upon the same occasion, or words to that effect. He did more, he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this general's house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality."

General Gates, in a letter to his wife, written from Albany three days after Burgoyne's surrender, makes some rather interesting allusions to his prisoners. "I got here," he writes, "the night before last, and the army are now encamped upon the heights to the southward of this city. Major-General Phillips, who wrote me that saucy note, last year, from St. John's, is now my prisoner, with Lord Petersham,[1] Major Acland, son of Sir Thomas, and his lady, daughter of Lord Ilchester,[2]

[1] Charles, afterward third Earl of Harrington and a general in the army.

[2] Lady Christiana Caroline Henrietta Strangways, born January 3, 1750, married, in 1771, Major John Dyke Acland, eldest

sister to the famous Lady Susan, and about a dozen members of Parliament, Scotch lords, etc." — "I hope Lady Harriet Acland will be here when you arrive. She is the most amiable, delicate little piece of quality you ever beheld. Her husband is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen, — learned, sensible, and an Englishman to all intents and purposes; has been a most confounded Tory, but I hope to make him as good a Whig as myself before we separate."

When, on the 20th of November, the British Parliament reassembled, the dismal tidings of Burgoyne's surrender were yet on their way across the Atlantic. Rumours, indeed, of some serious disaster having befallen the army of Canada had for some time been current, but the terrible truth had yet to be revealed. Those rumours, however, vague as they were, had gone far to stir up an aversion to the war. For some time past, more enlightened persons had begun to ask themselves whether the war was in reality a righteous one. Every one had arrived at the conviction that it was becoming a very expensive war. From the king downwards, almost every one was agreed in wishing it at an end. Even the country gentlemen, whose rounds of applause had hounded on Charles Townshend in the days of his fatal financial triumphs, began to question the wisdom of

son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., of Killerton House, Devonshire.

their former enthusiasm, and to doubt whether an acquiescence in a moderate land-tax would not have been less expensive in the end, than voting millions for the purpose of bayoneting their fellow countrymen. The worst of it was, however, that although every one was desirous of peace, every one was no less resolved to maintain the colonies in their dependence, while, on the other hand, the colonies were equally determined not to treat except in their new capacity as an independent people. "I tell this House and this government," was again the prophetic language of Governor Pownall in the Commons, "that the Americans never will return to their subjection to this country." The sovereignty, he said, of Great Britain over America was abolished and gone for ever. "Until you shall be convinced," he added, "that you are no longer sovereigns over America, but that the United States are an independent sovereign people, — until you are prepared to treat with them as such, — it is of no consequence at all what schemes or plans of conciliation this side of the House or that may suggest."

At this time the hopes of the nation were fixed almost exclusively upon the illustrious and venerable Chatham. He alone, it was felt, could cope with the present extraordinary emergency. By means of the great popularity of his name on the other side of the Atlantic; by means of his genius, his eloquence, and his patriotism, it was

considered that the further shedding of blood might yet be stayed, and the dismemberment of the empire prevented. Accordingly, as the day appointed for the reassembling of Parliament drew near, there prevailed the deepest anxiety to listen once more to his unrivalled eloquence, and to learn the nature of the remedial policy which it was known to be his intention to propose in Parliament. When that day arrived, the royal speech proved to be more ill-advised, if possible, than had been the case on former similar occasions. Notoriously threatening as was the cloud which hung over the national horizon, the miserable war which was raging on the other side of the Atlantic was not only spoken of without despondence, but in language of presumptuous confidence. The brave and enlightened countrymen of Washington and Franklin were still denounced as a "deluded and unhappy multitude," while the noble spirit which animated them was characterised as the "obstinacy of rebels." No language could be better calculated to inflame to its highest pitch the indignation of Chatham; and accordingly, when he rose from his seat, to move an amendment to the address, it was with flashing eyes, and with looks of inexpressible scorn. "As to conquest, my lords," he said, "it is impossible! You may swell every expense and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and bar-

ter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; but your efforts are for ever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies. To overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never!

"But, my lords, who is the man that — in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army — has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren! My lords, these enormities call aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law."

It was in replying to this spirited denunciation that one of the ministers, the Earl of Suffolk, laid himself open to especial animadversion. He was justified, indeed, in arguing, that, unless Great

Britain had turned the tomahawks of the Indians against the Americans, the Americans would have turned the tomahawks against Great Britain. Lord Suffolk, however, took his stand on less defensible grounds. In a contest with rebels, he said, there were no means which God and Nature might have placed at the disposal of the governing powers, to which they would not be justified in having recourse. If anything was wanting to fill the phial of Lord Chatham's wrath, it was the expression of this unholy sentiment. "He started up," writes the Duke of Grafton, who was present, "with a degree of indignation that added to the force of sudden and unexampled burst of eloquence which must have affected any audience, and which appeared to surpass all that we have ever heard of the celebrated orators of Greece and Rome." "My lords," exclaimed the great orator, "I am astonished — shocked — to hear such sentiments confessed, to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian. My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. We are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions, standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. 'That God and Nature have put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord

may entertain of God and Nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating — literally, my lords, eating — the mangled victims of his barbarous battles. Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. They shock every sentiment of honour. They shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church! I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God! I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these

walls the immortal ancestor of this noble lord[1] frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us. To turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! To send forth the infidel savage — against whom? Against your Protestant brethren, to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with those horrible hell-hounds of savage war — hell-hounds, I say, of savage war!"

The measures proposed by Lord Chatham, and embodied by him in his amendment to the address, were the putting an immediate stop to hostilities in America, to be followed up by a treaty of peace

[1] Lord Suffolk was descended from Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, who highly distinguished himself in the command of a ship in the memorable engagement with the Spanish Armada. Lord Chatham, however, probably more particularly adverted to the lord high admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, who knighted his kinsman at sea for the good service he had rendered in the action. The tapestry-hanging, representing the defeat of the Armada, which adorned the old House of Lords, was destroyed by the great fire at Westminster, in 1834.

and amity, which should secure for the Americans the full and permanent enjoyment of their ancient rights, liberties, and charters, and, at the same time, provide for the future strength, happiness, and prosperity of the united empire. Lord Chatham's conciliatory project, whether likely to be acceptable to the American people or not, was, as usual, swamped by the votes of the high-prerogative party.

It was on the 3d of December, thirteen days after the meeting of Parliament, that the astounding news of Burgoyne's disaster at Saratoga was first communicated to the House of Commons. Distressing rumours, said Colonel Barré, addressing himself to the American secretary of state, Lord George Germaine, were rife in the metropolis, of a great disaster having befallen the fine army which had recently quitted the British shores, and he appealed, therefore, to the noble lord to inform the House, on his honour, whether such rumours had any valid foundation. When Lord George rose to reply, it was with evident reluctance, and with looks expressive of the worst that could have happened. Government, he said, had as yet received no authentic intelligence on the subject, but, from expresses which had reached him from Quebec, he feared that the reports were only too correct. His words fell like a thunderclap upon the House. Nothing could be more manifest than that an awful and humiliating cat-

General Burgoyne.
Photo-etching from an engraving.

astrophe had befallen the country — that a British army had struck its colours at the beck of an undisciplined colonial militia; that the same men whom Parliament had been in the habit of sneering at as a cowardly, disorganised rabble, had trampled under foot the ancient military glory of Great Britain. A pause — an almost awful silence — followed Lord George's resumption of his seat. No sooner, however, had astonishment had time to yield to indignation, than, from the lips of Fox, Barré, and Burke, successively, there was hurled at ministers such a storm of invective and sarcasm, that even the boldest and most hardened placemen quailed beneath its vehemence. Lord North, usually so self-possessed, if not apathetic, was so affected as to shed tears.

In the House of Lords, although the announcement of Burgoyne's surrender provoked a less tempestuous debate, the policy of ministers was not the less indignantly impugned. When, two days afterward, Chatham again arose to address the House on the subject, his figure might have formed an admirable study for the painter or the sculptor. He had in his hand, he said, the last speech from the throne. He had in his heart a deep sense of the great calamity that had overtaken his country. The speech, he insisted, was specious and unfaithful. There was not a noble lord in administration who dare rise and attempt to controvert his assertion. Ministers had imposed

upon the people, and Parliament had been deluded into sanctioning the imposition. They had held out "false lights" to the country gentlemen; seducing them to support a destructive war under the impression that a diminution of the land-tax would be the consequence of drawing a revenue from the colonies. The project of penetrating into the American States by way of Canada was not only a most wild, uncombined, and mad one, but it had been carried out in a manner the most bloody, barbarous, and ferocious, of any recorded in history. The arms of Great Britain had been tarnished by blending the scalping-knife and the tomahawk with the sword and the firelock. It was a stigma which not all the waters of the Hudson nor of the Delaware could wash away. "Ministers," exclaimed the venerable earl, "had insidiously betrayed their country into a war with America. And what had been the fruits? Let the sad catastrophe which had befallen Burgoyne speak!"

The individual on whose head the denunciations of Chatham, on this occasion, fell the heaviest, was Doctor Markham, Archbishop of York, whose recent delivery of high Tory tirades in the pulpit, as well as in the House of Lords, had occasioned great disgust to the liberal party. The doctrines of the right reverend prelate, said the indignant orator, were those of Atterbury and Sacheverell. As a Whig, he not only abjured and detested such doc-

trines, but he hoped to see the day when they would be punishable as libels. This castigation seems to have rankled deep in the mind of the archbishop. When, five months afterward, death closed the eyes of the most illustrious Englishman of his age, and when his countrymen were vying which should most do honour to his memory, the archbishop was one of four peers who entered a protest on the journals of the House of Lords against settling a revenue on the earldom of Chatham.

Among those who deeply loved their country, and who therefore were the most sensibly afflicted by the tidings of Burgoyne's surrender, was unquestionably the king. According to Walpole, when the news was communicated to him he "fell into agonies." At his levee, indeed, on the following day, his manner not only betrayed no sign of dejection, but, if Walpole is to be credited, "to disguise his concern he affected to laugh and to be so indecently merry, that Lord North endeavoured to stop him." This, however, like almost every other statement of that prejudiced writer, when he has occasion to canvass the character or conduct of George the Third, should be received with proper caution. The king's long and natural reluctance to recognise as a sister-in-law Walpole's fortunate niece, the milliner's illegitimate daughter, never failed to rankle in the heart of the offended wit. "I have not," writes the late King of Hanover, "yet read those letters you refer to of Horace

Walpole, but I can believe anything of his animosity and personal dislike to the late king."

In the meantime, a war with France, which Lord Chatham and others had more than once predicted would be the consequence of protracting the contest in America, was evidently on the eve of being forced upon Great Britain. France, intent on procuring the ruin and humiliation of England, and turning them to her own advantage, had for some time past made no secret of her attachment to the insurgent cause, and of the satisfaction with which she beheld her ancient enemy exhausting her resources and ruining her commerce, in the mad pursuit after an unattainable object. From a very early period of the struggles across the Atlantic, that "insidious nation" — as George the Third designates France in one of his letters to Lord North — had surreptitiously supplied the Americans with arms and other military stores. Silas Deane, of Connecticut, — when despatched to Paris "to obtain and cultivate" the friendship of France, — had been as honourably received in that country as if he had been the minister of a great and independent power. Franklin, when subsequently associated with him in the mission, was received with even greater distinction. The "poor printer's boy," whom the great lords had formerly laughed to scorn in the Council-chamber at Whitehall, was now courted and caressed at the haughtiest court, and in the most brilliant saloons of any capital in Europe.

At length, the contents of the despatches received by ministers from the British ambassador at Paris, Lord Stormont, left little doubt on their minds of the hostile intentions of the court of Versailles. France and Spain, wrote his lordship, were evidently plotting together the "execution of some insidious design." Their object, as he pointed out, was manifestly to encourage the Americans to continue their resistance till the resources of Great Britain should be almost exhausted, and then suddenly and unexpectedly to inflict upon her an irreparable blow. Already the naval force of France was amply sufficient for all the purposes of defence; yet, writes Stormont, "they are continually increasing it." As for the abstract cause of quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies, the French court probably took as little interest in it, as in the last disputes between the Cherokee and the Chickasaw Indians. All that the French ministers cared for was the aggrandisement of France, the degradation of England, and a favourable commercial treaty with America. Great Britain, they argued, must, in consequence of the ruinous amount of men and military stores which she was constantly transporting across the Atlantic, have nearly arrived at the end of her means. The Americans, on the other hand, had shown themselves not only able to raise, and to maintain, armies of their own in the field, but capable of resisting the disciplined troops of Europe. More-

over, already, despite the fleets of Great Britain, American privateers were the terror of the ocean. Let America, then, was the proposition of the French ministers, achieve but one signal military success upon her own soil, and France would not only feel justified in acknowledging her independence, but would at once proclaim herself her friend and ally. Then, said they, will the glorious day have dawned, when France will force her immemorial foe to yield to her the empire of the seas, and to drain to its dregs the cup of national despondency.

That, under these circumstances, France should have exulted over the great disaster which had befallen the British arms at Saratoga, was nothing more than was to be expected. In the opinion of the French minister of marine, M. de Sartine, whose views were subsequently embraced by the Count de Maurepas and the Count de Vergennes, the time had at length arrived when it became the policy of France to throw down the gauntlet to Great Britain, by openly avowing herself the champion and ally of the revolted colonists of America. Accordingly, about the middle of December, not only was the heart of Franklin rejoiced by the intimation that his Most Christian Majesty was prepared to recognise the independence of his country, but, on the 6th of February, 1778, were signed at Paris those famous treaties of commerce and alliance, which, more than any other political

covenant of modern times, were destined to affect the fortunes of the human race.

It was very shortly before this time that the king is said to have privately despatched to Paris James Hutton, the Moravian, — "the old deaf Moravian," as we find George Steevens styling him, — in the last faint hope of his being able to negotiate terms of amity with Franklin. As Hutton appears to have been a favourite with his sovereign, and as he was certainly admitted by him to frequent personal interviews, the presumption that he was so employed by the king is rendered far from unreasonable. That his mission was a fruitless one, it is needless to add. "Hutton," writes Walpole, "with tears flung himself on Franklin's neck, and beseeched him to give both countries peace. The politic philosopher replied coolly — yet certainly not without feeling the triumphant dignity of having humbled a haughty monarch — 'it was too late.' It was." [1]

[1] To David Hartley, Franklin writes from Passy, on the 12th of February, 1778: "An old friend of mine, Mr. Hutton, a chief of the Moravians, who is often at the queen's palace, and is sometimes spoken to by the king, was over here lately. He pretended to no commission, but urged me much to propose some terms of peace, which I avoided. He has written to me since his return, pressing the same thing, and expressing with some confidence his opinion that we might have everything short of independence, etc. Enclosed I send my answers open that you may read them, and, if you please, copy before you deliver them. They will serve to show you more fully my sentiments, though they serve no other purpose."

CHAPTER V.

Debates in Parliament on the American Question — Strong Feeling in Favour of Conceding American Independence — Conciliatory Measures Passed by Parliament on the Motion of the Premier, Lord North — Treaty of Commerce between France and the Revolted Colonists — Consequent Rupture with France — General Demand for the Appointment of Lord Chatham as Premier — Strong Aversion of the King to This Measure — The King's Former Kindness Ill-Repaid by Lord Chatham — Refusal of Office by Lord Chatham — His Last Speech — His Death — Interment of Lord Chatham in Westminster Abbey.

THE British Parliament no sooner reassembled after the Christmas recess, than the policy of ministers in regard to America was, as usual, fiercely attacked in both Houses. Unfortunately, the question involved a point on which the leaders of the opposition were divided among themselves. It was argued, on the one hand, by Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Richmond, that the return of the colonies to their allegiance was an impossible event, and therefore that it was alike the duty and the policy of Great Britain at once to acknowledge the independence of America and, at the same time, to acknowledge it with as good a grace as possible. "I conceive," writes Lord Rock-

ingham to Lord Chatham, "that America will never again assent to this country's having actual power within that continent. I cannot, therefore, so far betray my trust to the public, as to act as if that was practicable which I thought otherwise." On the other hand, Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne were convinced that a separation between Great Britain and her colonies would involve the ruin of the empire, and accordingly were prepared to uphold the sovereignty of the mother country, almost at any sacrifice.

That many wise and far-sighted persons were beginning to adopt the views of Lord Rockingham and his party, there can be no question. Even Lord Shelburne was compelled to admit that such was the case. To Lord Chatham he writes, on the 23d of December, 1777: "I am entirely of your lordship's opinion as to not subscribing to the independence of the colonies;" "but," he adds, "your lordship may be assured a different opinion gains ground every day, and it fills me with astonishment to meet with persons, totally unconnected with each other, daily coming over to the acknowledgment of their independence." The view taken by Lords Chatham and Shelburne was certainly an unfortunate one. For instance, had a friendly separation taken place at this time between the two countries, it would have been attended with scarcely half the humiliation which subsequently tarnished the concession by Great

Britain of American independence. It would have put an end, at once, to a costly and sanguinary struggle. It would have prevented much of that vindictive feeling, and many of those heart-sores which were the consequences of continuing that struggle; and lastly, by precluding the need of America throwing herself into the arms of France, the impending war with the house of Bourbon would in all probability have been warded off.[1] "Born and educated in England," writes General Gates to his former friend, the Earl of Thanet, "I cannot help feeling for the misfortunes brought upon my native country by the wickedness of that administration, who began, and have continued, this most unjust, impolitic, cruel, and unnatural war." The Americans are described by Gates as resolved to surrender their new independence only with their lives. "The United States of America," he writes, "are willing to be the friends, but never will submit to be the slaves, of the parent country. They are, by consanguinity, by language, and by the affection which naturally springs from these, more attached to England than any other country under the sun. Therefore, spurn not the blessing which yet remains. Instantly withdraw your fleets and armies. Cultivate the friendship and commerce of America. Thus, and thus only, can

[1] "Every letter from France adds to the probability of a speedy declaration of war."

England hope to be great and happy. Seek it in a commercial alliance. Seek it, ere it be too late, for there only you must expect to find it. These, my lord, are the undisguised sentiments of a man that rejoices not in the blood shed in this fatal contest; of a man who glories in the name of an Englishman, and wishes to see peace and friendship between Great Britain and America fixed upon the firmest foundation." This remarkable letter was placed by Lord Thanet in the hands of Lord Rockingham, and was apparently shown by him to Lord Chatham. If such, however, was the case, it was to little purpose. So bent, indeed, was the great earl on humbling, once more, the pride of the house of Bourbon, so convinced was he that the debasement and fall of Great Britain must inevitably be the consequence of American independence, as apparently to be insensible to all argument and reason. Thus was the opposition deprived of the great advantage of having a common leader. There were two points, however, on which they were entirely agreed — on the incompetency of the present ministers, and on the necessity of turning them out of office as speedily as possible.

There was, at this period, perhaps no person in England who more anxiously longed for peace with the colonies, than the prime minister, Lord North. Long since tired of the worry, the fatigues, and the responsibilities of office, the great

object of his heart had been to bring the dispute with America to an honourable termination, and, having accomplished this philanthropic purpose, to be allowed to retire into private life with the consolatory reflection that he had done his utmost to serve his king and country. Accordingly, it was with this object that, on the 17th of February, he rose from his seat in Parliament, and, in a lucid and eloquent speech, expounded to an astonished House of Commons the measures by which he imagined conciliation might be effected. Unfortunately for the credit of ministers, those measures proved to be almost precisely the same as had been formerly advocated by the Duke of Grafton, and which had then been scouted by Lord North and his party as undignified and impracticable. The main points, in the prime minister's plan, consisted of a proposal to guarantee to America an exemption from all forced taxation for the future, and, at the same time, to nominate five commissioners, who were to proceed to America, and to treat directly with Congress. These commissioners were to be empowered to declare a cessation of hostilities; to grant pardons; to promise the repeal of the several offensive acts of Parliament of which the colonists complained; in fact, to agree to any terms with the Americans, short of an acknowledgment of their independence.

The delivery of this celebrated exposition natu-

rally excited an extraordinary sensation, both in and out of the House of Commons. It was only too manifestly a recantation, on the part of ministers, of their former errors; an admission that their past policy had been a blunder. No less clear it was that the measures now proposed were the result, not of conviction, but of necessity and fear. Lamentable, indeed, is the consideration how large an amount of bloodshed and humiliation might have been avoided, had those measures been earlier adopted. Shame was depicted on the countenances of the ministerial party, as they listened to the language of their leader. To no party, indeed, did Lord North's scheme give satisfaction. The friends of high prerogative were incensed at the idea of treating with men whom they regarded as insolent rebels, while the opposition were not less indignant at the appropriation of their policy by ministers, a proceeding by which they were robbed of their stoutest weapon of attack. It was impossible for them, however, without displaying a very factious spirit, to dissent from measures of which they had been the ardent advocates, and consequently Lord North experienced but little difficulty in carrying his resolutions into law.

It was two days after the king had given his assent to Lord North's measures that the French ambassador, the Marquis de Noailles, placed in the hands of Lord Weymouth as insulting and

offensive a note as ever was received by a British secretary of state. The United States, it intimated, "being in full possession of their independence," his Most Christian Majesty had thought proper to negotiate with them a treaty of commerce and peace, which had already been duly signed by their respective plenipotentiaries. On the 17th of March, copies of this note were simultaneously laid by Lord Weymouth before the House of Lords, and by Lord North before the House of Commons. A royal message was at the same time delivered to both Houses, in which his Majesty, after having intimated to them that the British ambassador had received instructions to quit Paris, expressed his confidence that the zealous and affectionate spirit of his people would furnish him with the means of repelling insult, and of upholding the national honour. Loyal addresses to the king were carried in both Houses by large majorities.

It was at this threatening crisis that the country more and more centred its hopes in Lord Chatham. It was remembered how, in former days of great national peril and humiliation, he had proved the saviour of his country; how marvellously he had restored the commerce and reputation of Great Britain; how gloriously he had upheld her honour; how completely he had humbled the house of Bourbon. His name, it was argued, was still held in awe by the nations of Europe, and across the

Atlantic was still a loved and an honoured one. His eloquence was still as sublime, and his mind, to all appearance, as vigorous, and as fertile of expedients as ever. Accordingly, from all quarters and by men of all political views and factions, a cry was raised for the elevation of the venerable earl to the premiership. The ship was in peril, said Lord Mansfield, with tears in his eyes, to Lord Holderness, and, unless the king sent for Lord Chatham, it would assuredly sink. General Gates, in his letter to Lord Thanet, speaks of him as the "great state-physician," whose skill alone could cure the maladies of England and America. Lord Bute, in his solitude at Luton, named him as apparently the only statesman capable of weathering the storm. Lord North himself not only urged the king to send for his rival, but to send for him without delay, and, lastly, the younger George Grenville [1] eloquently pointed to Chatham, in the House of Commons, as the only individual fit to grapple with the great emergency of the hour. "If there be a man," he exclaimed, "who has served this nation with honour to himself and glory to his country; if there be a man who has carried the arms of Britain triumphant to every quarter of the globe, beyond the most sanguine expectations of the people; if there be a man of whom the house of Bourbon stands more particularly in awe; if there be a man, in this country,

[1] Afterward Earl Temple and Marquis of Buckingham.

who unites the confidence of England and America, is not he the proper person to treat with Americans, and not those who have uniformly deceived and oppressed them? There is not one present who is ignorant of the person to whom I allude. You all know I mean a noble and near relation, Lord Chatham."

Earnestly and loudly, however, as the country called for the services of Lord Chatham, it was a demand which the king was determined upon resisting to the last. Not that, on the all-important subject of America, there existed, at this time, any material difference between his views and those of the earl. The king had assented to every conciliatory measure advocated by the latter. They were mutually anxious to prevent the further effusion of blood, and lastly, and unhappily, they were severally of opinion that the ruin of Great Britain must be the necessary consequence of American independence. Even on a most critical point which was subsequently urged by the opposition, — the immediate recall of the British army from America, — the king would apparently not have been found unreasonable. Referring to the approaching war with France, we find him writing to Lord North: "Should that happen, it might be wise to withdraw the troops from the revolted provinces, and having strengthened Canada, etc., to make war on the French and Spanish islands. Success in that object will repay our exertions."

It is to other causes, then, — to the existence of personal dislike on the part of the king, and of waywardness and arrogance on the part of the spoiled earl, — that we are to attribute the king's persistent refusals to place at the head of his councils the most imperious of his subjects. It was only in the province of a dictator, as the king well knew, that Lord Chatham would accept office, and as a dictator the king was resolved not to admit him into the royal closet. He had no wish, indeed, in a season of great emergency, to deprive either himself or his subjects, of the benefit of Lord Chatham's wisdom and experience, and accordingly he had authorised overtures being privately made to the earl offering him high office, but only on the condition of his joining and strengthening the present administration. To acquiesce in accepting as his tyrant and master the man whom, to use his own expressive phrase, he regarded as "a trumpet of sedition," and to whose eloquent exhortations and advice, in and out of Parliament, he mainly and not unreasonably attributed the revolt of the Americans against his crown; to deliver himself up, bound hand and foot, to the individual who had so recently, and in so pointed a manner, marked his disapproval of his sovereign's conduct as to withdraw his son, Lord Pitt, from his military service;[1] to give his confi-

[1] John, Viscount Pitt, afterward second Earl of Chatham, entered the army as ensign of the 47th Regiment, March 14,

dence to one whose statue still stood in the streets of the American towns, and whose portrait still hung from the walls of half the private dwelling-houses in that country; was regarded by the king, whether justifiably or not, as a humiliation to which his subject had no right to expect him to submit. Moreover, it was evidently the opinion of the king, as it was also that of Junius, that party interests, if not faction, had much to do with Lord Chatham's long and eloquent advocacy of American rights. Alluding to George Grenville and his Stamp Act, Junius writes, in 1769: "Unfortu-

1774, and resigned his commission as such March 12, 1776, at which time he was serving as aide-de-camp to Major-General Carleton in Canada. "You will tell yourself," writes Lady Chatham to General Carleton, February 14, 1776, "with what concern he [Lord Chatham] communicates to you a step, that, from his fixed opinion with regard to the continuance of the unhappy war with our fellow subjects of America, he has found it necessary to take. It is that of withdrawing his son from such a service." "If"—run the instructions from Congress to Colonel Arnold, dated September 14, 1775—"Lord Chatham's son should be in Canada, and in any way should fall in your power, you are enjoined to treat him with all possible deference and respect. You cannot err in paying too much honour to the son of so illustrious a character and so true a friend to America." The fact of our finding Lord Pitt, on one occasion, "within a quarter of an hour of falling into the hands of one Jeremiah Duggan,—formerly a barber, but then a major in the Provincials,"—shows how very nearly the instructions to Colonel Arnold were proving of use to him. Another officer of rank, who resigned his commission at this time, rather than serve against the Americans, was Thomas, third Earl of Effingham. A third officer of rank, who expressed himself "ready to do his

nately for his country, Mr. Grenville was at any rate to be distressed because he was minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Camden were to be the patrons of America, because they were in opposition. Their declaration gave spirit and argument to the colonies, and while, perhaps, they meant no more than a ruin of a minister, they in effect divided one-half of the empire from the other." [1]

The king, in the meantime, — owing to Lord North's repeated entreaties to be allowed to retire from office, and his constant fear of having Lord Chatham forced upon him against his will, — had suffered the greatest anxiety of mind. Still, how-

duty, but not in the line of America," was Admiral, afterward Viscount Keppel. How far military and naval officers are justified in withholding their services, because their private opinions on public matters differ from those of government, this is not the place to discuss. As regards, however, Lord Chatham personally, the high authority of his example was obviously calculated to infuse an independent, if not insubordinate, element into the naval and military professions; to animate the Americans in their efforts to shake off their dependency upon the British Crown, and lastly, by his so publicly administering a rebuke to the king's government, to bring it into contempt with his subjects. If Lord Chatham's objections to his son serving against the Americans were quite insurmountable, surely there were other regiments and other parts of the world to which he might have obtained his removal, instead of electing the offensive alternative of withdrawing him altogether from the service of his sovereign. Under all the circumstances, then, it seems to be little to be wondered at that the king should have been greatly incensed against so assuming and refractory a subject.

[1] Letter to the printer of the *Public Advertiser*, dated January 21, 1769.

ever, he clung to the belief that his favourite minister would never desert him in his hour of need. "I should have been greatly surprised," he writes to Lord North, on the 31st of January, "at the inclination expressed by you to retire, had I not known that, however you may now and then despond, yet that you have too much personal affection for me, and sense of honour, to allow such a thought to take any hold on your mind." Bitterly the king recalled the days when he had been compelled to submit to the iron and insolent rule of George Grenville, and sensitively his high spirit shrank from being subjected to the same treatment under the tyranny of Chatham. To Lord North he writes, about the middle of March: "I declare, in the strongest and most solemn manner, that I do not object to your addressing yourself to Lord Chatham, yet you must acquaint him that I shall never address myself to him but through you, and on a clear explanation that he is to step forth to support an administration wherein you are first lord of the treasury; and that I cannot consent to have any conversation with him till the ministry is formed; that, if he comes into this, I will, as he supports you, receive him with open arms." In the same letter, the king adds: "No advantage to this country, nor personal danger to myself, can make me address myself to Lord Chatham, or to any other branch of opposition. Honestly, I would rather lose the crown I now wear, than bear the

ignominy of possessing it under their shackles. I might write volumes, if I would state the feelings of my mind, but I have honestly, fairly, and affectionately, told you the whole of my mind, and what I will never depart from. Should Lord Chatham wish to see me before he gives an answer, I shall most certainly refuse it. I have had enough of personal negotiation, and neither my dignity nor my feelings will ever let me again submit to it."

Speaking of Lord Chatham as "that perfidious man," the king, on the 17th of March, thus again addresses himself to Lord North: "No consideration in life shall make me stoop to opposition. I am still ready to accept any part of them that will come to the assistance of my present efficient ministers; but, whilst any ten men in the kingdom will stand by me, I will not give myself up into bondage. I will rather risk my crown than do what I think personally disgraceful. It is impossible that the nation should not stand by me. If they will not, they shall have another king, for I never will put my hand to what will make me miserable to the last hour of my life." The fact is, that the king's feelings toward Lord Chatham, at this time, were not merely those of ordinary dislike, but amounted almost to positive aversion. For instance, there is something almost savage in the language in which, in the following letter to Lord North, the king refers to the illustrious states-

man. "The making Lord Chatham's family suffer for the conduct of their father is not in the least agreeable to my sentiments. But I should choose to know him to be totally unable to appear on the public stage, before I agree to any offer of that kind, lest it should be wrongly construed to fear of him; and indeed his political conduct the last winter was so abandoned, that he must, in the eyes of the dispassionate, have totally undone all the merit of his former conduct. As to any gratitude to be expected from him or his family, the whole tenor of their lives has shown them void of that most honourable sentiment. But when decrepitude or death puts an end to him as a trumpet of sedition, I shall make no difficulty in placing the second son's name, instead of the father's, and making up the pension three thousand pounds."

Reprehensible as this language assuredly is, we must, on the other hand, take into account the treatment which the king had met with at the hands of his wayward and unmanageable subject. Pure as was the patriotism of this great man; eminent as were his abilities, and splendid as was his eloquence, he was nevertheless not without his faults, and among those faults must be numbered his long continued and almost rancorous vituperations of his royal master. Let it be remembered that to George the Third he was indebted for his earldom and his pension; that the king in former days had repeatedly paid the most flattering trib-

utes to his genius; that during the earl's last administration his sovereign had exacted no conditions from him, had allowed him to select his own colleagues, and had supported him with the whole weight of the royal authority. During the mysterious malady, which for twenty months in the years 1767 and 1768 had prostrated the great mind of Chatham, the king had uncomplainingly put up with his infirmities; he had anxiously and patiently waited for his restoration to health; he had allowed him to draw the splendid salary attached to his office without discharging any one of its duties; and, in fact, during two years had treated him with a kindness and a consideration for which no amount of gratitude could have been too ample. And yet all this goodness had been repaid by the earl, not only with persistent and often factious opposition, but by seizing every opportunity of maligning his sovereign; by accusing him in the House of Lords, and to the British nation, of making a farce of the liberties of his subjects; by charging him with deliberate treachery toward himself, and with being a slave to a base unconstitutional influence behind his throne. Even the fair fame of the king's mother had not escaped the cruel inuendoes of the embittered statesman. So unjustifiable, indeed, had been his attacks in the House of Lords, that not only had more than one peer occasionally called him to order, but the Duke of Grafton, on one occasion, went so far as to tell him, to his face,

that his words were the effect of "a distempered mind brooding over its own discontents."

In the meantime, Lord Chatham's answer to the overtures which had been made him had been received, and, as the king had anticipated, proved to be intolerably exorbitant. The king, to use his own words, was "highly incensed." To Lord North he writes: "I am fairly worn down;" but, he adds, "I will not change the administration." Nevertheless, the king subsequently, although with no very good grace, consented to another overture being made to Lord Chatham; the agent on this occasion being the Marquis of Granby. "I am extremely indifferent," writes the king to Lord North, "whether Lord Granby goes, or does not go, with the abject message of the Rockingham party to Hayes. I will certainly send none to that place." Of this second negotiation little appears to be known but that it proved to be a signal failure, and that, to the king's increased distress, it led to fresh entreaties on the part of Lord North to be released from the painful responsibilities which attached to his present tenure of office. "My dear lord," the king writes to him, almost pathetically, "your now always recurring to a total change of the administration obliges me to ask you one clear question. If I will not, by your advice, take the step which I look on as disgraceful to myself, and destruction to my country and family, are you

resolved, agreeable to the example of the Duke of Grafton, at the hour of danger, to desert me?" The reply of the good-natured minister has not been preserved, but, at all events, it seems to have satisfied the mind of his royal master. "I cannot," replies the king, "return the messenger without expressing my satisfaction at your determination not to desert at this moment, which, indeed, I always thought your sense of honour must prevent."

There were, perhaps, no two men in England, who, when they had once leisurely and maturely made up their minds on a particular subject, usually clung more pertinaciously to their opinions than George the Third and Lord Chatham. On the present occasion, the earl was resolved to refuse office unless invested with full powers, while the king, on his part, was no less doggedly determined to make every sacrifice, rather than place at the head of his councils the man who had so often attempted to degrade him in the eyes of his subjects, and whom, in his political capacity, he regarded as a mischievous firebrand. Certainly, at so momentous a crisis, both sovereign and subject ought to have discarded every selfish consideration. Which of the two, then, may well be asked, should have been the first to yield? Which of the two was more to be blamed for their recusancy — the king or Lord Chatham? Unquestionably, we think, the king. Painful as it

doubtless would have been to him to find himself a puppet in the hands of his imperious servant, and to be compelled, to use his own words, "to open the road to a set of men who certainly would make him a slave for the remainder of his days," it was nevertheless his bounden duty, we imagine, to have complied with the almost universal demands and wishes of his subjects. Of Lord Chatham, on the other hand, it has been said that he, too, at such a season of national difficulty, was bound to make every sacrifice to duty, and that, in whatever capacity his services might be reasonably required, he was under the moral obligation of placing them at the disposal of his king and country. But, doubtless, Lord Chatham argued that, neither with credit to himself, nor with advantage to his country, could he sit in the same cabinet with a statesman from whose policy he almost invariably differed, whose abilities and pretensions as a minister he had been in the habit of treating with the profoundest contempt, and whose name was a detested one across the Atlantic. As the colleague of Lord North, he could scarcely expect to escape sharing the unpopularity of that nobleman, or incurring the mistrust of the American people; whereas, endeared, as he flattered himself he was, to them, he doubtless imagined that, as first minister of the Crown, and vested with full powers, he might yet be enabled to restore peace and amity between Great

Britain and her colonies, and to preserve the integrity of the empire.

The king, as we have seen, had had another narrow escape from becoming a prisoner in the hands of the great Whig lords; indeed, but for an event over which kings and ministers exercise no control, Lord Chatham would probably have been forced upon him by the nation. Already had death laid his hand on that illustrious statesman. He had been, for some time past, confined to his sick chamber at Hayes, suffering from gout and enfeebled in mind as well as body, when it was signified to him that the Duke of Richmond was about to give notice in the House of Lords of his intention to move an address to the throne, recommending the withdrawal of his Majesty's armies and fleets from America, and the employment of no other than purely amicable measures, in any future attempts to recover the friendship of the revolted provinces. As this proposition, though somewhat ambiguously worded, was evidently meant as preliminary to a future recommendation to recognise their independence, it inflicted, as might be expected, a bitter pang on the heart of Chatham. He loved his country, and he loved her not the less that it had been formerly his hand which had raised her from her fallen state; that it had been his genius which had rendered her glorious among the nations of the earth, and that, to the end of time,

his name would probably be associated with many of the proudest of her triumphs. Now, therefore, when his imagination beheld her in a state of impending ruin; now when it was proposed to her to surrender up her colonies, — not on the score of justice and sound policy, but notoriously on account of recent military disaster and the dread of the interference of France and Spain, — his great heart rebelled against so humiliating a confession of weakness going forth to exulting Europe, and consequently he resolved, so long as breath, strength, and reason might be spared him, to raise his voice in favour of war to the knife with his old and detested antagonist, the house of Bourbon. Turning a deaf ear, not only to the remonstrances of his physicians, but to the affectionate entreaties of his family, he expressed his fixed determination, ill and feeble as he was, of taking a part in the approaching debate in the House of Lords, and of preventing, if possible, the degradation of his country. Distressing as it was, to those who loved him, to witness his state of agitation as he was assisted from his sick-chamber, it was probably this very excitement which lent him strength to accomplish this, his final, and not least memorable public mission.

On the 7th of April, 1778, Lord Chatham made his last and unexpected appearance in the House of Lords. A rumour of his intention to be pres-

ent had got abroad, but had met with little credence. "Lord Chatham," writes Lord Carlisle, "is supposed to be likely to attend our House, but I have my doubts." He was accompanied to Westminster by his afterward illustrious son, William Pitt, then in his nineteenth year, by his third son, a young naval officer, who did not long survive him, and by his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, by whom he was assisted to the private apartment of the lord chancellor, where he rested himself till the commencement of the debate. "I saw him in the Prince's Chamber, before he went into the House," writes his friend, Lord Camden, to the Duke of Grafton, "and conversed a little with him. But such was the feeble state of his body, and indeed the distempered agitation of his mind, that I did forbode that his strength would certainly fail him before he had finished his speech." When Lord Chatham was subsequently supported into the House of Lords by his two younger sons and son-in-law, the spectacle of his attenuated frame, rendered the more affecting from his being attired in the garb of sickness, as well as the recollection of the splendid services which he had rendered to his country, and the dying effort which he was evidently making in her cause, produced, on the minds of all present, mingled sensations of sympathy, admiration, and respect, to which no language probably could do justice. To the peers, — who paid him an invol-

untary tribute of respect by rising to receive him, — he bowed courteously as he tottered to his seat. His dress was of rich black velvet; his legs were swathed in flannel. "He looked," said one who was present, "like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity. He appeared like a being of a superior species." His face was pale and emaciated; so emaciated, that, beneath his large wig, his aquiline nose and penetrating eye were nearly all of his features that were discernible.

When the Duke of Richmond had concluded his speech, Lord Chatham, supported by his sons and son-in-law, rose slowly and with difficulty from his seat. At first, he spoke in a feeble and almost inaudible tone, but, as he gradually warmed with his subject, his voice became more distinct, and his manner more animated. Taking one hand from his crutch, and raising it, with his eyes lifted toward heaven, he solemnly thanked God that he had been enabled to come there that day to perform his duty. "I am old," he said, "and infirm; have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave. I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country, perhaps never again to speak in this House. I have made an effort, almost beyond my strength, to come here this day, to express my indignation at an idea which has gone forth of yielding up America. My lords, I rejoice that the grave has not yet closed upon me; that I am still alive to

lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. Pressed down, as I am, by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, whilst I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the house of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as it was unsullied in reputation. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom, which has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest — that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada — now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon?" "My lords," he concluded, "any state is better than despair. Let us, at least, make one effort, and, if we must fall, let us fall like men! My lords, ill as I am, yet as long as I can crawl down to this house, and have strength to raise myself on my crutches, or lift my hand, I will vote against giving up the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain, and, if no other lord is of opinion with me, I will singly protest against the measure." As long as he continued speaking, the attention and reverence paid to him by the House are said to have been deeply

affecting. It was remarked that even the fall of a handkerchief to the ground might have been heard.

Although, in the spirited and affecting passage which we have quoted, there was much of Lord Chatham's accustomed animation of language and manner, it was nevertheless apparent to those who listened to him that his mental, no less than his physical powers, were on the decline. There were perceptible an evident difficulty in retaining the thread of his argument, repetitions of the same words, and a forgetfulness of names, which left a painful impression on the minds of his audience. "His speech faltered," writes Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton, — "his sentences broken, and his mind not master of itself. He made shift with difficulty to declare his opinion, but was not able to enforce it by argument. His words were shreds of unconnected eloquence, and flashes of the same fire which he, Prometheus-like, had stolen from heaven, and were then returning to the place from whence they were taken." The Duke of Richmond having replied to him in a flattering — though, it is said, an irritating — speech, Lord Chatham again rose, in some excitement, to address the House. At this moment, he was seen to press his hand to his heart and stagger. It was in vain that he endeavoured to stand firm. Had it not been for the timely assistance of the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Temple, who

caught him in their arms, he would have fallen to the ground. To all appearance he was in a dying state. The House was in the greatest commotion. The peers crowded around him; the windows were thrown open, and strangers were ordered to withdraw. "He fell back upon his seat," continues Lord Camden, "and was to all appearance in the agonies of death. This threw the whole House into confusion. Every person was upon his legs in a moment, hurrying from one place to another; some sending for assistance, others producing salts, and others reviving-spirits; many crowding about the earl to observe his countenance; all affected; most part really concerned; and even those who might have felt a secret pleasure at the accident, yet put on the appearance of distress, except only the Earl of M., who sat still, almost as unmoved as the senseless body itself." That lord would seem to have been Lord Chatham's former rival, Lord Mansfield.[1] "The scene," writes Walpole, "was very affecting. His two sons and son-in-law, Lord Mahon, were around him. The House paid a proper mark of respect by adjourning instantly."

From the scene of his many triumphs, Lord Chatham was carried insensible into the Prince's

[1] "It appears by the journals," writes Lord Campbell, "that there were only two earls bearing titles begining with an M present that day, — the Earl of Marchmont and the Earl of Mansfield. I am much afraid that the latter is alluded to."

Chamber,[1] where he was speedily attended by his own physician, Doctor Addington. From hence he was removed to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, in Downing Street, where he remained till he had sufficiently rallied to admit of his being carried to Hayes. His strength, however, barely sufficed to enable him to support the journey. His constitution continued gradually to sink, till, rather more than four weeks after his seizure in the House of Lords, — affectionately tended by the wife and children in whose happiness and welfare was centred all the tenderness of his nature, — the illustrious Englishman breathed his last.[2] As the great portion of his life had been devoted to procuring the aggrandisement of his country, so had the remnant of his days been shortened by his affecting endeavour to prevent her humiliation. One of his latest acts, previously to his seizure in the House of Lords, had been to grant permission to his son, Lord Pitt, to reënter the army, — a concession which would probably not have been obtained from him, but for the impending war between Great Britain and his old and

[1] The circumstance is rather a remarkable one that so minute an antiquary as Horace Walpole should twice make the mistake of representing Lord Chatham to have been carried to the Jerusalem Chamber, which stands at the further or western end of Westminster Abbey, instead of to Prince's Chamber, which immediately adjoined the old House of Lords.

[2] Lord Chatham expired at Hayes on the 11th of May, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

detested enemies, the French. "His last wish," said Lord Nugent in the House of Commons, "was for his country's good." "Go, my son!" is reported to have been the injunction of the dying patriot to his heir. "Go whither your country calls you! Let her engross all your attention! Spare not a moment, which is due to her service, in weeping over an old man who soon will be no more."[1]

In the House of Commons, which assembly happened to be sitting at the time of Lord Chatham's death, the announcement of that event created a profound sensation. For the moment, the imperfections of the illustrious dead were forgotten in the remembrance of his lofty genius, in respect for the purity of his life, and gratitude for the triumphs and prosperity which he had achieved for his country. In a brief but eloquent speech, Colonel Barré proposed an address to the throne, recommending that his memory be honoured with a public funeral. This, and subsequently other tributes of national veneration, were agreed to by men of all principles and all parties.

[1] Lord Nugent, on this occasion, applied to Lord Chatham the well-known lines addressed by Pope to Lady Chatham's uncle, Richard, Lord Cobham:

> "And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
> Such in those moments as in all the past;
> 'Oh, save my country, Heaven!'—shall be your last."
>
> —*Moral Essays, Epistle I.*

A public monument was voted by Parliament; the sum of £20,000 was granted for the discharge of his debts, and an annuity of £4,000 a year was annexed for ever to the earldom of Chatham. The City of London petitioned that his remains might be allowed to repose under the great dome of St. Paul's, but, whatever may have been the reasons, Westminster Abbey was selected to be their final resting-place. In the House of Lords only, a few dissentient voices were raised against awarding full honours to the illustrious dead. The bill for settling an annuity on the earldom of Chatham was, as we have already mentioned, opposed by four peers. "Some few lords, as I hear," writes Lord Camden to the widow of his illustrious friend, "are inclined to mutter some dislike to it. I do not know their names, and I hope they will be too wise to transmit them with this stain to posterity." Those names there seems to be no weighty reason for concealing. They were James, the last Duke of Chandos, Lord Bathurst, Henry, Lord Paget, and William Markham, Archbishop of York.

With respect to the conduct of ministers on this occasion, although they acquiesced in the propriety of awarding public honours to the memory of Lord Chatham, scarcely one of them came forward to show any personal respect for the dead. Of the men of consequence and rank, who followed his remains to the tomb, there was scarcely one who

was not in opposition to the government. "Lord Chatham's funeral," writes Gibbon, "was meanly attended, and government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done, and of not doing it with a good grace." It had been proposed by Lord Shelburne in the House of Lords, that the peers should walk in procession to the grave, but the motion was lost, although only by a majority of one. Among those who voted against it were the Earl of Onslow and the Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom the first had been formerly notorious for his obsequiousness in helping on the deceased earl with his greatcoat in the lobby of the House of Lords, while the latter is said to have been indebted to him for his mitre. Nor was it with a very good grace that the king himself assented to the recommendations of Parliament. "I am rather surprised," he writes to Lord North, "at the vote of a public funeral and monument for Lord Chatham. But I trust it is worded as a testimony of gratitude for his rousing the nation at the beginning of the late war, and his conduct as secretary of state; or this compliment, if paid to his general conduct, is rather an offensive measure to me personally. As to adding a trifle to the pension, I have no objection."

The ceremony of Lord Chatham's interment took place on the 9th of June. After having lain in state for two days in the Painted Chamber,

the body was brought through Westminster Hall into New Palace Yard, where, immediately opposite to the entrance to the great hall, on the same spot on which, in the preceding century, the high-minded Lord Capel, the gay and graceful Lord Holland, and the devoted Duke of Hamilton had expiated on the scaffold their crime of loyalty to Charles the First, the procession formed which was to conduct the patriot Chatham to his grave. By a circuitous route, along Parliament Street and around by King Street, both of which streets were lined by the foot guards, the body was carried to the great western entrance of Westminster Abbey. Eight peers walked in the train of the chief mourner. The banner of the barony of Chatham was supported by two dukes and a marquis; the "great banner" was carried by Colonel Barré; Edmund Burke was one of the pall-bearers. The chief mourner was young William Pitt, who, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, and after having achieved for himself a name almost as illustrious as that of Chatham, was destined to be lowered into the same time-honoured vault on the margin of which he was now solemnising a parent's obsequies.

Yet, after all, the obsequies of the great earl would seem, as Gibbon relates, to have been but "meanly attended." "Garrick's funeral," writes Walpole, "was ten times more attended than Lord Chatham's." Not three of the court, according to Walpole, attended it, and not a dozen of the oppo-

sition of any note. The slight sensation, indeed, which the death of so illustrious a man excited in what is called the "great world," suggests a striking and humiliating moral. Lord Chatham himself mentioned, not long before his dissolution, that, on recovering his senses after his fatal seizure in the House of Lords, Lord Le Despencer was the only one of his old acquaintances, connected with the court, who "so much as asked him how he did." At a time when his contemporaries were decrying his merits, and shrugging their shoulders whenever his genius was descanted upon with enthusiasm, it was to the credit of one at least of them, Horace Walpole, that he strenuously inveighed against such injustice, at the same time predicting the great reputation which posterity has since attached to the name of Chatham. "Why not," Walpole writes to Mann, "allow his magnificent enterprises, and good fortune, and confess his defects, instead of being bombast in his praises, and at the same time discover that the amplification is insincere? A minister who inspires great actions must be a great minister, and Lord Chatham will always appear so, by comparison with his predecessors and successors. He retrieved our affairs, when ruined by a most incapable administration, and we are fallen into a worse state since he was removed."

The grave of Chatham lies near the northern door of Westminster Abbey, opposite the monu-

ment of the Duke of Newcastle. Since they laid him in that honoured spot, the pavement around has been, from time to time, raised to receive the remains of his rival, Lord Mansfield, of Charles Fox, of Grattan, Canning, Wilberforce, and Palmerston. "In no other cemetery," are the graphic words of Lord Macaulay, "do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

It has been argued by the admirers of Lord Chatham's genius, that, had his life been spared and his elevation to the premiership been conceded by the king, America would have been prevailed upon to return to her allegiance, and that the disruption of the empire would thus have been prevented. Doubtless, indebted as America was

to him on account of his long and unwearying efforts in defence of her liberties, and the many heart-stirring appeals which he had delivered in her behalf, there was no living Englishman to whom a mission of conciliation could have been entrusted with a better prospect of success. Moreover, the diversity of opinion on religious and political questions which, at this time, existed among the American people, the dissensions which notoriously prevailed even in Congress itself, as well as the numerical strength of the loyal party in America, would unquestionably have enhanced his chances of carrying his object into execution. But, on the other hand, many were the difficulties which he would have had to encounter. A considerable period of time, it must be remembered, had elapsed since the Americans had proclaimed to the world their resolution to remain a free, independent, and sovereign people. They had learned to take a just and even haughty pride in their new sovereignty. They had discovered how vast were the resources of the great continent of which they were the natural heirs, and how irrational, therefore, it was, to expect that so colossal a territory should long remain an appanage of a small island lying far away across the broad Atlantic. Success on the field of battle had shown them that, neither in military genius nor in military intrepidity, were they much inferior to the brave islanders who were attempting to effect their subjection. As a

sovereign people, they had entered into engagements with more than one European power. They knew that the eyes of Europe were fixed upon them, and a young people are ever sensitively tenacious of the opinion of the world. Was it to be expected, then, that, at the invitation, even of the wisest and greatest of European statesmen, they would have been induced to stultify their late proceedings and principles, and, in exchange for the freedom and empire which they had achieved in the New World, voluntarily return to what they regarded as the monarchical misgovernment and aristocratic insolence of the Old? Under these circumstances, not only, we imagine, would any attempt on the part of Lord Chatham to lure back the Americans to their allegiance have encountered a mortifying failure, but it has been argued that it was as well for his posthumous fame that he was not permitted the opportunity of making the attempt.

The two following documents furnish us with passing evidence of the interest taken by the king in military affairs, and especially in the army of America. It should be mentioned that, during the time that Sir Henry Clinton held the appointment of commander-in-chief of the British land forces in America, no officer appears to have been permitted to return to England from that country on leave, without his application having been previously submitted to the king.

Lord Barrington to General Howe.

"WAR OFFICE, 15th August, 1776.

"SIR:—The king has ordered me to acquaint you that the return of Lieut.-Colonel Blunt to England, just at the moment when the regiment he commands was going to be employed on the warmest and most important service, could not but surprise and displease his Majesty. However, it having been represented by the lieutenant-colonel, through me, that he had not asked this indulgence, which had been voluntarily offered him by your Excellency from a knowledge of the inextricable difficulties of his private affairs, arising from the purchase of his present commission, which difficulties must continue till his arrival in England, the king has taken no further notice of this matter, than by directing the lieutenant-colonel to return to his duty the moment he can settle these affairs.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"BARRINGTON.

"*His Excellency, the Hon^ble^ General Howe, etc.*"

Lord Amherst to General Sir Henry Clinton.

(Extract.)

"WHITEHALL, 6 February, 1781.

"I have the honour to acquaint you the king observed in the list of promotions that Captain

Mackenzie was appointed major to the 23d Regiment of foot in the room of Major Mecan, deceased; that Major Temple was the eldest captain; and that as he was now actually on his passage to America, his case was a little hard; and that as he had the character of being a very good officer, his Majesty hoped you would be able to find soon a favourable opportunity of promoting him to a majority."

CHAPTER VI.

Commissioners Sent to the Revolted Colonists — Refused Direct Communication with Congress — Their Message Delivered — Reply of Congress — Feelings of Exasperation in America Increased by the Tone of Proclamations Issued by the Commissioners — General Sir Henry Clinton's March from Philadelphia to New York — Indecisive Action at Monmouth Court House — Fruitless Demonstrations of the French Fleet at New York and Rhode Island — The French Unsuccessfully Attempt to Retake the Island of St. Lucia — The Channel Fleet — Engagement with the French off Ushant — Courts Martial on Admirals Keppel and Palliser — Illuminations and Riots in Honour of Keppel — The Combined French and Spanish Fleets in the Channel — Naval Operations in the West Indies — Changes in the Administration — Letters of the King to His Ministers.

THE three commissioners appointed to proceed to America, and to treat with the American Congress, were Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, and George Johnstone, Esquire, better known as Governor Johnstone.[1] The secretary to the mission was Adam Ferguson, the historian of the Roman re-

[1] Third son of Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall. He had formerly held the appointment of Governor of West Florida. Lord Howe, and his brother Sir William, were also included as commissioners in the letters-patent, provided that they should be still in America on the arrival of their colleagues.

public and professor of moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh. With the exception of Johnstone, who was well versed in American affairs, little judgment seems to have been displayed in the selection of the commissioners. Eden, for instance, had recently distinguished himself by denouncing American independence in the House of Commons; while Lord Carlisle, though gifted with natural good sense and abilities of no mean order, was as yet known to the world merely as a young man of pleasure, as a leader of fashion, as the delight of the macaronis at White's and Brooks's, and the loser of almost ruinous sums at the play-table at Almack's. "The muses and graces," said Wilkes, in the House of Commons, "and a group of little laughing loves, were in his train, and for the first time crossed the Atlantic."

When, early in June, the commissioners reached Philadelphia, the state of affairs struck them as unsettled and calamitous in the extreme. The British army was on the point of disembarking for New York. Philadelphia was in a state of the greatest confusion. To George Selwyn Lord Carlisle writes, two or three days after his arrival in that city: "I have this morning, at five o'clock, been taking a ride into the country, about ten miles; grieved I am to say, eight miles beyond our possessions. Our lines extend only two, and the provincial army is posted very strongly about six and twenty miles distant. This is market-day,

and, to protect the people bringing in provisions, which otherwise they would not dare to do, large detachments, to the amount of above two thousand men, are sent forward into the country." Lord Carlisle, nevertheless, found himself in very comfortable quarters. "I am lodged," he writes, "in one of the best houses in the town; and indeed it is a very excellent one, perfectly well furnished. I am not, I own, quite at my ease, for coming into a gentleman's house without asking his leave, taking possession of all the best apartments, and placing a couple of sentries at his door, using his plate, etc., are very repugnant to my disposition. I make him and his wife a visit every day; talk politics with them, and we are the best friends in the world. They are very agreeable, sensible people, and you never would be out of their company."

For many reasons, it was the object of the commissioners to endeavour to open a direct communication with Congress, and at once to bring forward the ample powers entrusted to them. Having in vain, however, applied to General Washington for a passport for their secretary, Doctor Ferguson, no alternative was left them but to set forth, in writing, the terms which they were authorised to offer, and to solicit Congress to take them under their most solemn consideration. Those terms consisted chiefly of a guarantee to America of "perfect freedom of legislation and

internal government," the withdrawal for ever of British troops from her soil, and a proffer of seats in the British House of Commons to representatives of the different States. As these concessions were greater than any for which the Americans themselves had formerly petitioned, and, indeed, comprised every right and privilege short of total separation, it was fondly hoped that the reply of Congress might prove favourable. In the meantime, the commissioners proceeded to New York, where they anxiously awaited the result of their communication.

The aspect of affairs at New York appeared to Lord Carlisle no less melancholy than at Philadelphia. "We are blocked up," he writes to Selwyn, "by a French fleet. We are kept in prison, as we dare not ride beyond our posts toward the country. If any attack is made, either by sea or land, we risk more than we are likely to gain. If certain events, which are not improbable, should take place, we shall be inevitably starved." Again he writes: "Everything is upon a great scale upon this continent. The rivers are immense; the climate violent in heat and cold; the prospects magnificent; the thunder and lightning tremendous. The disorders incident to the country make every constitution tremble. We have nothing on a great scale with us but our blunders, our misconduct, our ruin, our losses, our disgraces and misfortunes, that will

mark the reign of a prince who deserves better treatment and kinder fortunes." Another accomplished man of pleasure and fashion, General Fitzpatrick, speaks in no less enthusiastic terms of the magnificent country in which, most unwillingly, he found himself carrying arms, and in no less deprecatory terms of the "execrable war" which was laying it waste. "You cannot imagine," he writes to the Countess of Ossory from New York, on the 2d of June, 1777, "anything half so beautiful as this country. It is impossible to conceive anything so delightful. Lady Holland, in spite of her politics, would, I am sure, feel for it, if she could see the ruin and desolation we have introduced into the most beautiful and I believe once the happiest part of the universe." "The inhabitants," adds General Fitzpatrick, "are, as far as I can judge from the few I have seen, and which I am assured are a very just type of the whole, to us certainly the most unpleasant, formal, precise, disagreeable in the world, but I do not see that this is a sufficient reason for extirpating the whole race, which seems now generally understood to be our object." [1]

To the arguments and entreaties of the commissioners, the Congress, as might have been

[1] Lafayette, on the other hand, thought the Americans "as agreeable as his enthusiasm had painted them." "Simplicity of manners," he writes to his wife, "kindness, love of country, and of liberty, and a delightful equality, everywhere prevail."

anticipated, turned a deaf ear. Their reply was imperative and final. Notwithstanding, they said, the treatment which they had experienced from Great Britain, and the "savage manner" in which she had carried on war in their territory, they were desirous of peace. As a preliminary step, however, they insisted that the mother country should recognise their independence, or at all events recall her armies and fleets. Such a measure, they continued, would be a guarantee of the sincerity of the King of England, and in that case only, and in no other, would they consent to negotiate with his commissioners.

These demands being in excess of the powers vested in Lord Carlisle and his colleagues, they prepared to return to their own country. Previously, however, to quitting the shores of America, they published an appeal to her people, inviting them, by as many tempting arguments as they could set forth, to return to their allegiance to the British Crown, and insisting that, whatever miseries might result from a prolongation of the war, Congress would be responsible for them to God and man. Needless it is to observe, that neither this, nor another manifesto, of a more threatening character, published by them immediately on the eve of their departure, produced the effect desired by the commissioners. "The accursed proclamation of the commissioners," writes Lord Rockingham to Admiral Keppel, "and the barbarities

which have ensued, have so fatally added to the indignation and resentment of America that nothing but ample revenge and retaliation will now probably prevail in the minds of the Americans."

Among other embarrassing incidents, which had befallen Lord Carlisle and his associates in the course of their fruitless mission, had been a hostile challenge, addressed to the earl in his capacity of principal commissioner, by the celebrated Marquis de Lafayette, then enjoying high military rank in the American army. One of the manifestoes of the commissioners had contained some severe animadversions on the conduct of the French court, for which the marquis chose to consider them responsible, not in their corporate diplomatic capacity, but as private gentlemen. Accordingly he despatched a cartel to Lord Carlisle, in which, in language of a very provoking and somewhat swaggering character, he called upon him to grant a hostile meeting. Lord Carlisle very properly declined to give him the satisfaction he required. "I have received," he wrote back, "your letter transmitted to me from M. Guinot, and I confess I find it difficult to return a serious answer to its contents. The only one that can be expected from me, as the king's commissioner, — and which you ought to have known, — is, that I do, and ever shall, consider myself solely responsible to my country and king, and not to any individual, for my public conduct and language." Another un-

toward circumstance which befell the commission was a revelation which was made to the American government, that Governor Johnstone, through the medium of an accomplished lady of the name of Ferguson, had offered a bribe of ten thousand pounds to a distinguished member of Congress, Joseph Reed, as a condition of his bringing about a reunion between Great Britain and her former colonies. "I am not worth purchasing," was Reed's indignant reply, "but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." Withholding only the name of the lady, Reed, who had formerly been Washington's aide-de-camp, and afterward his adjutant-general, deemed it his duty to communicate the fact to Congress, who, apparently no less indignant than himself, passed a resolution, on the 11th of August, that "it is incompatible with the honour of Congress to hold any manner of correspondence or intercourse with George Johnstone, Esq.; especially to negotiate with him upon affairs in which the cause of liberty is concerned."

While the commissioners had been employed on their futile mission, the royal army was on its march from Philadelphia to New York, with the object of concentrating the British forces in that province. In the meantime, Sir William Howe, at his own request, had been superseded, and the command of the army transferred to Sir Henry Clinton, a brave, upright, and skilful officer. The

able manner in which Sir Henry conducted his army across a hostile country — encumbered, as he was, by a train of baggage twelve miles in length, the bridges broken down, and the enemy, led by Washington, pressing closely upon his rear — has been cited by competent judges as a masterpiece of military talent. The primary object of Sir Henry Clinton was to extricate his forces as soon as possible from an enemy's country; while it was not less the object of Washington to harass the British by all the means in his power, without risking the doubtful result of a general action. Accordingly, during the march, only one collision of a serious character took place between the two armies. This affair occurred at Monmouth Court House, on the 28th of June, when, after a severe and obstinate struggle, the opposing forces found themselves retaining at nightfall the same positions which they had occupied in the morning, the loss on each side amounting to about three hundred and sixty. So intense, it may be mentioned, was the heat of the day that, on the British side, three sergeants and fifty-six men dropped down dead without having received a wound.[1] It was not the policy of the British general, as we have seen, to remain longer than he could avoid

[1] According to a contemporary American account, "Of the enemy's dead, many have been found without any wound, but being heavily clothed, they sank under the heat and fatigue. We are well assured that the Hessians absolutely refused to engage, declaring it was too hot."

on hostile ground, and consequently, having enjoined the profoundest silence on his forces, he resumed his march at midnight, and on the 5th of July arrived at New York, without having met with further molestation from the Americans.

The principal motive which had occasioned the withdrawal of the British army from Philadelphia was the departure from the shores of France of a powerful squadron of ships of war, the destination of which was believed to be the Delaware. It consisted of as many as twelve sail of the line, while the naval force under the command of Lord Howe, at the time when the two admirals subsequently confronted each other off New York, comprised only eleven, and these inferior in point of size, and in weight of metal, to the French ships. Nevertheless, when the movements of the French admiral, D'Estaing, seemed to threaten an immediate attempt to force the harbour of New York, Lord Howe manifested no unwillingness to receive his attack. In the meantime, the people of New York, who were promised as exciting a spectacle as can well be conceived, awaited the result with the liveliest interest. Should France succeed in gaining a victory over her ancient foe, the recognition of American independence by Great Britain, and the termination of the terrible war which was devastating the American continent, would not improbably follow. In vain, however, the citizens of New York strained their eyes toward the waters,

in the hope of beholding the banner of France floating over the renowned flag, in the triumphs of which American as well as Englishman had, even in the memory of children, equally and mutually gloried. D'Estaing, whether from want of spirit, or, as he himself stated, from there not being a sufficient depth of water to float his ships, thought proper to abandon for the present his hostile intentions, and, to the great grief and disappointment of the Americans, sailed with the first favourable wind for Rhode Island.

The recovery of that beautiful island from the rule of the British was, at this time, an object of paramount importance to the American government. Congress, therefore, fully confiding in the promises of coöperation and support which it had received from the French admiral, despatched ten thousand men, under the command of General Sullivan, to invest the ancient town of Newport, now one of the gayest of fashionable watering-places. Thither D'Estaing bent his course, and thus the fall of Newport seemed to be inevitable, when the British fleet, strengthened by reinforcements from England, was to be seen bearing toward the island with every appearance of seeking battle with the French. Again, in sight of their own shores, the Americans were promised the exciting spectacle of the two greatest naval powers in the world contending in deadly combat for the sovereignty of the seas. The interest, on this

occasion, was even more intense than it had formerly been at New York, inasmuch as Sir Henry Clinton was known to be advancing to the relief of Newport, and consequently the fate of General Sullivan, and of the ten thousand men under his command, seemed to depend upon the coöperation and valour of the French. Again, however, a bitter disappointment awaited the Americans. At the very conjuncture, when the rival fleets were to be seen manœuvring for the advantage of the weather-gage, a storm of unusual violence effectually separated them from each other. Whatever may have been the real amount of damage sustained on that occasion by the stately ships of D'Estaing, he pleaded the absolute necessity — a necessity, however, which was afterward loudly and angrily impugned by the Americans — of refitting them as speedily as possible, and accordingly, turning a deaf ear to the earnest remonstrances of General Sullivan, and leaving him to extricate himself and his army from their critical position as best they might, he withdrew his fleet into the safe and comfortable harbour of Boston. The principal consequences of the defection of the French admiral — if his conduct really merits so harsh an epithet — were the evacuation of Rhode Island by the Americans, and the consequent kindling in their minds of bitter feelings of animosity against their new allies. In the town of Boston, more especially, such was the exasperation

of its seafaring population, when, day after day, and night after night, they witnessed the provoking spectacle of French sailors lounging about their streets, and sauntering into their places of amusement, that some serious riots were the consequence, which, but for the judicious precautions adopted by the authorities, might have led to grave political results.

D'Estaing now turned his attention to the British West India Islands, one of which, Dominica, had already surrendered to a French force commanded by the Marquis de Bouillé, Governor of Martinico. Since then, however, ample amends had been made to the British for its loss, by the capture of St. Lucia from the French. It had been a favourite theory of that great naval commander, Sir George Rodney, that as long as Great Britain continued formidable on the ocean, the possession of that important island would secure to her the sovereignty of the West Indies.[1] This conviction he had succeeded in impressing on the British ministers, and consequently, in obedience to orders received from England, Sir Henry Clinton had despatched to St. Lucia a considerable military force, which, supported by a small squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Barrington, had, with little difficulty, effected the reduction of the

[1] St. Lucia was restored to France at the peace in 1783, but having been again taken by the English in 1803, was definitively assigned to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris.

island. The enterprise, however, had been accomplished not a day too soon. The troops had scarcely accomplished their landing and carried the advanced posts of the enemy, when the formidable fleet of D'Estaing appeared in sight. Admiral Barrington's squadron consisted of only three ships of the line, and some frigates; yet so judiciously had he extended them across the entrance to the careenage, and under the protection of the batteries, that when D'Estaing bore down upon him with twelve sail of the line, he found the British position so strong, and the reception he met with was so warm, as to compel him to retire. D'Estaing's next step was to disembark five thousand soldiers at another part of the island, at whose head he led a gallant attack on the British lines. On land, however, he met with the same determined resistance which had opposed him on the waters, whereupon, despairing of being able to carry out the orders of his government, he reëmbarked his troops, and put back to sea, leaving St. Lucia to its fate.

While these events were passing on the other side of the Atlantic, hostilities had commenced on the high seas, nearer home. At this period, the chief reliance of Great Britain for escape from foreign invasion, and for the protection of her homeward commerce, lay in the gallantry and efficiency of her Channel fleet. On the safety of the Channel fleet, said Lord Shelburne, in the

House of Lords, depended the salvation of the country. The admiral who was selected by the king and Cabinet to command this important force was Admiral, afterward Lord Keppel, an officer who, though apparently possessing but few claims to originality of genius, was nevertheless not only a brave man and a thorough seaman, but was endowed with that most essential qualification in a naval commander-in-chief, the faculty of completely establishing himself in the affections and confidence of his officers and men. Perhaps, had the choice fallen upon Rodney, it would have been better for the fame and interests of the country; but as Rodney had not as yet achieved the great victory which has rendered his name so glorious in the annals of his country, the selection of Keppel would scarcely seem to have been so unjust and unwise a proceeding as it has been sometimes represented. Moreover, as Keppel was not only a Whig member of Parliament, but an unsparing and systematic opponent of government, the fact of the Tory ministers of the day having selected him to command the Channel fleet, instead of being discreditable to them, would rather seem to do them honour.

On the 10th of June, Keppel weighed anchor with twenty-one ships of the line under his command, which were subsequently increased to twenty-three. His principal instructions were to prevent the junction of the two French squadrons, which

were severally fitting out at Toulon and Brest; not to risk an action if he considered the force of the enemy disproportionately superior to his own; and, as "the principal object of his care and attention," to keep the sea clear behind him, so as, in the event of emergency, to be able to protect the shores of Great Britain and Ireland. For some time after leaving St. Helen's, the officers and men of his fleet had been anxiously on the lookout for the enemy, when, at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, there appeared in sight two French frigates, the *Belle Poule* and *Licorne*, which, as it afterward appeared, had been sent to hover about the British fleet, in order to discover its intentions and numerical strength. War, as yet, had not been formally declared between France and Great Britain, and consequently Keppel found himself suddenly placed in a position of heavy responsibility. To chase and capture the vessels in sight might entail upon him the charge of having precipitated a great European war; while, on the other hand, if he allowed them to escape, he risked their carrying important information to the enemy, who might thus bring to bear upon him a fleet far superior to his own. Government, it should be stated, had not only been unable to afford him any accurate information respecting the strength of the enemy,[1] but it was

[1] Lord Howe had formerly complained, and with good reason, of having been kept in a similar unfortunate state of ignorance. We have the assurance of the Duke of Grafton, given on the

also insisted by the enemies of administration, that the admiralty, either from carelessness or with the deliberate object of shifting responsibility from their own shoulders, had drawn up his instructions with reprehensible obscurity.[1] Under the circumstances, Keppel adopted the boldest alternative of the two. The *Milford* frigate was signalled to chase the *Licorne*, and the *Arethusa* the *Belle Poule*. The latter vessel, after a warm engagement, in which the *Arethusa* suffered severely, escaped by running into a small bay surrounded by rocks, from which, on the following morning, she was towed out of reach of the British fleet. The *Licorne* was less fortunate. Having been captured by the *Milford*, she was placed alongside the *America*, commanded by Lord Longford, whose strict orders were to keep a careful watch over his charge. During the night, no attempt would seem to have been made by her to escape. On the fol-

authority of Lord Howe himself, that, owing to neglect or ignorance on the part of the admiralty, the French fleet under D'Estaing had arrived off the shores of America without his having received any intimation that such a force was even in existence.

[1] The following extract from Keppel's instructions is curious as showing that the contingency of his finding himself watched by the enemy's frigates had not, in spite of the charges of the opposition, been overlooked by the admiralty, and will also assist the reader in forming his own opinion how far the charge brought against that department was well merited or not. "In case any French frigates-of-war should attend upon the fleet, or appear to be watching your motions, you are to oblige them to desist, and, on their refusal, to seize them and send them to England."

lowing morning, however, as Lord Longford was standing on the gunwale of his ship, conversing on friendly terms with her captain, he perceived, to his surprise, that the *Licorne* was making preparations for setting sail; and accordingly, having in vain remonstrated with that officer on the procedure, he ordered a gun to be fired across her bow as a warning to her to desist. To his great astonishment and to that of his crew, the French frigate replied by the discharge of a whole broadside into the *America*, accompanied by the almost simultaneous striking of her colours. Had Lord Longford fired into, and sunk her, he would doubtless have been justified; but, with becoming humanity, he contented himself with sending her under the stern of the commander-in-chief's flag-ship, the *Victory*.

Admiral Keppel was still in a painful state of uncertainty in regard to the strength of the enemy, when fortunately another French frigate, the *Pallas*, fell into his power. Her papers furnished him with the information he required. The French fleet, it appeared, numbered as many as thirty-two sail of the line, a force so superior to that of the British, that Keppel, instead of risking an engagement, considered it his duty to return to England. Here he remained till the 9th of July, when, with twenty-four line-of-battle ships under his command, which were shortly afterward increased to thirty, he again set sail in search of the enemy. By this

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time, the French fleet, commanded by Count d'Orvilliers, and now superior to that of Keppel by only two ships of the line, had also put to sea, and on the 23d hove in sight of the British force off Ushant. The engagement which followed was one of the most unsatisfactory and indecisive on record. After manœuvring for four days, and after an action of three hours, in which neither party lost a single ship, the two fleets separated for the night. Willingly, it is said, would Keppel have renewed the action on the following morning, but the French had taken advantage of the darkness to retreat toward their own ports, and when day dawned their fleet was nearly out of sight. Keppel's ships having suffered considerable injury in the action, no alternative was left him but to carry them back to England for repair.

The party squabbles and senseless popular riots, which were the consequences of this great national disappointment, the charges of misconduct and neglect brought against Keppel by his third officer in command, Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, the countercharges brought by Keppel against Palliser, and the courts martial consequently held upon each of these eminent naval officers, are matters which require no lengthened recapitulation. Whether either, or both of them, were blameless, are questions in which posterity takes but little interest. Doubtless, in the judgment of those who differed with them in politics, the chief crime of

the one, lay in his being a Tory, and holding office, and that of the other in his being a Whig and an aspirer after place. Palliser was a lord of the admiralty, and a stanch supporter of Lord North in the House of Commons, whereas Keppel, as has been already stated, was not only a Whig, but a distinguished and formidable opponent of the government. In the contest between the two admirals almost all the advantage lay with Keppel. Palliser was simply the son of an officer of the line, indebted entirely to his own zeal and merit for the distinguished position which he filled at the head of his profession. Keppel, on the contrary, was connected by the ties of blood with many of the great Whig lords, who made the cause of their kinsman the cause of opposition. At his famous trial on board the *Britannia*, at Portsmouth, he was countenanced and upheld by the presence of no less distinguished personages than his near and powerful relative, the Duke of Richmond, by that of a late prime minister, the Marquis of Rockingham; by two princes of the blood, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester; and by the four most brilliant opposition speakers in Parliament, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine. Another advantage, possessed by Keppel over his rival, was the popularity which his engaging manners, and many amiable qualities, had obtained for him in the House of Commons. "We had yesterday," writes General Fitzpatrick to Lord Ossory, "the most inter-

esting debate I ever remember to have heard. The House was violently disposed to Keppel, who spoke like a man inspired, and no tool was bold enough to venture one word in favour of Palliser." Palliser, in fact, had no chance against his more aristocratic, and, at the same time, more popular rival.

That the opposition should have sought to convert into political capital the recent want of success on the seas, by shifting the blame, if there were any, from the shoulders of Keppel to those of the ministers, was perhaps only what was to be expected. Accordingly, in and out of Parliament, the first lord of the admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich, was charged with the grossest and most culpable mismanagement of naval affairs; the attack on the admiralty amounting, of course, to nothing more nor less than an attack on the government. The public, deriving their cue from the speeches delivered in Parliament, and from the arguments and invectives of the press, took the part of one or other of the two admirals, the great majority declaring in favour of the opposition admiral. Nothwithstanding the first return of Keppel to port had, very recently, been attributed to the most disgraceful motives, and that he himself had been threatened with the fate of Admiral Byng, he was no sooner cried up as a martyr to ministerial injustice than he at once became the idol of the populace. Palliser, on the other hand, was known to be highly respected by his sovereign,

and consequently it was taken for granted that the king must be inimical to Keppel. To Palliser the world appears to have been singularly unjust. No braver seaman, nor more right-minded man, probably existed. At this very time he was suffering from the wounds which he had received in the service of his country; yet if, instead of being one of her most gallant and able defenders, he had been her bitterest enemy, he could scarcely have been exposed to fiercer and louder vituperations. "Perhaps," writes Palliser's contemporary, Lord Sheffield, "no man was ever more cruelly used by the public, through a violent party spirit." Let it be ever remembered to Palliser's credit, that, on the eve of his trial by court martial, he resigned, for the purpose of being the better able to vindicate his personal honour, not only his seat in the House of Commons, but his appointments as general of marines and Governor of Scarborough Castle, the joint emoluments of which are said to have amounted to four thousand a year. Thus by the bitterness of party spirit was a brave man prejudiced and almost ruined! "As an old wound has broken out again," writes Gibbon, "they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time."

But it was Keppel's acquittal, with flying colours, on the charges brought against him by Palliser, which brought to a climax the popularity of the one admiral, and the unpopularity of the

other. If Keppel, instead of having fought an indecisive action, had achieved a glorious victory, the enthusiasm which the announcement of the verdict kindled in the public mind could scarcely have been greater.[1] "In a night or two," writes Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, "we shall be in a blaze of illumination from the zeal of naval heroes, land-patriots, and tallow-chandlers; the last not the least sincere." Subsequently, for two nights, the cities of London and Westminster were illuminated in honour of the popular idol. Wilkes had scarcely been treated with greater distinction. Both Houses of Parliament returned Keppel their thanks for having gloriously upheld the honour of the British navy. The City of London presented him with its freedom. Sir Hugh Palliser was burnt in effigy on Tower Hill. Not only did the great Whig ladies appear at the opera with caps *à la Keppel*, but blue cockades, bearing the word "Keppel," were almost universally worn in London. In all parts of the kingdom, alehouse after alehouse hoisted the sign of the Keppel's Head. As might have been anticipated, the two nights

[1] The sentence passed upon Palliser in no respect reflected upon his personal honour. The court censured him, not for want of promptitude in engaging the enemy, for he had done all that the crippled state of his ship had enabled him to effect, but for his tardiness in communicating his distressed situation to his commander-in-chief. In other respects the court pronounced his conduct to have been highly meritorious. Sir Hugh Palliser died March 19, 1796, at the age of 74.

on which London and Westminster were illuminated, were nights of popular riot. "Poor Sir Hugh's house in Pall Mall," writes Sir Joshua Reynolds, "was entirely gutted and its contents burnt in St. James's Square." "Perhaps," writes the king to Lord North, "there never was a more general run than against poor Sir Hugh Palliser." Lord North's house also was forcibly entered. "I have just heard," writes the king to him on the following day, "of the violent attack in the night on your house, which providentially proved abortive by the activity of the military." Lord Bute and Lord George Germaine had their windows broken. The iron gates in front of the Admiralty courtyard were wrenched from their hinges. The official residences of Lord Sandwich and of another lord of the admiralty, Lord Lisburne, were attacked, and the two lords forced to make their escape as best they could.

It was more than hinted in the newspapers of the day — and the fact has since been proved beyond a doubt — that among the rioters were more than one person of distinction and birth. "A lady of rank," writes Captain Brenton, "assured me that she actually saw Mr. Pitt break her windows." Among the mob which attacked the Admiralty were Charles Fox, who had recently been a member of its board, and Mr. Thomas Grenville, afterward first lord of the admiralty. "It happened, at three in the morning," writes

Walpole, "that Charles Fox, Lord Derby,[1] and his brother, Major Stanley, and two or three young men of quality, having been drinking at Almack's, suddenly thought of making a tour of the streets, and were joined by the Duke of Ancaster, who was very drunk;[2] and, what showed it was no premeditated scheme, the latter was a courtier, and had actually been breaking windows. Finding the mob before Palliser's house, some of the young lords said, "Why don't you break Lord George Germaine's windows?' The populace had been so little tutored that they asked who he was, and being encouraged, broke his windows. The mischief pleasing the juvenile leaders, they marched to the Admiralty, forced the gates, and demolished Palliser's and Lord Lisburne's windows. Lord Sandwich, exceedingly terrified, escaped through the garden with his mistress, Miss Ray, to the Horse Guards, and there betrayed a most manifest panic."[3]

The circumstance here incidentally mentioned,

[1] Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present earl, died October 21, 1834, in his eighty-third year.

[2] Robert Bertie, fourth Duke of Ancaster, hereditary lord great chamberlain, died in less than five months from the date of this frolic, viz., 8th July, 1779. His mother, Mary, Duchess of Ancaster, was at this time mistress of the robes to Queen Charlotte, an appointment which she held for as many as thirty-two years.

[3] The Duke of Ancaster, it is said, passed the night in the watchhouse. Lord Derby used often to describe the share which he took in the riots.

of Miss Ray having been the companion of Lord Sandwich's flight from the Admiralty, affords a curious instance of the barefaced laxity of the times. Not only did a first lord of the admiralty publicly keep a mistress at his official residence at Whitehall, but we also know it to have been a fact that even bishops, with their wives, sat unblushingly through the musical and dramatic performances with which the earl was in the habit of entertaining his neighbours at Hinchinbroke; perfectly well aware that the unrivalled songstress to whom they listened was the paramour of their host, and the mother of his children. Many years had passed away since this ill-fated woman, then a young girl of sixteen, had been induced by Lord Sandwich to abandon her profession as a mantua-maker in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Nature had endowed her with an exquisite taste and ear for music, which her noble lover spared no cost in cultivating. She was a favourite pupil of Giardini. Large sums of money had been offered to tempt her to sing on the stage. Her performances, in the private theatricals and oratorios at Hinchinbroke, excited never failing admiration. Her execution of the fine air in "Jephthah," "Brighter scenes I seek above," is said to have been perfection.

The tragical fate of Miss Ray is well known. Exactly six weeks after her flight with Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty to the Horse Guards,

she was suddenly deprived of being by the hand of a young clergyman of the name of Hackman, who shot her through the head under the piazza of Covent Garden, just as she was about to enter her carriage at the close of the theatrical performances. Vanity, it would seem, had formerly induced Hackman to quit a desk in a merchant's office for the more showy profession of arms. Happening, when a lieutenant of the 68th Regiment, to be in command of a recruiting party in Huntingdonshire, Lord Sandwich invited him to Hinchinbroke, where he became passionately enamoured of his future victim, whom he in vain solicited to become his wife. He now quitted the army for the church, and, having obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, repeated his proposals; but, in the words of a contemporary brother clergyman, he was unable "to bend the inflexible fair, in a black coat more than in a red."[1] Being unable to live with her, he felt that he could not live without her. Accordingly, on the night on which the cruel catastrophe occurred, he had followed her to the theatre with the intention of destroying himself in her presence, and himself only, when, perceiving her accepting with apparent satisfaction the attentions of a young Irish barrister of the name of Macnamara, he was seized with so uncontrollable a fit of jealousy as to despatch her in the manner which has been men-

[1] The Reverend Doctor Warner.

tioned. A second pistol-shot — which, before the bystanders had time to arrest his arm, he fired at his own head — failed to be fatal, and consequently he was left to expiate his crime on the gallows at Tyburn.

The opposition, in the meantime, intent upon involving the government in fresh difficulties and discredit, were, in both Houses of Parliament, vehemently engaged in attacking it on a point on which it was thought to be the most vulnerable, the alleged mismanagement of naval affairs by Lord Sandwich and his brother lords of the admiralty. The most formidable assailant of the administration on this occasion was Charles Fox, who in repeated motions not only charged the unpopular earl with gross incompetency and criminal neglect, but even went so far as to move a recommendation to the king to remove him from his councils and presence for ever. However bad a man, or bad a minister, Lord Sandwich may have been, we have evidence of the intense anguish of mind with which he had listened to the intelligence of the murder of the mother of his children, and how completely for a time that frightful domestic tragedy bowed him to the earth. Yet it was only five days after his ill-fated paramour had been laid by the side of her mother in the graveyard of the peaceful village which had given her birth,[1] that Fox opened upon the broken-

[1] Elstree, in Hertfordshire.

hearted first lord of the admiralty as fierce a torrent of invective as was ever listened to in the House of Commons. The naval service, he insisted, had been neglected in every one of its departments; the treasure which Parliament had voted to maintain its efficacy had been profligately squandered; the country was in a shamefully defenceless condition. Fox's motion for removing Lord Sandwich from the king's councils was negatived, the numbers upon division being 221 against 118.[1]

A gloomier year than that of 1779 has seldom dawned upon Great Britain. In America, although the war had to some extent languished, the expenditure of blood and treasure was still considerable. North of the Tweed, the wise removal of certain disabilities from the Roman Catholics had led to formidable disturbances in the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. In the manufacturing districts of England the introduction of Arkwright's wonderful mechanical contrivance, the cotton-frame, had occasioned no less serious riots. Ireland was in

[1] Whether Lord Sandwich merited half the obloquy which, at this time, was heaped upon him in and out of Parliament might be fairly, perhaps, called in question. Some years since the present earl did the author the favour to inform him that it was in contemplation to publish a defence of his great-grandfather's conduct, and as such a work would probably be the means of making the public acquainted with many interesting unpublished papers, it is to be hoped that the intention may yet be carried into effect.

a ferment on account of the restrictions which shackled her trade. Great Britain was engaged in hostilities with her nearest and most powerful neighbour. The king was unpopular, and his ministers were detested. But, dark as was the political horizon, still darker clouds were gathering in the distance. Suddenly it was announced, by a royal message to both Houses of Parliament, that the Spanish ambassador, the Count D'Almodovar, had delivered a manifesto to Lord Weymouth which was tantamount to a declaration of war, and had quitted the kingdom without "taking leave" of the king. Holland, too, it was evident, would sooner or later become a third party in the alliance against Great Britain. In this alarming state of affairs, the king, as will be seen by the following interesting letter, was the first to set an example of that admirable resolution and confidence in Providence, which never failed to distinguish him on every occasion of personal or political peril:

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"KEW, June 17, 1779, $\frac{m}{5}$ p^t 11 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I had ordered the clerk to make out as correct a list as possible of the two divisions, as it is highly material to know how persons have acted on the most serious crisis this nation ever knew. I feel the arduousness of the task imposed on me, but that only rouses me to

do my utmost to rescue my country. It is an hour that requires every exertion. Despair should never be harboured but by those who dare not examine that inward monitor who cannot disguise the truth. Had I not seen the wicked conduct held by the opposition, I should never have believed any man born in this island would have avoided, at such an hour, casting off every inclination but that of giving cordial support. But I own, experience has made me not surprised at the transactions of this day. The papers will certainly be moved for, if the prerogative is not soon brought into effect."

The foregoing letter was evidently written under feelings of strong indignation at the parliamentary conduct of the great Whig lords, who, instead of hastening to support the throne at so momentous a crisis of national peril, had opposed — in the House of Lords on the motion of the Duke of Richmond, and in the House of Commons at the instance of Lord John Cavendish — the loyal addresses which it was proposed to lay at the feet of the sovereign. Others of the great Whig lords, including the Dukes of Devonshire, Manchester, and Portland, and the Marquis of Rockingham, not only voted against ministers, but entered a protest against their whole conduct of the American war, and the propriety of their proroguing Parliament at the present critical time. "The very wicked

protest," writes the king to Lord North, on the 20th of June, "is proof sufficient that, whilst Parliament sits, new matter to cause general dissatisfaction is the object of opposition." Such, at this time, was the conduct of the leaders of that powerful party to whose tender mercies, owing to Lord North's renewed entreaties to be allowed to retire from office, the king was in hourly dread of being compelled to surrender himself. To that nobleman we again find him writing, on the 16th: "Lord North's application to resign within two days of the prorogation I can see in no other light than as a continuation of his resolution to retire whenever my affairs will permit it. For I never can think that he, who so handsomely stood forward on the desertion of the Duke of Grafton, would lose all that merit by following so undignified an example."

Fortunately the great mass of the people of Great Britain proved no less resolved than their sovereign to make every effort to maintain the honour and safety of their common country. The temporary consternation, which the departure of the Spanish ambassador had excited, very soon yielded to a warlike spirit, which pervaded every class of society. The increase of difficulties, as the king justly observed in his speech at the close of the session, instead of dispiriting, had served to augment the courage and constancy of the nation. "We have voted unanimous addresses of

lives and fortunes," writes Lord Carlisle to George Selwyn. "We are in earnest and shall sell ourselves very dear, whatever may be thought at Convent St. Joseph. There are many applications for raising regiments; Lord Derby, Lord Egremont, etc. I never saw less despondency, and more spirit manifested in a difficult moment than at present. Our common practice is to be alarmed for two or three days, and then to go to all the balls and operas, as if the country was in the greatest safety." Vast sums of money were raised by private subscriptions for the purpose of fitting out privateers and otherwise strengthening the naval and military resources of the kingdom. The East India Company, with its customary munificence, voted large sums for building and equipping three line-of-battle ships, as well as for granting bounties toward raising six thousand seamen for the supply of the fleet. Even the great Whig lords, though they missed no opportunity of embarrassing the government, advocated a war to the knife with the house of Bourbon. Throughout Great Britain all was fervid confidence and enthusiastic excitement. Nor were ministers backward in providing for the defence of the country. An important bill was brought into Parliament suspending for six months all exemptions from enlistment into the royal navy. Immediate measures were adopted for doubling the militia. A powerful force was

despatched to man the batteries at Portsmouth. A boom was drawn across Plymouth Harbour, and orders were issued that, in the event of the enemy effecting a landing, all cattle and horses should be withdrawn from the neighbourhood of the seacoast, into the interior of the country.

In the meantime, France and Spain had been making gigantic efforts, with the double object of achieving the sovereignty of the seas, and effecting the invasion of Great Britain. A French army, consisting of about forty thousand men, was drafted into the different seaport towns fronting the south coast of England; but it was on the water that the power of the enemy was the greatest. When, toward the end of June, Admiral Sir Charles Hardy took command of the Channel fleet, it consisted of no more than thirty-eight sail of the line, whereas the French fleet alone, previously to its being joined by that of Spain, was supposed to number fifty. Yet, notwithstanding this disparity, we find the king very far from approving of the cautious orders issued by the admiralty to Sir Charles. "I trust," he writes to Lord North, "in divine Providence, the justice of our cause, and the bravery and activity of my navy. I wish Lord North could view it in the same light for the ease of his own mind." In the same spirit of confidence we find him writing to another of his ministers as follows:

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"KEW, June 19, 1779, $\frac{m}{58}$ p^t 5 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I cannot help wishing the instructions to Sir Charles Hardy left him a little more latitude. I own, if I were in his situation and received such orders, I should instantly return to Torbay. I know the zeal and excellence of the fleet under his command. If its spirit is damped it may prevent its acting with that vigour occasions may require. Overcaution is the greatest evil we ever fall into. I do not mean by this that Sir Charles should not have the power of returning, but a few words of trusting that he will not execute his instruction farther than his own judgment makes him think it absolutely necessary. I desire you will show this at your meeting."

Unfortunately Sir Charles Hardy was destined to meet with no better success than had previously attended Keppel. When, in the month of August, the united fleets of France and Spain sailed into the British Channel, they consisted of no fewer than sixty-five ships of the line, besides a swarm of frigates, sloops, and fire-ships. Before so vastly superior a force the British admiral was necessarily compelled to retire, leaving the enemy to menace and insult the English coast at their pleasure. Yet the little which he was able to effect did him credit. He contrived to draw away the en-

emy from Plymouth,[1] which important seaport seems to have been in a most defenceless state, and at the same time effectually covered Spithead. Moreover, he had the good fortune to lose but one line-of-battle ship, the *Ardent*, which accidentally fell into the enemy's hands.

In the meantime the British military force, which had been collected to repel invasion, amounted to about fifty thousand regular troops, and about the same number of militia. This force, it is true, was, numerically speaking, inconsiderable; but, on the other hand, there had sprung up a spirit of military ardour and patriotism in the country, which alike animated the newly raised militiamen and the veteran soldier, and from which the happiest results were anticipated. Much of this desirable enthusiasm was attributable to the example set by the king. When, in the course of the year, he visited the military camp, and reviewed his troops at Cox Heath, a spectacle is said to have presented itself which, for brilliancy and animation, had not been surpassed in England since the days of Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada. "The king's magnanimity," writes Lord George

[1] On the 20th of November the king writes to Lord North: "I never doubted that an inquiry into the state of Plymouth, when the French appeared before that place, would be brought before Parliament. It relates to Lord Amherst and the Ordnance. If they can defend themselves I do not see any evil can arise. If they have not done their duty, it is right it should be known."

Germaine to Sir Henry Clinton, "is not to be shaken by the nearness of danger." The fact is well known, that had the enemy succeeded in landing, it was the king's intention to fight them at the head of his subjects.

Happily, several circumstances concurred to detract from the otherwise formidable character of the great foreign armaments which rode in the Channel, and to accelerate their return to their own shores. The two admirals began to quarrel among themsevles. The Spanish admiral was in favour of immediately invading England; while D' Orvilliers, on the other hand, strongly remonstrated against so bold a measure being attempted, unless preceded by the capture or destruction of the British fleet. Moreover, many of the ships in both fleets were unseaworthy. The season for the equinoctial gales was close at hand. In both fleets, also, a malignant fever had broken out, which, in the Spanish fleet alone, carried off three thousand seamen. Under all these circumstances the Spanish admiral in undisguised disgust steered toward the coasts of his own country, while D'Orvilliers prepared to make the best of his way to Brest.

Great as was the satisfaction in England at the departure of the combined fleet, the year nevertheless closed amidst almost as much gloom, if not despondency, as had marked its commencement. Ireland, on the plea of defending herself against invasion, had raised a formidable army, which at

any time might be turned against the sister island. The Spaniards were besieging Gibraltar. In the West Indies the islands of St. Vincent and Grenada had been wrested from British dominion. The British fleet in those waters, now under the command of Admiral Byron, had failed to obtain any advantage over that of D'Estaing. Three British ships of war had fallen into the hands of Americans. American privateers were riding triumphantly in British waters; and lastly, the celebrated Paul Jones, with his dreaded squadron, had not only destroyed the shipping in the harbour of Whitehaven, but had threatened and frightened the Scottish capital from its propriety.

In the meantime some important changes had taken place in the administration. Lord Stormont had been nominated to the secretaryship of the Northern Department, vacant by the death of Lord Suffolk;[1] Lord Weymouth, having resigned the secretaryship of the Southern Department, had been succeeded by the Earl of Hillsborough; and lastly, Earl Bathurst had been appointed president of the council in the room of Earl Gower, whose altered views in regard to the wisdom of continuing the war in America

[1] Henry Howard, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, K. G., died 6 March, 1779, at the age of forty, bequeathing his dormant titles and honours to an only and posthumous child, who, though he survived his birth only forty-eight hours, is nevertheless dignified in the peerages as Henry, sixth Earl of Berkshire and thirteenth Earl of Suffolk.

had led to differences with his colleagues, and to his consequent retirement from office.

The close of the present chapter seems to afford no unsuitable opportunity of introducing some further pleasing letters written by George the Third at, or about, this period of his life.

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"3 Novr., 1775.

"The answer of the Empress of Russia to my letter is a clever refusal, not in so genteel a manner as I should have thought might have been expected from her. She has not had the civility to answer me in her own hand, and has thrown out some expressions that may be civil to a Russian ear, but certainly not to more civilised ones. I am anxious to know whether the Duke of Grafton, as his speeches in Parliament daily become more hostile, does not feel it to his credit to resign his employment. If not, you must feel that I cannot let many days more elapse before I send for his seal."[1]

[1] The Duke of Grafton resigned on the following day, when the king had the satisfaction of delivering the Privy Seal to his friend, Lord Dartmouth. "I place no small glory," he writes to Lord North on the 27th of May following, "in being convinced that I am cordially loved by that good man."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, 28th Novr., 1775, $\frac{m}{44}$ p. 7 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The account of the shipwreck of one of the Hanoverian transports being confirmed, and that all the officers are lost, has occasioned my ordering Count Fauke to go immediately to the Isle of Rhé to see the poor soldiers taken care of, and to put them into a condition to proceed in the ship ordered by the admiralty to Gibraltar. I desire you will write a letter of introduction to Lord Stormont, who must get him a passport to go to Rochelle, and whose assistance may perhaps be necessary during the continuance of the men in that kingdom. He means to set off to-morrow morning."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Jany. 15, 1776, $\frac{m}{17}$ p^t 4 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — There cannot be the smallest doubt of the justice of the sentence found against Robert Perreau;[1] therefore the enclosed petition will not induce me to mitigate the sentence.

"John Davies may have a respite."

[1] Robert Perreau was executed two days after the date of this note (January 17) for forgery.

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Feb. 4, 1776, $\frac{m}{8}$ p. 5 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — I send the letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland [1] in the private box, that it may be immediately delivered to you. The alteration he proposes can neither render the bill less nor more foolish than in its former mode; but as he alleges it will pass the House of Commons in this form, I desire you will this night despatch a messenger with permission for his having it introduced with this alteration.

"I cannot conclude without expressing my idea that from his stay in Ireland he has acquired some of the agreeable accomplishments of that island, — the making *bulls*. For his proposing the change shows that the difficulty from the first has arisen from the castle, and not from the House of Parliament."

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"29 March, 1776.

"I cannot but express my astonishment at Lord Harcourt's presumption in telling Lord Drogheda there would be no difficulty in making him an Irish marquis.[2] I refused to make Irish

[1] Earl Harcourt.

[2] Charles Moore, sixth Earl of Drogheda, was created an Irish marquis in 1801. He married Anne, daughter of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, and died 22 December, 1821.

marquises to Lord Hertford and Lord Townshend. I desire I may hear no more of Irish marquises. I feel for English earls, and do not choose to disgust them." [1]

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"15 Novr., 1776.

"I had learnt from Lord Weymouth that Charles Fox had declared at Arthur's last night that he should attend the House this day, and then set off to Paris and not return till after the recess. Bring as much [business] forward as you can before the recess, as real business is never so well considered as when the attention of the House is not taken up by noisy declamation."

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"31 May, 1777.

"Lord Chatham's motion [2] can have no other use but to convey some fresh fuel to the rebels. Like most of the other productions of that extraordinary brain, it contains nothing but specious words and malevolence."

[1] Lords Townshend and Hertford were afterward severally created English marquises; the former in 1786 and the latter in 1793.

[2] The king alludes to the motion brought forward by Lord Chatham on the 30th of May for putting a stop to hostilities with America. It was lost by a majority of 99 to 28.

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"19 Sept., 1777.

"Having paid the last arrears on the civil list, I must now do the same for you. I have understood by your hints that you have been in debt ever since you settled in life. I must therefore insist that you allow me to assist you with ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or even twenty thousand pounds, if that will be sufficient. It is easy for you to make an arrangement and at proper times to take up that sum. You know me very ill if you don't think that of all the letters I ever wrote to you this one gives me the greatest pleasure; and I want no other return but your being convinced that I love you as well as a man of worth, as I esteem you as a minister. Your conduct at a critical moment I never can forget."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"KEW, June 1, 1778, $\frac{m}{46}$ p. 8 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The account you gave me yesterday left no room for a different report from you than that I have just received. I shall in consequence to-morrow write to Lord North.

"I did not expect you would get any information from the Bishop of Salisbury,[1] who seemed

[1] Dr. John Hume, translated from the see of Oxford. The Chancellorship of the Order of the Garter is attached to the bishopric of Salisbury.

to me always ignorant of the common forms of the Order. I should think the shortest mode would be to send the book of statutes privately to the attorney-general, and put this plain question to him, what mode appears to him most proper for the sovereign's making any new statute agreeable to the mode used on former occasions.

"I think the attorney-general is more judicious in taking the name of a town in Norfolk, than taking his own name.[1]

"Your conduct concerning the riot in Suffolk is very proper."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"KEW, June 7, 1778, $\frac{m}{5}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — The enclosed is all the information I have been able to collect out of Ashmole; in consequence of which I have drawn up the following very rough sketch of an additional statute, which I desire you will peruse and get the chancellor, as he has promised you, to draw up one in handsome and rather high flowing expressions."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, March 23, 1779, $\frac{m}{11}$ p. 8 A. M.

"Lord Weymouth will order the ensigns of the Order of the Bath to be sent, by the messenger

[1] Edward Thurlow was created Baron Thurlow of Ashfield in the County of Suffolk, 3 June, 1778, on his succeeding Lord Apsley as lord chancellor.

the East India Company is sending, concerning the demolition of the fortifications of Pondicherry, to Colonel Munro, and follow the same precedent for investiture established when Sir John Lindsay got the Order.[1] As well as I recollect, the nabob was desired to perform the ceremony. The books in the office will of course contain the proceeding."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 3, 1779, $\frac{m}{13}$ p^t 6 P. M.

"This day I have read Sir Joseph Yorke's[2] private letter to Lord Weymouth, and its enclosure, which has greatly confirmed an opinion which I had formed of the necessity of something from hence to counteract the present current in Holland, arising from French intrigue and Dutch private interest. I should have mentioned it sooner, had I been able to propose any specific step. I see the necessity of something, but cannot exactly say what. But I am convinced that if the Dutch are not pretty clearly taught that convoys must not be a cover to naval stores, the mercantile interest will not be prevented from carrying mate-

[1] Sir Hector Munro and Sir John Lindsay were severally invested as Knight Commanders of the Bath by the Nabob of Arcot, the former in 1779, and the latter 11 March, 1771.

[2] General Sir Joseph Yorke, K. B., created Baron Dover in 1788, was employed as envoy extraordinary and ambassador at The Hague from November, 1751, to December, 1780. He died 2 December, 1792, when the barony became extinct.

rials to the enemy, without which the war cannot be by them sustained. I trust Lord Weymouth will thoroughly consider this knotty affair, and see whether he cannot propose some mode which may alarm those members of the republic who are enemies to this country and to the stadtholder, and consequently strengthen the arguments of the friends of England and of the Prince of Orange."

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"11 June, 1779.

"No man in my dominions desires solid peace more than I do. But no inclination to get out of the present difficulties, which certainly keep my mind very far from a state of ease, can incline me to enter into the destruction of the empire. Lord North frequently says that the advantages to be gained by this contest [with America] never could repay the expense. I own that any war, be it ever so successful, if a person will sit down and weigh the expense, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state enriched; but this is only weighing such points in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter. It is necessary for those whom Providence has placed in my station to weigh what expenses, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what would be more ruinous than any loss of

money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which any country was ever engaged. It contains such a train of consequences that they must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it I should suppose no man could allege without being thought fitter for bedlam than a seat in the senate; but step by step the demands of America have risen. Independence is their object, which every man, not willing to sacrifice every object to a momentary and inglorious peace, must concur with me in thinking this country can never submit to. Should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow, not in independence, but for their own interest they must become dependent on America. Ireland would soon follow, and this island, reduced to itself, would be a poor island indeed."

The King to Lord North.

(Extract.)

"22 June, 1779.

"The papers from America show that, had not Spain thrown off the mask, we should soon have seen the colonies sue for pardon from the mother country. I do not yet despair that, with Clinton's activity and the Indians in their rear, the provinces will soon now submit.

"It is no compliment when I say that Lord Gower would be a poor substitute for Lord North. I cannot approve of such a measure. What I said yesterday was the dictate of frequent and severe self-examination. I never can depart from it. Before I hear of any man's readiness to come into office, I will expect to see it signed under his hand that he is resolved to keep the empire entire, and that no troops shall consequently be withdrawn from thence, nor independence ever allowed."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"KEW, August 6, 1779, $\frac{m}{25}$ p^t 5 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Having learned from Lord North that he must attend a meeting in Kent on Wednesday, I mean to absent myself from St. James's, as I should have so little business that day. I therefore desire the recorder's report may be postponed till Friday, when I shall hope to see Lord Weymouth."

The King to Viscount Weymouth.

"KEW, Oct. 21, 1779, $\frac{m}{5}$ p^t 7 P. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — You will bring the seals of the Northern Office to-morrow, that I may deliver them unto Lord Stormont; and you will order a Privy Council that he may be sworn. I cannot conclude without thanking you for having so patiently held the seals of both departments,

and expressing my pleasure at having at last found you a colleague, whose abilities and temper will, I trust, be agreeable to you." [1]

It should be mentioned, that toward the end of the year 1779, in consequence of Lord North renewing his earnest entreaties to be allowed to escape from the cares of office, the king at length gave a reluctant consent to his making arrangements with that object. "I can state my sentiments," he writes to his favourite minister, "in three words. I wish Lord North to continue, but if he is resolved to retire he must understand that step, though thought necessary by him, is very unpleasant to me." Accordingly, through the medium of the new lord chancellor, overtures were made to Lords Camden and Shelburne, inviting them to unite with the king's present ministers in forming a strong coalition administration. These overtures, however, were not only scouted by the Whig lords, but the language in which their

[1] This, or something else, was not agreeable to Lord Weymouth, who almost immediately and unexpectedly resigned. "Lord Stormont," writes Walpole to Mann, on the 31st of October, "has got the late Lord Suffolk's seals of secretary. There were to have been other arrangements, but they are suspended; and it is said this new preferment is more likely to produce negotiations than settlements." Again, Walpole writes to Mann on the 28th of the following month that "a crash has happened in the administration by the resignations of Lord Gower and Lord Weymouth, which at least implied apprehension in them that the edifice was falling."

refusal was couched appears to have given deep offence to the king. "I was able," he writes to the chancellor, "to obtain no other answer than that a coalition seemed not to answer their views. From the cold disdain with which I am treated, it is evident to me what treatment I am to expect from opposition, if I was to call them now into my service. To obtain their support I must deliver up my person, my principles, and my dominions, into their hands." With reference, however, to this passage, it is but fair to the opposition lords to mention that the curt language in which they appear to have replied to the chancellor's communication was never intended by them to be repeated literally to their sovereign. "I find," writes Thurlow, "that I have had the misfortune to mislead your majesty into a false impression of some considerable men." And he adds: "They never imagined that they were returning an answer to your Majesty." Under all the circumstances, Lord North appears to have felt it his bounden duty to remain in office.

CHAPTER VII.

Debates in Parliament on Economical Reform — Speech of Edmund Burke — Debate on the Limitation of the Power of the Crown — Motion on the Right of Parliament to Regulate the Civil List — Conflict of Parties — The "Gordon Riots" — The Mob Predominant — Fearful Devastation in the Metropolis — Burning of Newgate and the Fleet Prisons and Other Buildings — Promptitude of the King — Suppression of the Disturbances — The Rioters Brought to Trial.

SELDOM have more interesting or more animated debates been listened to within the walls of St. Stephen's, than those which took place after the Christmas recess of 1779 and 1780. It was on the 8th of February that Sir George Savile presented to the House of Commons the famous "Yorkshire petition," signed by no fewer than eight thousand freeholders of that important county. In this document the petitioners entreated the House to inquire into the management and expenditure of the public money; to reduce all exorbitant emoluments, and to abolish all sinecure places and unmerited pensions whatsoever. Only three days after the presentation of the "Yorkshire petition," Burke brought before the House his celebrated plan of economical reform; the specific objects of which were the reduction

of the national expenditure, and a diminution of the influence of the Crown. That noxious influence, said the illustrious orator, had not only taken away all vigour from our arms, and all wisdom from our counsels, but had stripped every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of the Constitution. Burke's speech on this occasion is said to have been grand almost beyond precedent; indeed, Lord North, in replying to him, admitted it to have been one of the best orations to which he had ever listened. It was a speech, he said, "such as no other member could have made." In conducting his favourite measure through Parliament, Burke, on more than one occasion, succeeded in leaving ministers in a minority, but eventually the bill was lost.

No less animated were the discussions which took place not long afterward, when Dunning brought forward a similar, and still bolder, motion for enforcing a more economical expenditure of the public money, and curbing the power of the Crown. In a speech, concise, eloquent, and breathing bitter invective against ministers, he accused them of having jesuitically approved of many of the propositions of his honourable friend, at the same time that they were insidiously intent on stripping it of all its excellence. The public, he said, must be satisfied there was at issue a point of the most vital importance; and accordingly he moved in a committee of the whole House his

famous resolution: "That it is the opinion of this committee that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." To the consternation of the courtiers and place-hunters, this sweeping proposition was carried by a majority of eighteen.

Encouraged by this success, Dunning now moved a second resolution, to the effect that it was not less competent for the House of Commons to correct abuses in the management and expenditure of the civil list, than it was in every other branch of the legislature. This resolution was carried against government; as also were one or two others proposed by Charles Fox and Mr. Thomas Pitt. Thus, throughout the session, was the House constantly kept in a state of the highest excitement. Thus, too, were the downfall of ministers, and the unconditional surrender of the king, apparently on the eve of being accomplished, when the illness of the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, compelled the House to adjourn from the 14th to the 24th of April. "I have not the slightest doubt," writes the king to Lord North, "that the Speaker has pleaded illness, to enable the opposition to pursue their amusement at Newmarket the next week." Unfortunately, when the House of Commons reassembled on the 24th, its temper proved to be changed. It was in vain that Dunning moved an address to the king praying him not to dissolve Parliament or prorogue the session, till after the

crying evils complained of had been remedied. Ministers collected all their forces to meet his attack, and triumphed by a majority of fifty-one.

That the king, at this exciting period, should have taught himself to believe that the radical resolutions moved by the opposition, and their violent attacks upon the royal prerogative, were fraught with peril to the state, was nothing more than might have been anticipated. His fears, indeed, however unreasonable they may have been, were certainly shared by the great majority of the wisest and best in the land. "A little time," writes the king to Lord North, "will open the eyes of several who have been led farther than they intended. It cannot be the wish of the majority to overturn the Constitution. Factious leaders and ruined men wish it, but not the bulk of the people. I shall therefore undoubtedly be assisted in preserving this excellent Constitution. Lord North shall see that there is at least one person willing to preserve unspoiled the most beautiful Constitution that ever was framed." The personal attacks levelled at himself in Parliament he could not but bitterly feel. To Lord North he writes, on the 7th of April: "The Resolutions can by no means be looked on as personal to him [Lord North]. I wish I did not feel at whom they were personally levelled." Again the king writes to Lord North: "However I am treated, I must love this country."

In the month of June, this year, took place in London those formidable popular disturbances familiarly known as the "Gordon Riots." About two years previously, certain acts of Parliament, which had long weighed heavily upon the Roman Catholics of England and Wales, had been gracefully repealed by the unanimous acquiescence of the king and both Houses of Parliament. Wise and liberal minds had begun to congratulate themselves on the approaching dawn of a more enlightened and tolerant age. Very different, however, was the state of public feeling on the other side of the Tweed. No sooner was it rumoured in Scotland that government contemplated introducing a similar relief bill into that country, than there burst forth a storm of fanatical indignation and alarm such as had not been equalled since John Knox had declared that a single mass was more frightful to him than the invasion of an army. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, not only were Roman Catholics grossly insulted in the streets, but they went about their daily business in peril of their lives. Their places of worship were demolished; their dwelling-houses broken into; and their property destroyed. Unhappily, this miserable spirit of bigotry gradually extended to England. There, too, the cry of "No popery" was as effectually raised, and thus sprang into existence that mischievous society, destined to be the cause of so many evils, the Protestant Association. How-

ever well intentioned may have been the members of that institution, it seems to have been mainly composed of persons whose want of knowledge of human nature, and of the danger of inflaming the passions of large and crowded populations, was exceeded only by the exaggerated notions they entertained of their own individual importance.[1] Moreover, the choice which they made of a president could scarcely have been a more unfortunate one. Lord George Gordon, third son of Cosmo, Duke of Gordon, was a young man of ordinary abilities, of weak judgment, and of questionable sanity. As far as any opinion can be formed of his character, it seems to have been a singular compound of enthusiasm, ambition, and buffoonery, not without a taint of knavery. Although this "lunatic apostle," as Walpole styles him, affected the garb and aspect of the Methodists, — wearing his hair long and lank, down his shoulders, — his private life appears to have been far from an immac-

[1] "I congratulate you," writes Cowper, the poet, to his well-meaning friend, the Rev. John Newton, "upon the wisdom that withheld you from entering yourself a member of the Protestant Association. Your friends, who did so, have reason enough to regret their doing it, even though they should never be called upon. Innocent as they are, and those who know them cannot doubt of their being perfectly so, it is likely to bring an odium on the profession they make, that will not soon be forgotten. Neither is it possible for a quiet, inoffensive man to discover, on a sudden, that his zeal has carried him into such company, without being to the last degree shocked at his imprudence."

ulate one. According to Hannah More, he was a man of "loose morals," and, according to Walpole, "very debauched." As yet, he was principally known to the world as a very tiresome speaker in the House of Commons, and occasionally as a very inflammatory one. At times, his language in the House was of that seditious character which only insanity could excuse. The time was at hand, he exclaimed, on one occasion, when he would dictate both to the Crown and to Parliament. The King of England was a papist. Let his Majesty dare to depart from his coronation oath, and his head should fall on the scaffold. "Lord George Gordon," writes Lord Carlisle to George Selwyn, in May, 1779, "made a speech, for which he ought to be shut up, upon the state of Scotland. He wept several times, in his speech; produced an old print of the Marquis of Huntley; offered to make Lord North a present of it, and called upon twenty members by their names."[1]

Such was the weak, yet dangerous fanatic, under whose auspices, on the 29th of May, a large and

[1] Lord George was Selwyn's nominee for the borough of Ludgershall. "You ask about Mr. Selwyn," writes Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory, on the 6th of June, 1780: "Have you heard his incomparable reply to Lord George Gordon, who asked him whether he would return him again for Ludgershall? He replied, 'His constituents would not.' 'Oh, yes; if you would recommend me, they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa.' 'That is according to what part of the coast you came from. They certainly would if you came from the Guinea coast.'"

excited meeting of the members of the Protestant Association took place in Coachmakers' Hall, near Foster Lane, Cheapside. The principal object of the meeting was to deliberate on the most advisable mode of laying before the House of Commons an enormous petition, to which, in Walpole's words, was appended a "volume of names." The foremost orator, on the occasion, was Lord George Gordon, then in his twenty-ninth year. He was ready and willing, he told his partisans, to present their petition to Parliament, but he would present it only on the express condition that not less than twenty thousand men accompanied him in procession to Westminster. He then moved, and carried a resolution that, on Friday, the 2d of June, the friends of Protestantism should assemble in St. George's Fields, Southwark, and that, in order to distinguish friend from foe, each should wear a blue cockade in his hat, and also that blue banners, bearing the words "No popery," should be carried in the procession.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, in St. George's Fields, — on the very spot on which, according to a vague tradition, now stands the high altar of the largest Roman Catholic church which has been erected in England since the Reformation, — Lord George issued his final directions to the vast mass of zealots who were assembled there at his bidding. After having separated into three different bodies, and advanced by three different routes to

Westminster, they reassembled, at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, in the large open spaces in front of the Houses of Parliament. Gibbon, the historian, then a member of the House of Commons, describes the scene as if "forty thousand Puritans, such as they might have been in the days of Cromwell, had started out of their graves." During their progress to Westminster, the conduct of the petitioners had been commendably orderly and decorous. No sooner, however, did one unpopular member of Parliament after another make their appearance in Old Palace Yard, than, not content with greeting them with groans and hisses, they manifested an unmistakable tendency to resort to more lawless proceedings. Curiously enough, at the very time when these "pious ragamuffins," as Walpole designates them, were doing their utmost, by their rampant bigotry and disorderly conduct, to damage the great cause of parliamentary reform, one of the great Whig lords, the Duke of Richmond, was actually on his legs in the House of Lords, delivering a party speech in favour of the rights of the people, of annual parliaments, and universal suffrage.[1]

In the meantime, the behaviour of the populace

[1] On the 5th of the preceding month of August, at the time when the invasion of England by the forces of France and Spain appeared to be imminent, we find the king writing to Lord North: "In my opinion it will be highly dangerous to continue the Duke of Richmond Lord Lieutenant of Sussex." And the king adds in the same letter: "Some may talk of prudential

had increased from uproar to actual violence. Not satisfied with stopping the carriages of the members of the legislature, with forcing them to cry, "No popery," and wear the blue cockade, they subjected those who were obnoxious to them to the grossest indignities. The peers suffered far more than the Commons. Lord Ashburnham was dragged out of his chariot. Lords Townshend and Hillsborough were so roughly handled that, when they entered the House of Lords, it was with their bags torn off, leaving their hair hanging dishevelled about their ears. Lord Willoughby entered without his periwig; Lord Stormont was assaulted, ill-treated, and had his carriage broken in pieces. The lord president of the Council, Lord Bathurst, had his legs violently kicked, and was forcibly pushed about by the mob. Lord Mansfield had the glasses and panels of his carriage broken, and narrowly escaped with his life. The Archbishop of York, Doctor Markham, in the midst of a storm of hisses and groans, had his lawn sleeves torn off and flung in his face. Just when the Duke of Richmond was insisting that "every man in the kingdom of full age, and not disqualified by law," was entitled to be represented in Parliament, his Grace was interrupted by Lord Mountfort hurriedly entering, and informing the

measures, but it is not safe to let the Duke of Richmond be in executive office with his disposition to clog the wheels of government, and, if has an opportunity, to encourage insurrection."

House that Lord Boston had been dragged from his coach and thrown on the ground, and that at that very moment the noble lord was in imminent danger of being trampled to death by the mob. Lastly, the life of the Bishop of Lincoln, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, would in all likelihood have been sacrificed but for the gallantry of a young law student, who succeeded in rescuing and lodging him, in a fainting state, in a neighbouring house, over the leads of which, the bishop, disguised in female attire, subsequently effected his escape to a place of safety.

Never, indeed, since Colonel Blood had carried off the Duke of Ormond, opposite to the palace of his sovereign, with the intention of hanging him at Tyburn, had such gross indignities been offered to the British peerage. As bishop after bishop entered the House of Lords with his lawn sleeves torn, and peer after peer with his hair hanging loose and his clothes covered with hair-powder, the scene grew more and more indecorous. "It is hardly possible," we are told, "to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the House exhibited. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smutted with dirt; most of them as pale as the ghost in 'Hamlet,' and all of them standing up in their several places, and speaking at the same instant. One lord proposing to send for the guards; another for the justices or civil magistrates; many crying out, 'Adjourn! Ad-

journ!' while the skies resounded with the huzzas, shoutings, or hootings and hisses, in Palace Yard." "Great tameness," according to Doctor Johnson, was displayed both "by Lords and Commons." One spiritual lord, indeed, the Archbishop of York, on learning that Lord Mansfield was in the hands of the mob, rushed down-stairs, flung himself among the crowd, and carried off his friend in triumph. Lord Townshend, also, when it was intimated that Lord Boston was in imminent peril, chivalrously suggested that the younger peers should draw their swords and sally forth to his rescue. On the other hand, all the Duke of Richmond's sympathies would seem to have been still with his lawless friends out-of-doors. "If their lordships," he suggested, "went as a House," would it not be as well that they should be preceded by the noble lord on the woolsack, with the mace carried before him? While the peers were thus discussing what was best to be done, Lord Boston himself, exhibiting marks of scandalous ill-treatment, — having narrowly escaped having the sign of the cross cut upon his forehead, — entered the House. During this exciting time, Lord Mansfield, who was presiding as lord chancellor during the indisposition of Thurlow, is described as sitting on the woolsack trembling like an aspen-leaf.

The House of Commons presented a scarcely less extraordinary scene than the House of Lords.

Its members, it is true, had been less roughly treated on their way to Westminster than those of the Upper House, but their condition had become the more critical of the two. All the anxiety of the pious portion of the multitude was centred in the reception which their huge petition was likely to meet with in the lower House, and accordingly they not only blockaded every approach to the House, but the staircase and lobby were in possession of a dense body of infuriated enthusiasts, whose cries of "No popery! no popery!" drowned the voices of the speakers within, and whose violent attitude threatened every moment the most calamitous consequences. So immediate, indeed, appeared to be the peril, that it was proposed by several members to fling open the doors, and fight their way, sword in hand, through the crowd. Meanwhile, the contemptible cause of this unseemly turmoil was to be seen rushing to and fro; at one moment exasperating the zealots in the lobby by acquainting them with the name of the member who happened to be speaking against their cause, and, at another moment, flying to the open windows, and addressing equally inflammatory language to the rabble below. It was to no purpose that General Conway "reprimanded him soundly in public and private;" to no purpose that his kinsman, Colonel Murray, an uncle of the Duke of Athol, told him that he was a disgrace to his family; that Colonel Holroyd, afterward Lord

Sheffield, intimated to him that the fittest place for him was bedlam; or that the good-natured prime minister endeavoured to pacify and argue him into reason. If he liked, he told Lord North, he could have him torn to pieces by the mob. Happily, as the noise of the crowd, thundering at the doors, became louder, and the peril more and more imminent, two members, Colonels Gordon and Holroyd, took upon themselves the responsibility of restraining the mischievous fanatic. "My Lord George," said the former, "do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, I will plunge my sword, not into the body of the first man that enters, but into yours." Colonel Holroyd even went so far as to refuse to quit his side, and, by following him whenever he moved toward the gallery, effectually prevented his making any further appeals to the mob. By this time, a detachment of the guards, and a party of light horse, which had been privately sent for by Lord North, had made their appearance, and having been drawn up in formidable array in Palace Yard, were the means of inducing the multitude to disperse without any further attempt at riot. At a later hour in the day, Lord George, worn out by his exertions in the cause of intolerance and disorder, was to be seen throwing himself, half asleep, into a chair in the deserted refreshment-room of the House of Commons. That he had all along been aware

of the danger to which he was likely to expose society, there cannot be a doubt. He had even had the effrontery, in one of the four private audiences which the king had been good-natured enough to grant him, to warn his sovereign of the probable consequences of Parliament rejecting the prayer of the petitioners. "Certainly," writes his Majesty to Lord North, "Lord George Gordon, in his conversations with me, said nothing that could exculpate him. He said if the restrictions of the Roman Catholics, taken off by Parliament, were not repealed, that the petitioners would by force right themselves. He, after that, calls the meeting in St. George's Fields, and heads them. This does not clear him, but in reality adds to his guilt."

In the meantime, although the vast multitude had taken their departure from the precincts of Parliament, it was unhappily not in the direction of their homes nor of their places of worship. Before night, the chapel of the Sardinian minister in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn, and that of the Bavarian minister in Warwick Street, Golden Square, had been ransacked, set fire to, and half demolished. The following day, Saturday, the 3d of June, passed off in tolerable quiet, yet it proved to be only a lull before the storm. The next day, which happened to be the king's birthday, large parties of zealots, accompanied by a more than corresponding number of pickpockets, burglars, and other disorderly and dangerous persons, dis-

persed themselves in different directions, for the purpose of attacking and destroying the private residences and places of worship of the Roman Catholics. On this day, the principal scenes of devastation were Moorfields and its neighbourhood, where, after having completed their work of destruction, the rioters piled in one huge heap, not only the furniture and goods of private individuals, but pulpits, pews, and altars, upon which they flung the vestments of the priests and the sacred symbols of their faith, and then committed the whole to the flames amidst the wildest shouts of derision and fury. On the following day, the 5th, similar atrocious outrages were perpetrated in Wapping and East Smithfield; while, in the west of London, the residence of Sir George Savile in Leicester Square, and other private houses, were attacked and ransacked with like fury and impunity.[1]

The rabble being by this time completely mas-

[1] Among other houses attacked was that of Lord Bute, in whose hands, in the absurd opinion of half England, the king was still a puppet. On the 27th of June the earl writes from London to John Home, the author of "Douglas;" "The troops once gone, I look upon the fate of my house as determined. Indeed, nothing but my son Charles, with forty of the Royals, saved it on the Thursday [the 8th]; I fear they may destroy it when they please, Twenty men left at Luton would have secured me, for a mob cannot come from London without its being known, but eight or ten villains may do here what they please. Charles is to send me arms, but his account of the servants left in town renders them useless; for he says, except Peter, they are all sneaking cowards."

ters of the metropolis, proceeded to still graver and more daring acts of violence. "I was at Westminster," writes Crabbe, the poet, on Tuesday, the 6th, "at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and saw the members go to the House. The mob stopped many persons, but let all whom I saw pass, excepting Lord Sandwich, whom they treated roughly, broke his coach windows, cut his face, and turned him back. A guard of horse and foot were immediately sent for, who did no particular service, the mob increasing, and defeating them." [1] From Westminster the poet proceeded to Newgate, where he arrived at a critical moment, when the mob, having broken into the house of Akerman, the keeper of the prison, were engaged in throwing his furniture out of the windows and setting fire to the building. The next object of attack was the prison itself, the massive gates of which were forthwith assailed by a strong body of the rioters, provided with pickaxes and crowbars. The fire had by this time extended to the chapel of the prison, situated close to the part of the building in which the prisoners were confined, whose screams, as the glare from the flames lighted up their several cells, threatening them with an instant and dreadful death, are said to have been terrible to hear. Those appalling sounds of agony naturally redoubled the exer-

[1] "Lord Sandwich," writes Walpole, "was torn out of his chariot that morning and had his face cut, and was saved only by the horse guards who carried him home."

tions of the attacking party, and accordingly a number of them, having succeeded in descending from the roof of the governor's house into the prison yard, set themselves so energetically to work to release their terrified fellow creatures, that in their fury they are said to have torn away stones two or three tons in weight, to which the doors of the prisoners' cells were fastened. "They broke the roof," writes Crabbe, "tore away the rafters, and, having got ladders, they descended. Not Orpheus himself had more courage, or better luck. Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the street in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday. You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red-hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrance to so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison, broke the doors, and they too all made their escape." [1] On the following day, another and more celebrated literary man visited the scene of havoc. "I walked with Doctor Scott,"

[1] In all, three hundred prisoners are said to have been let loose from Newgate.

writes Doctor Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the sessions-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place!"

But the terrors of the day had not concluded with the demolition of Newgate. From thence, the multitude proceeded to Bloomsbury Square, at the northeast corner of which stood the stately mansion of Lord Mansfield, whose recent support of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill rendered him especially obnoxious to the fanatical portion of the mob. Scarcely had the venerable earl and his countess had time to escape by a back entrance, before his house was attacked by a yelling and infuriated rabble, who forthwith ransacked it, and set it on fire. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, whom curiosity led to the spot, has graphically described the scene in his memoirs. "Having got into a hackney-coach, we drove first to Bloomsbury Square, attracted to that spot by a rumour generally spread that Lord Mansfield's residence, situate at the northeast corner, was either already burnt or destined for destruction. Hart Street and Great Russell Street presented each to the view, as we passed, large fires composed of furniture taken

from the houses of magistrates, or other obnoxious individuals. Quitting the coach, we crossed the square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes, all the contents of the apartments, being precipitated from the windows, were piled up, and wrapped in flames. A file of foot-soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile, but without either attempting to quench the fire, or to impede the mob, who were indeed far too numerous to admit of being dispersed, or even intimidated, by a small detachment of infantry." It was not a little to the credit of the rioters, that, of all the costly and valuable property which on this occasion fell into their hands, not an article was allowed to be carried off as booty. Their object, said the incendiaries, was not plunder, but the defence of principle. Still more creditable was it to the rioters of 1780 that, notwithstanding the fierce passions by which many of them were impelled, and the long period during which they were masters of the metropolis, not a single life was sacrificed either to popular fury, or to the rage for plunder.

The destruction of Lord Mansfield's mansion may be said to have been a national calamity. In addition to a noble collection of books, many of them rendered priceless by containing the handwriting of Bolingbroke and Pope, there perished in

that cruel conflagration the correspondence, which — since the days when Pope had celebrated him as —

> "Noble and young, who strikes the heart
> With every sprightly, every decent part" —[1]

the illustrious lawyer had maintained with contemporary philosophers, statesmen, and poets; many of them luminaries of an almost Augustan age. On that occasion also is said to have perished, that which the printer's art would probably have otherwise rendered imperishable, his priceless memoirs of his own life and times; a work doubtless rich in the experiences of a long political and literary career; rich in elucidations of disputed points in contemporary histories; rich in pleasant memories of the past; in graceful and classical gossip; in wit, anecdote, and wisdom. The sad loss, which was thus inflicted on the public, was bemoaned by the poet Cowper in complimentary verse of no contemptible merit:[2]

> "And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
> And many a treasure more,
> The well-judged purchase, and the gift
> That graced his letter'd store.

[1] Imitations of Horace, Book 4, Ode 1.

> "Namque et nobilis et decens,
> Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis,
> Et centum puer artium."

[2] "On the Burning of Lord Mansfield's Library, together with His MSS."

"Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own."

It was some days afterward that Lord Mansfield, in speaking on a law question connected with the late riots, alluded to his recent irreparable literary loss with a serene and mournful dignity which is said to have sensibly affected his audience. "I have not consulted books," he said; "indeed, I have no books to consult." At Caen Wood, Lord Mansfield's suburban villa near Highgate, are still preserved, as interesting mementos of the past, a few singed volumes which escaped the fury of that night of memorable riot.

Neither were the outrages and horrors, committed on Tuesday, the 6th, confined to the burning of Newgate and to the destruction of the classical residence of Lord Mansfield. "Lord North's house," writes Brydone, the traveller, to Sir Robert Keith, "was attacked about two in the morning with flambeaux and fagots, but a very few of the light horse, who were placed in the square, charged full gallop down the street, and they were dispersed in a moment." The houses of three of the London magistrates — Sir John Fielding's in Bow Street, Covent Garden, Justice Cox's in Great Queen Street, and Justice Hyde's near Leicester Square — were attacked, ransacked, and demolished. The doors of the new prison in

Clerkenwell were burst open, and the prisoners set at liberty. The timidity and inaction of the civil authorities continued to be no less calamitous and incomprehensible than had been the case from the commencement of the riots. To Lord North the king writes, on the 6th: "The allowing Lord George Gordon, the avowed head of the tumult, to be at large, certainly encourages the continuation of it, to which must be added the great supineness of the civil magistrates. I fear, without more vigour, this will not subside; indeed, unless exemplary punishment is procured, it will remain a lasting disgrace, and will be a precedent for future commotions." Again we find the king writing to Lord North: "This tumult must be got the better of, or it will encourage designing men to use it as a precedent for assembling the people on other occasions. If possible, we must get to the bottom of it, and examples must be made."

But, notwithstanding the injunctions which the king addressed to his two secretaries of state, Wednesday, the 7th, proved to be a day of direr destruction and terror than any preceding one. The appearance of London on that eventful day was desolate and sombre in the extreme. Not only were the shops closed, but, in order to deprecate the wrath of the rioters, "No popery" was chalked upon many doors and shutters, and strips of blue silk were suspended from the windows. By this time the rabble had made themselves

masters of the arms in the Artillery Ground, and consequently, in the estimation of the timid, were a match for the military. A universal panic pervaded the respectable classes of society. Terrifying rumours were abroad that the lunatics were about to be let loose from Bedlam, and the lions from the Tower. Daring notices were sent to the governors of different prisons, intimating to them the very hour on which they were to be attacked. Even the secretaries of state's servants, as we learn from the Duke of Grafton, wore blue cockades in their hats. The amiable Bishop Newton, trembling, as he himself informs us, for "the labours of his whole life, — his papers, his books, his prints, his pictures," — flew with his family from the Deanery House at St. Paul's to Kew. Devonshire House, Rockingham House, Bute House, and the official residence of the prime minister in Downing Street, were garrisoned by soldiers. Lord George Germaine armed his servants, and barricaded his residence in Pall Mall. When Horace Walpole called upon his kinsman, Lord Hertford, he found the earl and his sons occupied in loading their muskets. Lastly, not only was the riding-school in the royal grounds at Pimlico filled with soldiers, but the king, in expectation of an attack on the Queen's House, was to be seen during the night crossing to and fro between the two buildings, prepared at any moment to head his troops, and charge the rioters.

It was, in fact, owing to the high moral courage and personal intrepidity manifested by George the Third that order and authority were restored so soon as they were. Alarmed and indignant at the supineness of his ministers, and at the continued backwardness of the magistrates in authorising the troops to act with vigour, he resolved, to use his own expression, that although every other magistrate in the kingdom should fail in the performance of their duties, he at least would discharge the obligations imposed upon him. Accordingly, by his special commands, a meeting of the Privy Council took place on the morning of the eventful Wednesday, the 7th, at which, as a matter of course, he presided in person. The two important constitutional questions, which its members were assembled to consider, were, in the first place, the amount of provocation which, in the eye of the law, would justify a magistrate in ordering the military to fire upon a riotous assembly; and secondly, whether, previously to giving such order, the law made it imperative that the Riot Act should have been previously read. On these two points there existed a difference of opinion between the king and a part of the Cabinet, and it was for the purpose of satisfying the doubts of one or the other that the present Privy Council had been convened. Unhappily, the same want of unanimity which prevailed in the Cabinet manifested itself at the Council-table. By the president

of the Council,[1] and by the Speaker of the House of Commons,[2] it was boldly argued that because a man happened to be a soldier he was not the less a citizen, nor the less justified in repelling force by force. Other members of the Council, on the contrary, are said to have insisted that, until an hour had elapsed after the reading of the Riot Act, it was illegal for a magistrate to give the order to fire. Others, there were, who shrank from the responsibility of giving any opinion at all. These evidences of timidity and want of concert, betrayed, as they were, at so critical a season of national peril, naturally occasioned great distress and annoyance to the king. Moreover, these shortcomings, on the part of others, entailed upon him a most unfair amount of responsibility, which, however, he shrank not from incurring. If, as he plainly told the lords of the Privy Council, they hesitated to give him their advice, he would act without it. He would order his horse to the door, head his guards in person, and disperse the rioters by force. "I lament," he said, "the conduct of the magistrates; but I can answer for one," — laying his hand emphatically on his breast, — "one who will do his duty." The evident anguish of mind, and impressive manner in which these words were uttered, are said to have drawn tears from the eyes of several members of the Council. "Poor creatures!" he afterward

[1] Earl Bathurst. [2] Sir Fletcher Norton.

observed of the rioters; "they did not mean mischief."

The peril was indeed imminent. Had the rabble in the first instance, instead of contenting themselves with burning insignificant chapels and ransacking private houses, set themselves to work to capture and demolish the Bank of England, the palace, the public offices, and private banks, the results would obviously have been incalculably calamitous. Even at the time when the king was seeking counsel and comfort from his constitutional advisers, there still existed a reasonable likelihood of these calamities befalling society, and consequently the king's uneasiness and indignation, at finding himself saddled with the almost entire responsibility of defending the cause of order and the laws, may be readily imagined. In his great embarrassment, just as the lords had risen from table, it occurred to him to send for the Attorney-General Wedderburn, who seems to have been in attendance,[1] and to whom, on his entering the Council-chamber, he put the two momentous questions which had been under the consideration of the assembly. Wedderburn's reply was prompt, unhesitating, and precisely after the king's own

[1] On inquiry at the Privy Council office, it appears that whenever any question of grave importance is brought under the consideration of the Privy Council, either the attorney-general, or some other of the great law officers, is required to be in attendance.

heart. If an assemblage of people, he said, were engaged in an act of outrage of such a nature as to amount to felony, — such, for instance as the burning of dwelling-houses, — and if the civil power was ineffective to restrain them, it would then become the duty of all persons, not excepting the soldiers, to employ every means at their disposal to stay the mischief. In such exceptional cases, he added, the reading of the Riot Act was rendered nugatory and unnecessary, and consequently, in the absence of other opportunities of restoring order, it was not only justifiable in, but the actual duty of, the military to attack the rioters. "As attorney-general," asked the king, "is that your declaration of the law?" Wedderburn having answered in the affirmative, the king, with the assent of the Privy Council, desired him at once to write an order to the commander-in-chief, Lord Amherst, authorising him to employ the military promptly and vigorously in dispersing the rioters, without requiring any warrant from the civil powers. This command Wedderburn is described as having obeyed, kneeling upon one knee at the Council-table.[1] The opinion of the attorney-general, said the king, had always been his own

[1] The custom of kneeling to the sovereign continued to a much later period than perhaps is generally supposed. The late Marquis Wellesley, who, as secretary of state during the year 1810, had occasional access to the presence of George the Third, used to mention that it was his never failing practice to kneel to the king on entering the royal closet.

opinion, but he had not hitherto ventured to give it expression. That opinion also was assented to, a few days afterward, by Lord Mansfield. "His Majesty and those who had advised him," said the great lawyer, in the House of Lords, "had acted in strict conformity to the common law. The military had been called in, and very wisely called in, not as soldiers, but as citizens. No matter whether their coats be red or brown, they were employed not to subvert but to preserve the laws and Constitution, which we all prize so highly." Bishop Newton mentions Lord Mansfield's speech on this occasion as "one of the finest and ablest that ever was heard in Parliament."

In the meantime, while the Privy Council was still sitting at Whitehall,[1] terrible scenes of outrage and horror were passing in other parts of London. In the course of this day, two different, though happily unsuccessful, attacks were made on the Bank of England. The extensive distillery premises in Holborn of Mr. Langdale, a wealthy Roman Catholic, were attacked and set fire to;

[1] Altogether, by the king's commands, three different Councils were summoned to deliberate respecting the riots; one on the 5th of June and two on the 7th. To the last of the three, the Duke of Portland, Lord Rockingham, Lord George Cavendish, and others of the leading Whigs, were expressly invited. Doubtless the main object of the king was the natural and laudable one that the stringent steps, which were about to be taken for the restoration of peace and order, should have the sanction of men of both parties in politics.

the toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge were forced open and plundered; and lastly, the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and the King's Bench Prisons were broken into, and as soon as the prisoners had been released, were severally committed to the flames.

But if, in the broad light of day, these scenes of anarchy and destruction were fearful to look upon, far more terrible was the aspect which London presented at night. At one and the same time were to be counted thirty-six vast and distinct conflagrations. Never, since the Great Fire in the reign of Charles the Second, had London presented a like scene of awful grandeur. The night happened to be one of unusual beauty; thus bringing into strong contrast the wrathful passions of man and the singular loveliness and serenity of the heavens. More than one distinguished contemporary has bequeathed us written record of his having gazed upon the mingled terror and beauty of that eventful night. Gibbon looked on, and philosophised over the degradation which had befallen his country. "Our danger is at an end," he writes, a few days afterward, "but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June, 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism which I had supposed to be extinct." Doctor Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale, from his gloomy study in Bolt Court: "One might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts; the sight was dreadful." Horace Walpole, when he ascended

from the brilliant drawing-room of Gloucester House to its roof, witnessed a scene which he describes as "the most horrible he ever beheld." Crabbe — "Nature's sternest painter and its best" — was a thoughtful wanderer amidst the horrors and perils of the night. Lastly, William Pitt, then a hard-working student in Lincoln's Inn, describes the ancient law courts, upon which he looked down, as still surrounded on all sides with fire, but he adds, "we may now sleep again as in a Christian country."

Fearful, however, as were the flames which mounted to the heavens, their effect on the imagination was less harrowing than was produced by the wholesale scene of human degradation and depravity which was lighted up by their unholy glare. The district most rife with low sensuality appears to have been the neighbourhood of Holborn Hill, where the conflagration raged the fiercest. The flames, bursting forth in volumes from the houses in Fleet Market, from the Fleet Prison, from Barnard's Inn, and from Langdale's Distillery, were rendered more terribly vivid in consequence of their being fed by the streams of burning spirits which flowed from the last-named establishment. In the fierce glare, men, women, and children were to be seen rushing from their homes, carrying off such articles of poverty as they were most anxious to preserve. Pails full of gin were handed about among the crowd. Not only men, but women

and children were to be seen sucking up gin and other spirituous liquors, as they flowed along the kennels. Here and there lay drunken wretches on the ground in a state of insensibility. Some of the rioters, while in this state, are said to have perished in the flames; others to have literally drunk themselves to death. Neither were the horrors of the night confined to what the eye glanced upon. By this time, the military had, in more than one quarter, been brought into bloody collision with the people, and accordingly the sounds of irregular discharges of musketry, blending with the screams of women and children, and the noise of falling rafters and crashing roofs, produced an effect which the imagination might find it difficult to realise. And yet, hideous as were that day and night, we find the man of business, and the votaries of pleasure, pursuing their ordinary occupations, apparently as unconcernedly as if society had no occasion for trepidation. Curiosity hurried the wealthy and the frivolous from the claret-bottle and the hazard-table to the worst scenes of conflagration and carnage. The public places of amusement continued open as usual. Walpole incidentally mentions Lady Aylesbury having been at the theatre in the Haymarket; and when he himself reëntered the drawing-room of Gloucester House, it was to greet the Duke of Gloucester and the Ladies Waldegrave on their return from Ranelagh Gardens. Wraxall mentions

that one of the incidents which struck him most forcibly, on the night of the 7th, was his having been passed by a watchman, near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, who, with his lanthorn in his hand, was calling the hour, in the full glare of the conflagration, with the same apparent unconcern as if it had been a season of the profoundest tranquillity.

"If," writes Bishop Newton, "the king, of his own notion, had not ordered forth the soldiery, the cities of London and Westminster might have been in ashes." During the night, the troops not only acted with vigour, but, in the neighbourhood of the Bank of England, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and on the bridge itself, the carnage was terrific. So complete an example, indeed, was made of the rioters, that, although the shops remained closed on the following day, and a general gloom pervaded the metropolis, little work was left to the military to perform, beyond tearing the blue cockades from the hats of those who were still bold enough to wear them, and arresting a few of the rabble, who, in hopes of being able to rekindle the conflagration, had concealed themselves among the smouldering ruins of Newgate. A sad encounter, indeed, took place in the course of the day, in Fleet Street, where, with a heroism deserving a nobler cause, a band of religious enthusiasts not only made a sudden and furious attack upon the guards, but maintained an unequal

contest with them, till twenty of the assailants had been killed and thirty-five wounded. A person who was present when the soldiers returned to the Horse Guards described their bayonets as literally steeped in blood. "I went through the city yesterday," writes Brydone, the traveller, on the 9th, "and saw very little disturbance. They have retired to lurking-places, and I do not believe they will ever dare to come forth again. The consternation, however, was universal, and all the shops were shut at five o'clock. Blue flags were flying from every house. Parties of the guards were sent to pull them down, and to pull the blue cockades from every hat. Many made resistance, but at last all complied."

According to the returns, prepared in the commander-in-chief's office, the number of civilians who were either killed or died of their wounds was two hundred and eighty-five; there being, besides, one hundred and seventy-three persons who were lying seriously wounded in different hospitals. These returns, however, made no mention of such of the wounded as were able to crawl to their own homes, or to the home of a friend, nor of the dead who were carried home by their associates. They made no mention of the number of poor wretches who died from the effects of intoxication; no mention of those who either perished in the flames or were crushed to death by falling houses; nor lastly, of the many innocent,

as well as guilty, persons who, in a dense and agonising pressure of human beings, which took place on Blackfriars Bridge, were either crushed to death, or forced over the parapets of the bridge into the Thames. By a tacit, and apparently general consent of all parties, no tribunal, either parliamentary or judicial, investigated the horrors and secrets of that fatal night. In order to avoid detection, the wounded concealed their wounds, while the strong employed the hours of darkness in stripping the dead bodies of their relatives and friends, which they then lowered, either into the black waters of the Fleet Ditch, or else into some obscure creek of the Thames, hidden from the tell-tale glare of the expiring conflagration. The same desire to suppress the broad and terrible truth appears to have been shared by the friends of order. Before day had dawned, the blood-stained walls of the Bank of England had been white-washed; the impressions left by musket-balls, on the opposite houses, had been obliterated, and fresh earth laid over the crimsoned roadway of Blackfriars Bridge. So irrational had been the late outbreak, that all classes of society seem to have united in one common desire to bury in oblivion its disgraces, its horrors, and its stupidity. Even the opposition leaders refrained from making political capital of the supineness and irresolution which had marked the conduct of their opponents. Even Wilkes, too, the former champion of popular

license, not only declared in favour of order, but as a magistrate performed good service for society. If he were trusted with power, he said, not a rioter should be left alive.[1]

The cost of the mischief perpetrated during the Gordon Riots amounted to £180,000. The number of persons who were brought up for trial was one hundred and thirty-five. Forty-nine were capitally convicted, of whom twenty-nine, chiefly young men and boys,[2] suffered by the hands of the hangman. In the meantime, Lord George Gordon had been arrested at his house in Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, under circumstances

[1] "Mr. John Wilkes," writes Doctor Johnson, from Bolt Court, Fleet Street, "was this day in my neighbourhood to seize the publisher of a seditious paper." Doctor Johnson also informs us that Wilkes headed a party that beat back the rabble in one of their unsuccessful attacks upon the bank.

[2] The trials took place at the Old Bailey, the presiding judge being Wedderburn, who, in the meantime, had been advanced to the chief-justiceship, with the title of Baron Loughborough. The wholesale and precipitate manner in which the prisoners were tried and convicted, and the indiscriminate severity of the sentences passed upon them, had not been paralleled in indecency since the days of Judge Jeffreys. Holcroft, the dramatist, who constantly attended the trials, used especially to mention the strong impression left on his mind by the bearing of a man of "a strong, stern, sensible countenance," on being thus summarily convicted and sentenced. Unconscious, apparently, that he was overheard, the poor fellow muttered to himself, as he was being removed from the bar: "Short and sweet — innocent, by G—d!" Holcroft is known to have been the author of a "Plain and Succinct Narrative" of the Gordon Riots, which was published at the time, under the name of William Vincent.

which reflected little credit on the prudence or foresight of ministers. Had a proper course been followed, he would have been arrested quietly in the night-time and thrown into an ordinary jail, instead of which he was not only dignified with a lodging in the Tower of London, but was carried thither in the open day, escorted by a more imposing military force than had attended Charles the First on his way from St. James's Palace to the scaffold. Moreover, instead of being arraigned simply for a misdemeanour, which would in all probability have led to conviction, he was very unwisely tried on the imposing charge of high treason. At his trial, his behaviour was as eccentric as it had been in the House of Commons. "I heard from a person who attended the trial," writes Hannah More, "that the noble prisoner, as the papers call him, had a quarto Bible before him all the time, and was very angry because he was not permitted to read four chapters in Zechariah." To the enthusiastic delight of his still numerous partisans, the mischievous fanatic was acquitted. "Public thanksgivings," writes Hannah More, "were returned last Sunday, in several churches, for the acquittal of Lord George Gordon: I know some who actually heard it in Audley Chapel." "I am glad," was the observation of Doctor Johnson, "that Lord George Gordon has escaped, rather than that a precedent should be established for hanging a man for constructive treason."

The little which remains to be told of Lord George Gordon may be briefly related. His existence continued to be a comparatively obscure one till the year 1787, when, having been found guilty of two separate libels, the one against the Queen of France, and the other against the French ambassador, he withdrew to Holland in the hope of escaping the consequences of his transgressions. There, however, he was arrested by the Dutch authorities, and, having been compelled by them to ship himself back for England, was taken into custody at Liverpool and committed to Newgate. The coincidence is rather a remarkable one, that the day on which he was subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to pass the remainder of his existence within its walls, was the anniversary of the one on which the massive edifice had been captured and committed to the flames by his disciples. "Lord George Gordon," writes Storer to Lord Auckland, on the 14th of December, 1787, "is undoubtedly in prison, and has been living in the dress and society of Jews." In addition to the "dress and society" of the Jews, Lord George not only adopted their religion, but evinced the sincerity of his conversion by undergoing the painful initiatory rite prescribed by Judaism.[1] The

[1] The author has in his possession a rare and curious print, representing Lord George Gordon passing through the ordeal in question. The rite is being performed by a woman, while a rabbi stands by apparently reading prayers.

fanatic Christian had become the fanatic disbeliever in Christianity. The former champion of Protestantism — the scion of an illustrious house, the godson of George the Second — died in Newgate of the jail distemper, on the 1st of November, 1793, at the age of forty-two. The consciousness that the Jews would deny him sepulture in their cemeteries is said to have embittered his closing hours. In an obscure burial-ground, attached to a chapel of ease on the east side of the Hampstead Road, rest, in the neighbourhood of the honoured graves of George Morland and John Hoppner, the remains of one whose fatuity and fanaticism were the occasion of so much mischief, bloodshed, and such indelible national disgrace as it has been our task to record. No memorial points out the spot where he lies.

CHAPTER VIII.

The King Assaulted in His Sedan-chair, When Proceeding to the Haymarket Theatre — Birth of Princess Sophia — Domestic Life at Kew — Mrs. Delaney's Sketches of the Royal Family — Bishop Hurd, Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York — Mr. Arnold, Sub-preceptor — Death of the Two Youngest of the King's Sons, Prince Alfred and Prince Octavius — The King's Feelings and Conduct under These Bereavements — Birth of Princess Amelia.

THE following are the few events of any interest, which, since we last parted from George the Third in his individual sphere, appear to have chequered the otherwise even tenor of his existence.

On the 28th of June, 1777, as the king was on his way to the theatre in the Haymarket, an infuriated female made a rush at his sedan-chair, smashed one of the windows, and was proceeding to other acts of violence, when she was seized by the royal attendants, and handed over to the peace officers.

On the 3d of November following, Queen Charlotte gave birth to the late Princess Sophia, who was baptised on the 1st of the following month, at St. James's Palace.

On the 27th of July, the following year, we find the king attending the election speeches at Eton — that favoured school in which he never failed to take an affectionate interest. It was on this occasion that the pathetic eloquence with which the late Marquis Wellesley delivered Lord Strafford's speech at his trial is said to have drawn tears from his audience.

On the 23d of February, 1779, the queen presented her consort with an eighth son, who, on the 25th of the following month, was baptised, in the great Council-chamber at St. James's, by the name of Prince Octavius; and on the 22d of September, 1780, was born her ninth son, Prince Alfred.

The domestic virtues of George the Third have never been disputed. Bishop Newton records, as a circumstance which rendered his sojourn at Kew much more agreeable to him than it would otherwise have been, that, when residing there, he was able to learn more of the domestic virtues of the king and queen, and be oftener an eye-witness of their conjugal happiness. "The nearer they were beheld," writes the bishop, "they appeared greater and more amiable, and were a shining pattern to the very best of their subjects."

At Kew, where the king continued to pass the summer months during many succeeding years, he delighted in living in the greatest privacy. The late King of Hanover, speaking of his father,

writes, on the 5th of January, 1845 : "He certainly appeared to me, the latter ten years of his life, — I mean from 1801 to 1810, — to take more interest in what was going on in private life than ever he did before; and my brother[1] told me that, before my time, the style of life which he used to lead, part of which I can still recollect,[2] was the most recluse that ever man lived; for he lived as regular as clockwork. He resided constantly at Kew from May till November, and literally never saw a living soul there but the equerry in waiting, who came down every morning from London to accompany him on horseback, and then instantly returned back to town, so that he had not a single gentleman near him. Ergo, he could know nothing that passed in the world, nor was a minister permitted to come down to him. Wednesdays and Fridays, being levee days, he saw them at St. James's. This part I know, from having witnessed it myself." And yet, notwithstanding the high authority of the King of Hanover, it may reasonably be doubted whether George the Third was quite as ignorant of what was passing in the world as his son would lead us to suppose. "I was in waiting last week," writes the Duke of Queensberry to George Selwyn, in April, 1779. "The king talked

[1] George the Fourth.

[2] The King of Hanover was born on the 5th of June, 1771. He might, therefore, very well retain some recollection of the habits of his late father in 1780.

a great deal about you. As he knows everything, he is perfectly well acquainted with your passion for Mie Mie."[1]

In the summer of the year 1776, appears to have commenced the king's interesting acquaintanceship with the celebrated Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, then in her seventy-seventh year. This fascinating and accomplished lady had been intimate with most of the persons of genius and wit who had flourished during three generations. Her mind was stored with rare and entertaining anecdotes and memories of the past. She remembered the publication of the *Tatler*, and, as Hannah More writes, in 1776, "the *Spectator* is almost too modern for her to speak of it." She had been the friend and correspondent of Swift, who was born in 1667, and survived to be contemporary with a poet who died in 1855.[2] As a child, she had sat in the lap of Lord Bolingbroke, and Queen Anne, with her own hand, had "set her down for maid of honour." The events of the reign of Queen Anne were almost as familiar as those of the days of Pitt and Fox. The same person, who, in 1711, was in an adjoining apartment at the moment when Guiscard stabbed Harley, Earl of Oxford, lived to congratulate George the Third on his

[1] "Mie Mie" was Selwyn's adopted child, Maria Fagniani, afterward the wife of Francis Charles, third Marquis of Hertford.

[2] Samuel Rogers. His "Ode to Superstition" was published 1785, three years before the death of Mrs. Delany.

escape from the knife of Margaret Nicholson in 1786. For nearly seventy years she was the attached and intimate friend of Catherine Dashwood, the Delia of the poet Hammond. The author of the "Night Thoughts" was one of her correspondents, and Horace Walpole submitted to her judgment his celebrated tragedy, "The Mysterious Mother." Walpole's conversation is said to have been never more pleasing than at the tea-table of Mrs. Delany, in St. James's Place. There also assembled Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, the Countess of Bute, the gifted daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Burney, Hannah More, and, lastly, Lord North, ever witty and gay. At the age of eighty-seven she dictated, at the request of Doctor Burney, her recollections of Anastatia Robinson, and of the strange story of the marriage of that exquisite singer with the eccentric hero, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

Cheerfully and unostentatiously pious, Mrs. Delany, even when threatened with loss of sight, and when bending beneath the infirmities of old age, retained all the good humour and vivacity which had characterised her in her youth. "Time," writes Hannah More, "has taken very little from her graces or her liveliness." With affections unchilled by time, and a heart unsubdued by calamity; delighting in the society of the young, and

indulgent to their weaknesses; animated in conversation; identifying herself with every innocent diversion, and enjoying literature to the last, her contemporaries describe her, at the age of eighty-four, as being as playful and animated as if she had been only eighteen. "She was honoured," writes Madame D'Arblay, "by all who approached her. She was loved by all with whom she associated."

Such was the venerable and charming lady, to whose graceful and graphic pen we are indebted for many interesting descriptions of George the Third, such as he appeared in the midst of his domestic circle, or in the society of those whom he respected and loved. One of the oldest friends of Mrs. Delany, and perhaps the friend whom she loved the best, was the accomplished Margaret, Duchess Dowager of Portland, an old and especial favourite of the king and queen. The duchess, who was a granddaughter of Lord Treasurer Oxford,[1] not only shared the literary tastes of her venerable friend, but, like her, had been toasted by the poets and wits of a former generation. Swift celebrated her birth, and Prior has handed down her name to posterity by his well-known

[1] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, sole child and heiress of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, married, in Marylebone Chapel, on the 14th of July, 1734, William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland. The duchess, who survived her husband twenty-three years, died July 7, 1785.

lines beginning, "My lovely, noble little Peggy!" Since the year 1768, when Mrs. Delany had the misfortune to lose a beloved husband, she had been constantly the guest of the Duchess of Portland, either in London or at Bulstrode Park, in Buckinghamshire. "To see them together," writes Madame D'Arblay, "offered a view of human excellence delightful to contemplate. They endeared existence to each other, and only what was participated was enjoyed by either." It was at the latter mansion — in the same apartments in which the infamous Jeffreys had drunk bumpers of brandy to the health of James the Second, and in which the founder of the house of Bentinck had entertained William the Third — that Mrs. Delany was first presented to George the Third and Queen Charlotte, on the occasion of a visit which they paid to the duchess. Bulstrode, whenever the court was at Windsor, was a favourite visiting place of the king and queen. To her friend, Mrs. Hamilton,[1] Mrs. Delany writes, on the 28th of June, 1779: "The royal family, ten in all, came at twelve o'clock. The king drove the queen in an open chaise. The Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick[2] rode on horseback; all with proper

[1] Dorothea, daughter of James Forth, Esq., of Redwood, in the King's County, and widow of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton, son of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn. The royal visit which Mrs. Delany describes in this letter took place in the preceding autumn.

[2] Afterward Duke of York.

attendants, but no guards. Princess Royal[1] and Lady Weymouth[2] in a post-chaise; Princess Augusta,[3] Princess Elizabeth,[4] Prince Adolphus,[5] about seven years old, and Lady Charlotte Finch,[6] in a coach; Prince William,[7] Prince Edward,[8] Duke of Montagu,[9] and Bishop of Lichfield,[10] in a coach; another coach full of attendant gentlemen. These, with all their attendants in rank and file, made a splendid figure as they drove through the park, and around the court, up to the house. The day was as brilliant as could be wished, the 12th of August, the Prince of Wales's birthday.[11] The queen was in a hat, and an Italian nightgown of purple lutestring, trimmed with silver gauze. She is graceful and genteel. The

[1] Charlotte Augusta Matilda married, May 1, 1797, Frederick William, Duke, and afterward King of Wurtemberg.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of the Duchess of Portland, married, May 22, 1759, Thomas, Viscount Weymouth, afterward Marquis of Bath.

[3] Sophia Augusta died unmarried.

[4] Elizabeth married, April 7, 1818, Philip Augustus Frederick, hereditary Prince of Hesse Homberg.

[5] Adolphus Frederick, afterward Duke of Cambridge.

[6] Governess to the younger children of George the Third.

[7] William Henry, afterward King William the Fourth.

[8] Afterward Duke of Kent.

[9] George, last Duke of Montagu, K. G., governor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. He died May 23, 1790.

[10] Richard Hurd, afterward translated to Worcester, preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

[11] The Prince of Wales had this day completed his sixteenth year.

dignity and sweetness of her manner, the perfect propriety of everything she says or does, satisfies everybody she honours with her distinction so much that beauty is by no means wanting to make her perfectly agreeable, and though age and long retirement from court made me feel timid on my being called to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at ease; for the king's condescension and good humour took off all awe but what one must have for so respectable a character, severely tried by his enemies at home, as well as abroad. The three princesses were all in frocks. The king and all the men were in uniform, blue and gold. They walked through the great apartments, which are in a line, and attentively observed everything, the pictures in particular. I kept back in the drawing-room, and took that opportunity of sitting down, when Princess Royal returned to me, and said the queen missed me in the train. I immediately obeyed the summons with my best alacrity. Her Majesty met me half way, and seeing me hasten my steps, called out to me: 'Though I desired you to come, I did not desire you to run and fatigue yourself.'

"They all returned to the great drawing-room, where there were only two armed chairs, placed in the middle of the room for the king and queen. The king placed the Duchess Dowager of Portland in his chair, and walked about admiring the beauties of the place. Breakfast was offered; all pre-

pared in a long gallery, that runs the length of the great apartments, a suite of eight rooms and three closets. The king and all his royal children, and the rest of the train, chose to go to the gallery, where the well-furnished tables were set; one with tea, coffee, and chocolate; another with their proper accompaniments of eatables, rolls, cakes, etc.; another table with fruits and ices in the utmost perfection, which, with a magical touch, had succeeded a cold repast. The queen remained in the drawing-room. I stood at the back of her chair, which, happening to be one of my working, gave the queen an opportunity of saying many flattering and obliging things. The Duchess Dowager of Portland brought her Majesty a dish of tea on a waiter, with biscuits, which was what she chose. After she had drunk her tea, she would not return the cup to the duchess, but got up and would carry it into the gallery herself, and was much pleased to see with what elegance everything was prepared. No servants but those out of livery made their appearance. The gay and pleasant appearance they all made, and the satisfaction all expressed, rewarded the attention and politeness of the Duchess of Portland, who is never so happy as when she gratifies those whom she esteems worthy of her attention and favours. The young royals seemed quite happy, from the eldest to the youngest, and to inherit the gracious manners of their parents. I cannot enter upon their particular

address to me, which not only did me honour, but showed their humane and benevolent respect for old age.

"The king desired me to show the queen one of my books of plants.[1] She seated herself in the gallery; a table and book laid before her. I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the mosaic paper work, and as I stood before her Majesty, the king set a chair behind me. I turned with some hesitation and confusion, on receiving so great an honour, when the queen said, 'Mrs. Delany, sit down; sit down; it is not everybody that has a chair brought her by a king.' So I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the queen asked me why I was not with the duchess when she came, for I might be sure she would ask for me. I was flattered, though I knew to whom I was obliged for the distinction, and doubly flattered by that. I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that time to pay my duty to her Majesty, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing so many of the royal family, which age and obscurity had deprived me

[1] At the age of seventy-four, Mrs. Delany invented a new and beautiful mode of representing plants and flowers, the leaves of which she cut out and shaped from variously coloured Chinese paper, and placed on a black background. This art she prosecuted to her eighty-third year, when the gradual failure of her eyesight compelled her to lay it aside. In that interval, however, of less than nine years, she had finished no fewer than nine hundred and eighty plants.

of. 'Oh! but,' said her Majesty, 'you have not seen all my children yet.' Upon which the king came up and asked what we were talking about, which was repeated, when the king replied to the queen, 'You may put Mrs. Delany into the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle.'"

The result of the king's good-natured hint was a command for the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany to drink tea at the castle on the following evening. "We went at the hour appointed, seven o'clock," writes Mrs. Delany, "and were received in the lower private apartment at the castle; went through a large room with great bay windows, where were all the princesses and youngest princes, with their attendant ladies and gentlemen. We passed on to the bedchamber, where the queen stood in the middle of the room, with Lady Weymouth and Lady Charlotte Finch. The king and the eldest princes had walked out. When the queen took her seat, and the ladies their places, she ordered a chair to be set for me opposite to where she sat, and asked me if I felt any wind from the door or window. It was indeed a sultry day.

"At eight, the king came into the room with so much cheerfulness and good humour, that it is impossible to feel any painful restriction.[1] It was the hour of the king and queen, and eleven of the

[1] In another letter Mrs. Delany mentions the king coming into the room with his seven sons.

princes and princesses, walking on the terrace. They apologised for going, but said the crowd expected them; but they left Lady Weymouth and the Bishop of Lichfield to entertain us in their absence. We sat in the bay window, well pleased with our companions, and the brilliant show on the terrace, on which we looked; the band of music playing all the time under the window. When they returned, we were summoned into the next room to tea, and the royals began a ball, and danced two country-dances, to the music of French horns, bassoons, and hautboys, which were the same that played on the terrace. The king came up to the Prince of Wales, and said he was sure, when he considered how great an effort it must be to play that kind of music so long a time together, that he would not continue their dancing there, but that the queen and the rest of the company were going to the Queen's House, and they should renew their dancing there, and have proper music.

"I can say no more. I cannot describe the gay, the polished appearance of the Queen's House, furnished with English manufacture. The Prince of Wales dances a minuet better than any one I have seen for many years. But what would please you more, could I do it justice, is the good sense and engaging address of one and all."

Many years afterward, this letter, as well as another from which we may presently have to

quote, were lent by the Hamilton family to the late Mr. Croker, to be shown to the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent. The prince assured Mr. Croker that "they were accurately true."

Of the persons who attended on George the Third, when he visited Bulstrode in the autumn of 1778, not the least distinguished — nor the least beloved by the king — was Richard Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the eminent scholar, critic, poet, and divine. Doctor Hurd had been raised to the see of Lichfield in the year 1774, and, on the 5th of June, 1776, was gazetted as preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. "The Bishop of Lichfield," writes the king to Lord North, on the 28th of May, "has with great modesty and propriety agreed to be preceptor."

The Mr. Arnold, who is mentioned in the next letter from the king, was the Rev. William Arnold, B. D., a person of great learning and promise, who had recently been appointed sub-preceptor to the young princes. The king, who entertained the sincerest affection and esteem for him, had subsequently the satisfaction of presenting him with a canonry of Windsor, and the archdeaconry of Lichfield.

The King to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, August 24, 1777.

"MY LORD: — I cannot refrain from exercising the greatest comfort the human mind is capable of,

the communicating pleasure to those it esteems. Mr. Arnold has gained the greatest applause from the excellence of his sermon he has just delivered, which could have been equalled by nothing but the decency and modesty of his deportment. Indeed, this able, as well as valuable, man does the greatest justice to the propriety of your choice, and shows that your discernment into the characters of men is as conspicuous as your other great and amiable qualities.

"GEORGE R.

"*To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.*"

Mr. Arnold fell a victim to too close an application to study, and died insane, in 1802. From the following extract of a letter addressed by the king to Bishop Hurd, dated Windsor, 23d July, 1782, it would appear that this amiable person had on a previous occasion been afflicted with aberration of mind, which the king and queen, with a considerate delicacy which reflects great honour upon them, had religiously kept a secret. "I now come to a part of your letter," writes the king, "that gave me much concern; but should at the same time have felt hurt if you had not informed me of. I fear the relapse of poor Doctor Arnold. His conduct, during the time he attended you, seemed as favourable as any of us could desire. I hope he will soon be reinstated; and I trust you will not leave me in suspense upon a subject that

greatly interests me, for I have ever thought him not only ingenious, but perfectly upright, and, as such, I have a very sincere regard for him. Except the queen, no one here has the smallest suspicion of his having a fresh attack, which is an attention I am certain he every way deserves." During the last distressing illness of this excellent person he is said to have received great attention from his sovereign.[1]

In 1781, in consequence of the translation of Dr. Brownlow North from the bishopric of Worcester to that of Winchester, the king had the satisfaction of preferring Bishop Hurd to the former see. The king also appointed him his clerk of the closet.

The King to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

"WINDSOR, May 2, 1781.

"MY GOOD LORD:—I have this instant received the account of the death of my very worthy and much esteemed friend, the Bishop of Winchester.[2] To a heart like yours it is easy to conceive that the news could not reach me without causing some emotion, though reason con-

[1] Mr. Arnold, who was a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was the son of the Rev. Richard Arnold, fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and rector of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, the latter an author of some learning, though of little note.

[2] Dr. John Thomas, died May 1, 1781.

vinces me that for him it is a most welcome event. I therefore lose no time in acquainting you that I cannot think of any person so proper to succeed him as clerk of my closet as yourself; and, indeed, I trust that any opportunity that brings you nearer to my person cannot be unpleasing to you. Relying on this, I have acquainted the lord chamberlain to notify this appointment to you, but I thought any mark of my regard would best be conveyed by myself. I trust, therefore, that this letter will reach you before any intimation from him. I have also directed Lord North to acquaint you that I propose to translate you to the see of Worcester. With all the partiality natural to the county of Stafford, I should hope you will allow Hartlebury to be a better summer residence than Eccleshall, and I flatter myself that hereafter you will not object to a situation that may not require so long a journey every year as either of those places. Believe me, at all times,

"My good lord, your very sincere friend,

"GEORGE R.

"*To the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.*"

Of the king's general amiability and unaffected deportment, the following further extracts from the correspondence of the venerable Mrs. Delany continue to afford us very pleasing evidence:

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

(Extract.)

"BULSTRODE, 9th October, 1779.

"A summons came from Windsor to the Duchess Dowager of Portland to come that evening (the 29th ultimo), to the Queen's Lodge, and to 'bring Mrs. Delany with her.' The summons was obeyed to a minute. We were there at seven o'clock. Unfortunately, when we stopped at the Lodge, it rained violently, and her Grace — muffled up with her triple drapery — was, on stepping into the door, taken by the hand by his Majesty, before she could shake off her *involucrums*, who laid his commands on the Bishop of Lichfield to take care of me. Thus honourably conducted, we were led into the drawing-room to the queen. The ladies with her were Lady Holderness, Lady Weymouth,[1] Lady Charlotte Finch, Lady Boston, Lady Courtown, surrounded with her royal offspring. To tell you all the particulars of their gracious manners, and the agreeableness of the evening, and the delightful and uncommon scene of royal domestic felicity, — of the sweet music and of my flirtations, — would be rather too much for a letter, and must be postponed for a winter tale in St. James's Place, where I hope for the happiness of seeing my dear Elford friends much and often."

[1] Lady Holderness and Lady Weymouth were severally ladies of the bedchamber to Queen Charlotte.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port of Ilam.

(Extracts.)

"BULSTRODE, 10th Oct., 1779.

"In my last letter to your dear mamma, I began an account of the honours I received at the Queen's Lodge, Windsor, on Wednesday, the 29th of September, Princess Royal's birthday; but I do not remember where I left off, and am afraid I may repeat what I have already written; but that must take its chance.

"The queen was dressed in an embroidered lutestring; Princess Royal in deep orange or scarlet, I could not by candle-light distinguish which; Princess Augusta in pink; Princess Elizabeth in blue. These were all in robes, without aprons. Princess Mary,[1] a most sweet child, was in cherry-coloured tabby with silver leading-strings. She is about four years old. She could not remember my name, but, making me a very low curtsy, she said 'How do you do, Duchess of Portland's friend? And how does your little niece do? I wish you had brought her.' The king carried about in his arms, by turns, Princess Sophia,[2] and the last prince, Octavius,[3] so called, being the eighth son. I never saw more lovely children, nor a more pleasing sight than the king's fondness for them, and the queen's. For they seem to have but one mind, and that is to make everything easy

[1] Afterward Duchess of Gloucester, born April 25, 1776.

[2] Born November 3, 1777. [3] Born February 23, 1779.

and happy about them. The king brought in his arms the little Prince Octavius to me, who held out his hand to play with me, which, on my taking the liberty to kiss, his Majesty made him kiss my cheek. We had a charming concert of vocal and instrumental music; but no ladies, except those I have named, came into the second drawing-room, nor any of the gentlemen. They stayed in the concert-room. The king and the rest of the royal family came backwards and forwards, and I cannot tell you how gracious they all were. They talked to me a great deal by turns. When any favourite song was sung, the queen, attended by her ladies, went and stood at the door of the concert-room, and a chair was ordered to be placed at the door for the Duchess of Portland, when Prince Ernest [1] — about nine years old — carried a chair, so large he could hardly lift it, and placed it by the duchess for me to sit by her. We stayed till past eleven; came home by a charming moon; did not sup till past twelve, nor in bed till two."

Mrs. Delany to the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton.

"[BULSTRODE], 9 December, 1781.

"On Tuesday morning, a quarter before ten, the Duchess of Portland stept into her chaise, and I had the honour of attending her. We went to Garrat's [Gerard's] Cross, about the middle of the common, by the appointment and command of

[1] Afterward Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover.

the king, who came about a quarter of an hour after, with the Prince of Wales, and a large retinue. His Majesty came up immediately to the Duchess of Portland's carriage; most gracious, and delighted to see the duchess out so early. The queen was there, with the two elder princesses and Lady Courtown,[1] in a post-coach and four. The king came with a message from the queen to the Duchess of Portland, to say her Majesty would see her safe back to Bulstrode, and breakfast with her Grace. The Duke of Cumberland[2] was there, and a great many carriages, and many of our acquaintance; amongst them Lady Mary Forbes and her family. She took three rooms at the Bull Inn, and breakfasted thirty people, The king himself ordered the spot where the Duchess of Portland's chaise should stand to see the stag turned out. It was brought in a cart to that place by the king's command. The stag was set at liberty, and the poor trembling creature bounded over the plain, in hopes of escaping from his pursuers; but the dogs and the hunters were soon after him and all out of sight."

Two days afterward the duchess and Mrs. Delany paid a visit to their Majesties at Windsor.

[1] Mary, daughter and co-heir of Richard Powys, Esq., of Hintlesham Hall, Suffolk, and wife of James, second Earl of Courtown. She died in 1810.

[2] Henry Frederick, the king's brother.

"The king and queen and the princesses," writes Mrs. Delany, "received us in the drawing-room, to which we went through the concert-room. Princess Mary took me by the left hand; Princess Sophia and the sweet little Prince Octavius took me by the right, and led me after the Duchess of Portland into the drawing-room. The king nodded and smiled upon my little conductors, and bid them lead me to the queen, who stood in the middle of the room. When we were all seated, — for the queen is so gracious she will always make me sit down, — the Duchess of Portland sat next to the queen, and I next to Princess Royal. On the other side of me was a chair, and his Majesty did me the honour to sit by me. He went backwards and forwards between that and the music-room. He was so gracious as to have a good deal of conversation with me, particularly about Handel's music; and ordered those pieces to be played which he found I gave a preference to. In the course of the evening the queen changed places with Princess Royal, saying, most graciously, she must have a little conversation with Mrs. Delany, which lasted about half an hour. She then got up, it being half an hour after ten, and said she was afraid she should keep the Duchess of Portland too late. There was nobody but their attendants, and Lord and Lady Courtown. Nothing could be more easy and agreeable." In the winter of 1780–81, the king was deprived of the society

of two of his sons; the Duke of York having proceeded to Prussia, for the purpose of being educated for the military profession, and Prince William Henry, afterward King William the Fourth, having gone to sea as a midshipman of the *Prince George*. The king's farewell parting with the Duke of York — at this period the most beloved by him of all his children — not only brought tears into his eyes, but, during the long absence of that favourite son from England a mere recurrence to his name seems to have sensibly affected his partial father. On one occasion, a lady happening to surprise him with a tear falling down his cheek, the king made no secret of the source of his weakness. "I was entreating God," he said, "to bless and protect my dear boys."

On the 20th of August, 1782, death for the first time deprived George the Third of one of his beloved children. On that day died his youngest son, Prince Alfred, a few hours before whose dissolution the king addressed the following interesting letter to his spiritual adviser:

The King to the Bishop of Worcester.

"WINDSOR, Aug. 20, 1782.

"MY GOOD LORD: — There is no probability, and, indeed, scarce a possibility that my youngest child can survive this day. The knowing you are acquainted with the tender feelings of the queen's heart, convinces me you will be uneasy till apprised

that she is calling the only solid assistant under affliction, religion, to her assistance. She feels the peculiar goodness of divine Providence, in never having before put her to so severe a trial, though she has so numerous a family. I do not deny [that] I also write to you, my good lord, as a balm to my mind. As I have not you present to converse with, I think it the most pleasing occupation, by this means to convey to you that I place my confidence that the Almighty will never fill my cup of sorrow fuller than I can bear. And when I reflect on the dear cause of our tribulation, I consider his change to be so greatly for his advantage, that I sometimes think it unkind to wish his recovery had been effected. And, when I take this event in another point of view, and reflect how much more miserable it would have been to have seen him lead a life of pain, and perhaps end thus at a more mature age, I also confess that the goodness of the Almighty appears strongly in what certainly gives me great concern, but might have been still more severe. G. R.

"*To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.*"

"I was at Windsor Castle," writes Lord Bute's accomplished daughter-in-law, Mrs. Stuart, "at the time of the death of Prince Alfred, a child of two years old, and who had suffered great agonies. When he had become tranquil, shortly before expiring, the king took the queen out of the room,

and expressed a wish to read a sermon as usual, it being Sunday evening. He selected that of Blair on Death, which closes with the beautiful description from the Revelations of the Church triumphant. While reading it a slight knock was heard at the door. The king seemed to shudder, but went on reading. When the description was ended he went up to the queen, and taking her hand most affectionately said: 'Such, my dearest, I humbly trust our little Alfred now is. That knock informed me he is passed from death unto life.' He then wept tenderly."

Yet, tenderly as the king loved this child, there was another of his younger children whom he seems to have loved even better. "I am very sorry for Alfred," said the king, "but had it been Octavius, I should have died, too." Little did he anticipate, perhaps, when he uttered these words, that, in less than nine months, that cherished child would follow his infant brother to the tomb. Prince Octavius died on the 2d of May, 1783, at the age of four years and a few weeks. The following touching letter, written four days after the loss of his child, will best explain the state of the king's feelings:

The King to the Bishop of Worcester.

"My good Lord: — The humanity which is not among the least conspicuous of your excellent qualities would, I am persuaded, make you feel for

the present distress in which the queen and I are involved, had you not the further incitement of a sincere attachment to us both. The little object we are deploring was known to you, and consequently his merits; therefore you will not be surprised that the blow is strong. We both call on the sole assistant to those in distress, the dictates of religion. I have proposed to the queen, and she approves of it, that I should desire you to come on Saturday, and bring Mr. Fisher[1] with you; that, on Sunday, in my chapel in the castle, we may have the comfort of hearing you preach, and receiving from your hands the holy communion. I think this a very proper time for renewing the baptismal vow; and, though greatly grieved, I feel true submission to the decrees of Providence, and great thankfulness for having enjoyed for four years that dear infant.

"GEORGE R.

"*Windsor, May 6, 1783.*"

"The king and queen," writes Hannah More, "have suffered infinitely from the loss of the sweet little prince, who was the darling of their

[1] The Rev. John Fisher, Canon of Windsor, was for some time preceptor of the king's fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent, and afterward of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. In 1803 he was elevated to the bishopric of Exeter, and in 1807 was translated to the see of Salisbury. He died in May, 1825. Madame D'Arblay speaks of him as being "in very high and very deserved favour with all the royal family."

hearts. I was charmed with an expression of the king's: 'Many people,' said he, 'would regret they ever had so sweet a child, since they were forced to part with him. That is not my case. I am thankful to God for having graciously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years.'" Yet the grief of the king and queen is said to have been excessive.

It used to be related by the late Lady Charlotte Finch, governess to the younger children of George the Third,[1] that on the occasions when her duty obliged her to call up the king in the night, during the illnesses of any of his children, she had often been surprised at his not immediately noticing her summons. In due time, however, she discovered

[1] Lady Charlotte Fermor, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Pomfret, was born February 14, 1725, and married, in 1746, the Hon. William Finch, by whom she became the mother of George, ninth Earl of Winchelsea and fourth Earl of Nottingham. "As soon as the Prince of Wales [George the Fourth] was born," writes her accomplished acquaintance, Miss Cornelia Knight, "she took her station by his cradle, on being appointed governess to the royal infant and his future brothers and sisters. She had continued in the exercise of that duty till they were all grown up, and never was any one in a similar employment more sincerely or more justly esteemed and beloved. Her judgment was clear and her manners perfect. I have always thought it equally honourable to her royal pupils and to herself, that, however differing in pursuits and disposition, they were all warmly attached to Lady Charlotte Finch. It might be truly said of her that she was 'formed to make virtue amiable.'" Lady Charlotte died July 11, 1813, in her eighty-ninth year, having been a widow forty-seven years. "She was," writes Walpole, "an accomplished and most estimable person."

the cause. The king, before quitting his apartment, was in the habit of offering up his prayers, not merely for the recovery of his child, but for resignation and support for himself, and for wisdom to guide him so as to act for the best.

On the 7th of August, 1783, the queen gave birth to her fifteenth and last child, the Princess Amelia, who subsequently succeeded Prince Octavius as the darling child of her father.

CHAPTER IX.

State of Public Affairs — Rodney's Naval Victories — Relief of Gibraltar — "Armed Neutrality" of the Great Powers of Europe — First Appearance in Parliament of William Pitt, R. B. Sheridan, and William Wilberforce — General Admiration of Pitt's Eloquence — Charles Fox, His Position, and His Associates — Naval Operations against the Dutch — Rodney's Capture of the Island of St. Eustatia — Events in America — Surrender of Charleston to the British — Battles of Camden and Catawba Fords — Treasonable Correspondence of the American General Arnold with Major André — Tragical Fate of Major André — Indecisive Military Operations — Surrender of the British Forces under Lord Cornwallis to General Washington at Yorktown.

WHEN we last turned from the subject of politics to glance over the personal and domestic history of George the Third, black clouds were threatening the destinies of England. In addition to the contest which she was waging with her North American colonies, she was not only at war both with France and Spain, but hostilities with Holland were also imminent. Ireland was bordering on rebellion. The ancient naval glory of England seemed threatening to take its flight for ever. American privateers rode listlessly at anchor at the mouth of the Frith of Forth. England, as

has usually been her lot at the commencement of a deadly struggle, had shown herself only half armed and half prepared to encounter her foes. Happily, from this state of humiliation she was about to be raised by the genius and valour of an illustrious Englishman, whose story forms an interesting episode in the annals of those times.

Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, afterward Lord Rodney, was born on the 19th of February, 1718, and consequently, when, on the 1st of October, 1779, he was appointed naval commander-in-chief on the Leeward Island Station, he was in his sixty-second year. In the war with France which terminated in 1762, he had distinguished himself as a most able and gallant officer, since which period he had devoted much of his time and thoughts in devising projects for destroying or disabling the fleets of the enemies of his country. Unfortunately, the expenses entailed upon him by a numerous family, as well as the exercise of a too generous hospitality, and, it is said, the allurements of the gaming-table, had involved him in pecuniary difficulties, which rendered it much more convenient, if not safer, for him, to reside in France than in England. In Paris, however, where he took up his abode, not only did his striking person, his fascinating manners, and agreeable and enlightened conversation, lead to his society being courted by the most fashionable and most fastidious, but, in the highest

military and naval circles, ample honour was done to his ardent patriotism and great professional talents, by a people whom he had formerly taught to tremble at the mention of his name.

The great object of Rodney's life was to be afforded an opportunity of distinguishing himself in time of war. Bitter, then, had been his disappointment and mortification, when, on the breaking out of hostilities with France in 1778, not only did his repeated and, to use his own word, "humble" applications to the admiralty for employment prove ineffectual, but when one flag officer after another, junior to him in rank, was selected to serve against the enemy in preference to himself. Ardently he longed to repair to London, and to lay his claims personally before his sovereign, but his debts and his creditors prevented his quitting Paris. In his distress, according to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, he sent over Lady Rodney to England, in the vain hope of her being able to induce his friends there to open a subscription in his behalf at White's Club. "Delays," he writes to her, "are worse than death, especially at this critical time when every hour teems with momentary expectation of war."

The pecuniary relief, which Rodney was unable to procure from his friends in England, he subsequently owed to the noble generosity of a Frenchman and an enemy to his country. He was still longing for the means of transporting himself from Paris

to London, when the high-minded Maréchal Biron, in the most delicate manner, made him the offer of his purse. "He told me," writes Rodney, "that all France was sensible of the services I had rendered my country, and that the treatment, they all knew I had received, was a disgrace to the nation and to its ministers." Twice the offers of the "good old man," as Rodney styles him, were gratefully but firmly declined. Eventually, however, the temptation proved too great for the gallant admiral's powers of resistance. He has at length, he writes to Lady Rodney, on the 6th of May, 1778, been induced to accept the loan of one thousand louis from the maréchal; a sum, he adds, which will enable him to leave Paris without either incurring reproach, or being molested by his creditors. "Their demands," he proceeds, "were all satisfied this day; and the few days I remain in this city will be occupied in visiting all those great families from whom I have received so many civilities, and whose attention, in paying me daily and constant visits, in a great measure kept my creditors from being so troublesome as they otherwise would have been." It may be mentioned that, four years afterward, when the tidings of the great victory, obtained by Rodney over the Count de Grasse, spread consternation throughout France, the populace of Paris turned all their fury toward the venerable maréchal, and even menaced him with personal violence, as having been the

means of enabling Rodney to quit their shores. The peril, however, affected him but little. He gloried alike, he said, in the man whose freedom he had procured, and in the victory which he had so nobly won.

But although Rodney was now on the spot to urge his claims upon the admiralty, it was not till the 1st of October, 1779, that his services were called into requisition, when he was appointed commander-in-chief on the Leeward Islands and Barbadoes station. Little time was lost by Rodney in realising the expectations of his friends. Sailing from England, with a fair wind, on the 29th of December, he fell in with, and captured, on the 8th of January following, a rich Spanish convoy consisting of numerous vessels laden with naval stores and provisions, bound from St. Sebastian for Cadiz. But a far more brilliant success awaited him. On the 16th of the same month, he encountered, off St. Vincent, the Spanish fleet, consisting of eleven ships of the line and two frigates, commanded by Don Juan de Langara. The obstacles which stared him in the face, such as the approach of darkness, a lee shore rendered formidable by shoals and breakers, and the tempestuous state of the weather, would have probably deterred a less adventurous commander from seeking to bring on an action, and thus have afforded the enemy an opportunity of effecting their escape. Rodney, however, at once bore down upon the Spanish

admiral, by whom he was encountered with a gallantry equal to his own. In darkness and confusion the conflict raged till two hours after midnight, when one of the Spanish line-of-battle ships blew up with a terrible explosion. Every person on board perished. Subsequently, four of the enemy's line-of-battle ships, including Langara's flag-ship, the *Phœnix*, were captured and brought into Gibraltar. Two more were driven on shore and lost, the remainder effecting their escape in so shattered a condition that the Spanish fleet may almost be said to have been annihilated.

Thus was Rodney enabled to carry out the first article of his instructions, the relief of Gibraltar, at this time closely besieged by the forces of Spain and France. Considering the contemptuous treatment which he had received from the government, we may readily imagine the proud nature of his feelings when he took up his pen and wrote to his ungracious employers: "Great Britain is again mistress of the Straits." To Lady Rodney he writes, a few days afterward: "I have likewise relieved Minorca; and Great Britian this moment reigns sovereign of the Mediterranean, as well as of the ocean." Having supplied Gibraltar with provisions and other stores, and having received the congratulations of its brave defenders, Rodney, in pursuance of his instructions, steered his course for the West Indies, where he hoped to achieve still more important and brilliant triumphs. The

advantages which, at this momentous national crisis, a glorious and overwhelming naval victory would confer upon Great Britian were incalculable. Not only was Holland secretly preparing to become the ally of France and Spain, but most of the great powers of Europe, jealous of the maritime power, and of the exclusive maritime rights claimed by Great Britain, were leagued against her by what is well known as the "Armed Neutrality." All that man could do, Rodney was alike prepared and burning to achieve. Great, then, was his satisfaction, when the sight of the French fleet, commanded by the Count de Guichen, seemed to assure him the great victory which he had so long been promising himself. He was destined, however, to encounter a bitter disappointment. Having succeeded in gaining his primary object, that of bringing the enemy to close quarters, he bore down, with his accustomed gallantry, in his flag-ship, the *Sandwich*, upon De Guichen's flag-ship, the *Couronne*, expecting to meet with that entire support from his officers, without which it was impossible that a signal and decisive victory could be achieved. Owing, however, either to pusillanimity, to disaffection, or to inefficiency, on the part of his captains, the British ships became only partially engaged, and the action consequently proved to be an indecisive one. Neither did Rodney's disappointment cease here. He had not only the mortification to learn, at a

later date, that De Guichen had returned with his ships to Europe, convoying a rich fleet of homeward-bound merchant-ships, but that the Spanish fleet, under the command of Admiral Solaro, which he had hoped to intercept and force to give him battle, was riding securely at anchor at Havana.

In the meantime, the British Parliament had been dissolved on the 1st of September, and on the 31st of October the recently elected House of Commons, comprising no fewer than one hundred and thirteen new members, assembled at Westminster. Ministers, at the commencement of the campaign, achieved several signal triumphs. In both Houses of Parliament, the amendments proposed by the opposition to the address were rejected by large majorities. The government nominee for the speakership of the House of Commons, Mr. Charles Wolfran Cornwall, was elected in the place of Sir Fletcher Norton.[1] Under these circumstances, it was to no purpose that Burke again brought forward his plan of economical reform. It was thrown out on the second reading by 233 against 190. Equally futile was an attempt made by Fox to put an end to the war with the American colonies. His motion was rejected by a majority of 73.

Among the members who now for the first time took their seats in the House of Commons,

[1] Mr. Cornwall was elected by 203 votes against 134.

were William Pitt, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and William Wilberforce. Pitt and Wilberforce had severally just completed the age of twenty-one. Sheridan had just completed his twenty-ninth year. Charles Fox was in his thirty-second year. Pitt was returned by Sir James Lowther for the close borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland; Sheridan was elected for Stafford, and Wilberforce, at the cost of between £8,000 and £9,000, for Hull.

Wilberforce's first speech in Parliament was delivered on the 17th of May, 1781, but with what amount of success his sons, in their biography of him, have not recorded. Sheridan spoke for the first time on the 20th of November, 1780, on a subject of considerable interest to himself, the validity of his own election for Stafford. His performance gave but little promise of the brilliant future which awaited him. When, before quitting the House, he anxiously inquired of his friend Woodfall what his opinion was of his speech, the latter honestly told him that he thought he had mistaken his vocation, and that he had better have clung to his former pursuits. "It is in me, however," vehemently exclaimed Sheridan, "and by —— it shall come out!"

Very different was the effect produced by the first parliamentary effort of William Pitt. The first occasion on which he spoke was on the side of the opposition, on the motion for the second

reading of Burke's Economical Reform Bill. When he rose from his seat, it was in a House in which no fewer than four hundred and twenty-three members were present, each and all of whom were curious to listen to the son of the illustrious Chatham. One who himself spoke on that night has described the deportment and language of the youthful orator, as well as the sensation which his eloquence produced. Speaking from under the gallery, on the opposition side of the House, the few first sentences which he uttered showed him to be already the consummate master of an art in which others have expended years of toil and study without acquiring more than a respectable mediocrity. No superfluous imagery, no attempt at brilliancy of effect, not even a classical allusion, marked this first and famous display of the great oratorical powers of the younger Pitt. His manner was calm, modest, dignified, and perfectly self-possessed. His voice was alike silvery and sonorous. His words flowed from him in language as accurate, rich, and fluent, and in sentences as rounded and finished, as if he had been reading or rehearsing them in the privacy of his own study. His audience, as they listened to them, recognised in him, at once, not only the mature and ready-formed orator, but in all probability the future first minister of the Crown. The sensation which his eloquence produced was intense; his success was complete. Lord North pronounced it to be

the best "first speech" to which he had ever listened. He is not merely a chip of the old block, said Burke, but the old block itself. The older members perceived in his countenance, as well as in his genius, a resemblance to his illustrious sire. "To identify him," said Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, "there wanted only a few wrinkles in his face."

Among the foremost to congratulate the young orator was Charles Fox, who, notwithstanding the long and bitter animosity which had existed between their fathers, hastened to assure his future rival how highly he appreciated the eloquence and ability which he had just displayed. "Fox," writes Walpole, "was charmed with his outset, and loved him." Only on one occasion had they previously met, when, during a debate in the House of Lords, Pitt, then a mere boy, had accidentally found himself standing side by side with Fox upon the steps of the throne. On that occasion, Fox, as he himself used to relate, had been not a little surprised at the deep interest taken in the discussions by one so young; the future orator repeatedly turning to him and exclaiming, "But surely, Mr. Fox, that might be met thus;" or, "Yes, but surely, he lays himself open to this retort." When they now for the second time met, and while they were renewing their acquaintance in the House of Commons, a veteran member, said to have been General Grant, approached and somewhat disconcerted them both

by an ill-timed remark which escaped him. "You may well," he said to Fox, "praise young Pitt for his speech, for except yourself there is no man in the House could have made such another. Old as I am, I expect and hope to hear you both battling it within these walls, as I have done your fathers before you." "General," was the happy reply of Pitt, "I have no doubt you would like to live to the age of Methuselah."

On the 31st of May following, Pitt again addressed the House of Commons; Fox, who at the same moment had risen to speak, at once giving way and resuming his seat. On this, as on the first occasion, the success of the youthful orator was complete. "The papers," writes his friend Wilberforce, a few days afterward, "will have informed you how Mr. William Pitt, second son of the late Lord Chatham, has distinguished himself. He comes out, as his father did, a ready-made orator, and I doubt not but that I shall one day or other see him the first man in the country." In the same spirit of prophetic commendation, Horace Walpole writes to General Conway, on the 3d of June: "Young William Pitt has again displayed paternal oratory. The other day, on the Commission of Accounts, he answered Lord North, and tore him limb from limb. If Charles Fox could feel, one would think such a rival, with an unspotted character, would rouse him. What if a Pitt and Fox should again be rivals?" Great, indeed, was

the advantage which Pitt's "unspotted character" gave him over Fox. Not only had the latter, by high play, by his dealings with money-lenders, and by the pursuit of pleasure, reduced himself to the verge of ruin, but it was a fact, that at the very time when Pitt was achieving his second triumph in the House of Commons, the sheriff's officers were actually in possession of Fox's house in St. James's Street. "As I came up St. James's Street," writes Walpole to General Conway, on the 31st of May, "I saw a cart and porters at Charles's door; coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awakened his host of creditors, but unless his bank had swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it would not have yielded a sop apiece for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious, and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned, full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles? He came up, and talked to me at the coach window on the Marriage Bill, with as much sang-froid as if he knew nothing of what had happened."[1]

[1] On the 6th of May, Walpole had written to General Conway: "My nephew, Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Aston, went early the other night to Brooks's before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick, who kept the bank there, were come; but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke their bank, and won above four thousand pounds. 'There!' said Fox; 'so should all

"It is a curious fact," writes Lord Macaulay, "well remembered by some very recently living, that, soon after this debate [26th February], Pitt's name was put up by Fox at Brooks's." Doubtless Fox and his political friends were only too pleased at being able to attach to their society as well as to their party one of so illustrious a name and of parliamentary abilities of so high a promise, but it was a predilection which proved only of short continuance. It was, in fact, only three years afterward, that — opposite to the very windows of Brooks's, and apparently at the instigation of some of its members — Pitt was subjected, not only to the grossest insults, but to imminent personal peril. Yet, notwithstanding the indignation which this outrage is likely to have provoked in his mind, and the further fact that the most prominent members of the club subsequently became his bitterest political opponents, he continued to pay his subscription to Brooks's to the close of his life. Wraxall informs us, and we may readily credit the fact, that from the time that Pitt became prime minister he rarely crossed its threshold.[1] In addition to

usurpers be served.' He did still better; for he sent for his tradesmen, and paid as far as the money would go. In the mornings he continues his war on Lord North, but cannot break that bank."

[1] "Mr. Pitt was proposed by Mr. Fox on the 20th of February, and chosen February 28, 1781. Mr. Pitt continued a member of Brooks's Club up to the year in which he died, — 1806."

Brooks's, he was also, at this time, a member of "Goosetree's," in Pall Mall, a club consisting chiefly of young men of a social position corresponding to his own, where he certainly played frequently, though probably not deeply. "I well remember," writes Wilberforce, "the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever." Ambition, not pleasure, had become the goddess of his idolatry. "Fox," writes Wraxall, "soon perceived the coldness of his new ally, for whom play had no attractions, and who beheld a faro-table without emotion."

In the meantime, the war which Holland had provoked with Great Britain was productive of little advantage to the Dutch. Not only in both the Indies, as well as nearer home, were her merchantmen captured by the British, but, in the West Indies, the important island of St. Eustatia, the great mart for her merchandise and wealth in that quarter of the world, was surrendered at the approach of the British fleet under the command of Sir George Rodney. It was in vain that the merchants of the island protested against what they styled an invasion of private property and individual rights. In vain they insisted that St. Eustatia was a free port, and that the valuable stores which it contained were the property of other nations as well as of the Dutch. It was

Rodney's ready reply that not only the Dutch, but the British residents, were under contract to furnish naval stores and provisions to the enemies of Great Britain, and accordingly he turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances. "The island of Eustatia," he said, "was Dutch; everything in it was Dutch; everything was under the protection of the Dutch flag; and, as Dutch, it should be treated." The property seized was calculated to be worth two millions of money, in addition to which, six ships-of-war and one hundred and thirty merchant-vessels fell into the hands of the victors. A Dutch convoy, valued at more than half a million of money, had previously sailed from St. Eustatia, but was presently captured by a force which Rodney had despatched to intercept it on its way to Europe.

About six months after the capture of St. Eustatia, a gallant, though indecisive, action took place near the Dogger Bank between a British naval squadron, commanded by Admiral Hyde Parker, and a superior Dutch force under Admiral Zouttmann. So hard fought was the engagement, and so crippled at its close were the ships on both sides, that Admiral Zouttmann bore away with his squadron to the Texel, while Admiral Parker, dissatisfied alike with the admiralty and with his officers, made the best of his way to the Nore. Here the king paid him the high compliment of visiting him on board

his flag-ship, but, notwithstanding this flattering tribute to his personal merits, he insisted on resigning his command. "Sir," he said, in reply to the king's congratulations, "I wish your Majesty younger officers and better ships. As for me, I am grown too old for the service."

In the meantime, the war between Great Britain and her revolted colonies had been progressing with various success; not ingloriously, as regarded the military reputation of England, but evidently pregnant with ultimate failure and disgrace. On the 12th of May, 1780, the important city of Charleston surrendered to a British force of five thousand men, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton; upward of five thousand Americans, on that occasion, laying down their arms, and four hundred pieces of cannon, three American frigates, and one French frigate falling into the hands of the victors. This success was followed, on the 16th of August, by the battle of Camden, in which Lord Cornwallis, at the head of two thousand men, defeated General Gates with an army of upward of four thousand. Eight hundred Americans fell in battle; nine hundred and fifty were made prisoners. So signal was the victory, that Gates scarcely considered himself secure till one hundred and ninety miles separated him from the British headquarters.[1] Two days afterward,

[1] Apparently the horse which carried General Gates through his long flight was the son of the identical charger "properly

at Catawba Fords, Colonel Tarleton, a brave and impetuous officer, encountered a detached American corps commanded by General Sumpter, whom he utterly routed.

The American campaign of 1780 was distinguished by two episodes of considerable interest, the arch-treason of Gen. Benedict Arnold, and the hard fate of the chivalrous, accomplished, and idolised Major John André. In the story of the patriotism and death of poor André, the king appears to have taken the greatest interest. The well-known monument in Westminster, to the memory of him "who fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country," was erected by the king's commands and at his expense. Moreover, the king not only cordially sanctioned a proper provision being made for the mother and sisters of the departed hero, but, by a graceful act, apparently of his own suggestion, endeavoured to wipe away from his name and memory

caparisoned," which, nearly five years previously, the American Congress had presented to Washington's aide-de-camp, Colonel Baylor, for his gallantry at the battle of Princeton. According to the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of September 6, 1780: "General Gates's flight was rapidly continued three days into Virginia, one hundred and ninety miles from the field of action." It was effected, we are told, "upon a celebrated horse, the son of Colonel Baylor's 'Fearnought,' own brother to his Grace of Kingston's famous 'Careless,' purchased of a general officer of the first distinction." In the "Racing Calendar" for 1775, the Duke of Kingston's "Careless" figures as the sire of more than one race-horse of the time.

any undue odium, which, from the degrading manner of his death, was likely to attach to them. In the words of an American writer: "The generous sentiments and noble conduct of the king, both in regard to the memory of André and the tokens of substantial kindness to his family, claim and must ever receive the highest applause."

Lord George Germaine to Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton.

(Extract.)

"His Majesty has read with much concern the very affecting narrative of Major André's capture and the fatal consequences of that misfortune related in your letter, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to express his entire approbation of your having complied with his request of disposing of his commission for the advantage of his family. And I have the satisfaction to add that his Majesty has further extended his royal bounty to Major André's mother by the grant of a pension, and has offered to confer the honour of knighthood on his brother in order to wipe away all stain from the family, that the ignominy of the death he was so unjustly put to might be thought to have occasioned."

On the 4th of March, 1781, the king conferred, not knighthood only, but a baronetcy, on Major André's brother, William Lewis André, at whose

death, on the 11th of November, 1802, the title became extinct.

The first hostile encounter which took place the following year upon American soil was at a place called the Cowpens, in South Carolina, between one thousand British infantry and cavalry, commanded by Colonel Tarleton, and about the same number of American regulars and militiamen, led by General Morgan. Victory in the first instance seemed to favour Tarleton, before whose customary onset of impetuous valour the American militia gave way at every point. But, whatever cause may have changed the fortunes of the day, the Americans were afforded time to rally, and accordingly the gallant Tarleton — "that enterprising though inhuman young officer," as he is styled in the *New Jersey Gazette* of the 21st of February — not only found himself overpowered by superior numbers, but it was with difficulty that, at the head of a few dragoons, he contrived to cut his way through the enemy and effect his escape. In this unfortunate affair seven hundred British soldiers were either killed or taken prisoners.

But although, with this exception, success continued for a considerable time to wait on the British arms, so extensive was the basis of operations, so numerous and so wide apart were the different military posts which it was requisite to maintain, and so many brave men fell in the repeated engagements which took place, as to

render victory almost profitless, and ultimate success almost impossible. For instance, although Lord Cornwallis, with a very inferior force, succeeded in defeating the Americans at Guilford Court House and capturing four of their field-pieces, so weakened was his small army by a loss of five hundred men, killed and wounded, as to compel him, instead of pursuing the enemy, to retrace his steps. Equally unprofitable proved to be the success obtained by the British on the slope of Hobkirk's Hill, now a beautiful summer suburb of Camden, where Lord Rawdon, with only eight or nine hundred men, attacked and defeated General Greene, though in command of two thousand Americans. Again, although Colonel Cruger, the English commandant of the important post of Ninety-six, gallantly repulsed an assault made upon him by Greene, so reduced in numbers were the British forces, that Lord Rawdon was compelled to withdraw the garrison and to retire to Orangeburgh. Lastly, at the brilliant and well-contested action at Eutaw Springs, notwithstanding General Stewart found himself master of the field of battle, the loss of nearly seven hundred men, in killed, wounded, and missing, compelled him to retreat to Charleston, and thus enabled General Greene to reoccupy his former position. Well might Lord Cornwallis have exclaimed — as Pyrrhus exclaimed after vanquishing the Romans at Asculum: "One more

such victory and we are undone." Well, too, might Mr. Pitt describe the war in America as "a series of ineffective victories or severe defeats —victories only celebrated with temporary triumph over our brethren whom we would trample down, or defeats which fill the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valuable relations, slain in the impious cause of enforcing unconditional submission." By this time, so weakened was the British force in South Carolina as no longer to be able to keep the field, while, on the contrary, the spirits of the Americans seemed to rise with each successive discomfiture. Much of this uncomplaining, and even cheerful, endurance of disaster and defeat, appears to have been owing to the indomitable energy and lofty patriotism of their leader, General Greene. This remarkable man, although brought up to the humble occupation of a blacksmith, and a Quaker by persuasion, seems to have been eminently qualified, alike to win the confidence and affection of an army, and to distinguish himself in that irregular system of warfare, in which it was his fortune to find himself engaged. Long since, he had declared his resolution either to recover the Carolinas or die in the attempt; and though discomfiture had followed discomfiture his heart had never sunk within him, neither had his genius or his ingenuity ever failed him. On the 1st of May we find him writing to General Washington: "We fight; get beat, and fight again."

Had Great Britain, at this period, been mistress of the North American and West India waters, the great disaster which was impending over her would very probably have been averted. We allude, of course, to the approaching surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown. Unhappily, while the British fleet at New York, now under the command of Admiral Graves, amounted only to twenty-five sail of the line, a French fleet, consisting of no fewer than thirty-six, was riding triumphantly in the Chesapeake. The same relative disproportion marked the rival military forces on shore. When, for instance, the combined French and American army, under the command of Washington and De Rochambeau, commenced its march to give battle to the British in Virginia, it amounted to eighteen or nineteen thousand men, whereas Lord Cornwallis could number under his command only seven thousand.

Toward the extremity of a narrow peninsula, washed on the north side by the York River, and on the south side by the James River, formerly stood the flourishing town, but, in our time, almost deserted village, of Yorktown. Thither it was that Lord Cornwallis, at the approach of the formidable army which threatened him with destruction, withdrew with his comparatively insignificant force, and there, placing them behind the half-completed intrenchments which he had hurriedly thrown up, he prepared to defend himself to the

last. His situation was a very precarious one. In addition to inferiority of numbers, disease was beginning to spread havoc among his men, while the fact that the two rivers, which flowed one on each side of him, were in command of the enemy's war-vessels, rendered the investment of his position, by the enemy, a work of comparatively easy accomplishment. Lord Cornwallis was certainly not a military commander possessing the highest order of genius; but, on the other hand, he was an able soldier and a man of a high and noble resolution, and consequently, in the present perilous hour, the honour of his country, and the safety of his troops, could scarcely have been confided to more unexceptionable hands.

In the meantime, precarious as was the position of Cornwallis and of his gallant followers, their spirits had as yet been supported by the hope of receiving large reinforcements from New York, the arrival of which was hourly expected. On the 16th of September, Cornwallis had written to his superior officer, Sir Henry Clinton, representing his precarious position, and in reply had received the most cheering assurances of prompt assistance. "At a meeting," Clinton wrote back, "of the general and flag officers held this day, it is determined that above five thousand men, rank and file, shall be embarked on board the king's ships, and the joint exertions of the army and navy made in a few days to relieve you, and afterward coöperate

with you. The fleet consists of twenty-three sail of the line, three of which are three-deckers. There is every reason to hope we start from hence the 5th of October." But the 5th of October, and many succeeding days, came and went, and yet no sign of a friendly armament making its appearance on the waters gladdened the hearts of Cornwallis and his gallant troops. Meanwhile their position had become more and more perilous. Disease was rapidly thinning their ranks. Washington had succeeded in obtaining possession of some advantageous ground commanding the British works. On the 1st of October the investment of Yorktown was reported to be complete.

Washington had now easy work before him. On the 9th, the completion of his first parallel enabled him to open a deadly fire from mortars and howitzers. On the 14th he was far advanced in his second parallel. "I think," writes Washington to the president of Congress, on the 16th, "the batteries of the second parallel will be in sufficient forwardness to begin to play in the course of this day. The enemy last night made a sortie for the first time. They entered one of the French and one of the American batteries on the second parallel, which were unfinished. They had only time to thrust the points of their bayonets into the touch-holes of four pieces of the French and two of the American artillery, and break them off, but the spikes were easily ex-

tracted. They were repulsed, the moment the supporting troops came up, leaving behind them seven or eight dead, and six prisoners." A more successful sortie, however, was made, a little before daybreak, on the following day, when the British forced the redoubts that covered the batteries, spiked eleven heavy cannon, and, after having killed or wounded about one hundred French soldiers, regained their lines with little loss. But, by this time, one hundred pieces of heavy ordnance were playing from the batteries of the allies, while along the British works scarcely a British gun remained mounted. The storm of shot and shell was incessant. Even the heart of the noble Cornwallis began to fail him. Enfiladed at every point, his shells nearly expended, his defences half demolished and tumbling to pieces, there remained no hope of his saving his army from destruction but by withdrawing them across the York River to Gloucester Point, where he had previously had the precaution to throw up redoubts and intrenchments. "I had only," he writes to Sir Henry Clinton, "to choose between preparing to surrender next day, or endeavouring to get off with the greatest part of the troops, and I determined to attempt the latter."

But, by this time, the elements had leagued themselves on the side of the enemies of England. A part of the army had been safely carried over to the other side of the river, when there arose so

violent a storm of wind and rain, as effectually to prevent the embarkation of the remainder. The word surrender was a bitter one to pass the lips of the high-spirited and noble-minded Cornwallis, but no other alternative remained to him. Accordingly, on the 17th, he despatched a flag of truce to General Washington, admitting that his post was no longer tenable, and proposing a cessation of hostilities. The actual surrender of the British army took place on the 19th; the garrisons, both of Yorktown and Gloucester Point, being allowed to march out by beat of drum but with their colours cased. Moreover, orders were issued by Washington that, during the painful ceremonial of the British laying down their arms, no American or French soldier should indulge in any sign of exultation. Not a single camp-follower was allowed to witness the humiliation of the British arms. Unfortunately, this consideration for their feelings was ill responded to by the British officers, who, as they marched between the French and American lines, courteously saluted every French officer, however inferior his rank, while they pointedly refrained from taking any notice of the American officers, however high their grade.[1]

[1] "About one o'clock, the articles of capitulation were signed and interchanged, and about two o'clock P. M. the British garrison of York, led by General O'Hara, — Lord Cornwallis being indisposed, — were conducted by General Lincoln through the combined army, drawn up in two lines, to a field, where, having grounded their arms, and stripped off their accoutrements, they

At the time of the capitulation of Yorktown, the British army had been reduced by disease and the casualties of war to less than six thousand men, of whom only four thousand and seventeen were reported fit for duty. This great inferiority of force, as compared with that of the enemy, although it diminished the discredit of the surrender, in no degree abridged the magnitude of the disaster. With reference to the unfortunate delay which took place in despatching reinforcements from New York, no blame appears to attach itself to Sir Henry Clinton. "We had the misfortune," he writes, "to see almost every succeeding day produce some naval obstruction or other to protract our departure; and I am sorry to add that it was the afternoon of the 19th before the fleet was fairly at sea." Provoking, indeed, is the reflection, that, at the time when the British fleet — carrying on board of it an army of eight thousand troops — made its appearance off the Chesapeake, only five days had elapsed since the British army had laid down its arms. But whoever, or whatever, may

were reconducted through the lines, and committed to the care of a guard. At the same time, and in the same manner, the garrison of Gloucester was surrendered to the command of the Duke de Lauzun. Previous to this, a detachment of French, and one of American troops, took possession of the British hornworks, and planted on the epaulements the standards of the two nations." General Lincoln, who on this occasion conducted the British troops through the French and American lines, was the officer who commanded the garrison of Charleston on its surrender to Sir Henry Clinton, on the 12th of May, 1780.

have been the occasions of the heartburnings and recriminations which were the natural consequences of the surrender at Yorktown, that event had at least the desirable effect of bringing nearer to a close that fratricidal and miserable contest which Great Britain had so long and so unprofitably been waging with her revolted colonies. "The infant Hercules in his cradle," writes Franklin, "has now strangled his second serpent." From the day on which Washington and Cornwallis signed the articles of capitulation at Yorktown, the war may be said to have been at an end, and the Americans to have established themselves as a sovereign and independent people.

CHAPTER X.

Effect in England of the News of Lord Cornwallis's Surrender — Lord North's Distraction — The King's Equanimity — Debates in Parliament — Fierce Invectives of Charles Fox — Lord North's Defence — Speeches of Burke and Pitt in Opposition — Majority for Ministers — Decreasing Numbers of the Ministerial Majority in the House of Commons — Fox's Motion of Censure on Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty — Retirement of Lord George Germaine from the Ministry — Offence Given by His Elevation to the Peerage — Majority of One for Ministers on General Conway's Motion to Stop the War — Succession of Attacks on the Government — Lord North's Speech on Intimating the Resignation of Ministers — Distress of the King, Who Contemplates Retiring to Hanover — The Rockingham and Shelburne Administration — The King's Parting Letters to the Earl of Dartmouth and Lord North — Personal Affection of the King for Lord North.

On Sunday, the 25th of November, 1781, two days before the reassembling of Parliament, the despatch containing the news of the terrible calamity which had befallen the British arms arrived at the private residence of the secretary of state for American affairs, Lord George Germaine, in Pall Mall. Lord George, having in the first instance forwarded the despatch to the king at Kew, proceeded to Downing Street, in order personally to

break the distressing intelligence to Lord North. Apathetic as that stoical minister had shown himself on many previous occasions of national peril, the blow which now fell upon him completely staggered his philosophy. Scarcely could the painful reflection have failed to occur to him, not only how active had been the part which he had taken in prolonging, and conducting to a most humiliating close, a disastrous and ineffectual contest, but that latterly the part which he had taken had been in direct opposition to his own conscientious convictions. "I asked Lord George afterward," writes Wraxall, "how he [Lord North] took the communication when made to him. 'As he would have taken a bullet through his breast,' replied Lord George; 'for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment a few minutes, "Oh, God! it is all over!" words which he repeated many times under emotions of the greatest consternation and distress.'"

George the Third, on the contrary, deeply as the tidings of Lord Cornwallis's surrender must have distressed him, continued to display that equanimity and humble resignation to the will of Heaven which were his never failing characteristics in the hour of affliction. Infatuated as he may have been on the subject of retaining the American colonies as appanages of the British Crown; unfortunate as may have been his persistent attempt to obtain that object at the point

of the bayonet, — he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that his intentions had been honest, and that he had been actuated by no other motives that a desire to avert a consummation which, in common with numbers of wise and thinking men, he devoutly believed to be fraught with disgrace to his crown and kingdom, with future discord and enmities among the Americans themselves, and in every way adverse to the interests and welfare of his subjects on each side of the Atlantic. Even Lord Shelburne, little love as he personally bore his sovereign, had the generosity, in his seat in the House of Lords, to speak of the king's motives as those of "a prince of a valorous and generous mind, gathering firmness from misfortune."

On the day on which the despatch announcing the surrender of the British army at Yorktown was received by the government, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall happened to be dining with Lord George Germaine in Pall Mall, when he and his fellow guests were for the first time informed of the great calamity which had befallen the country. The conversation chancing to turn upon the hourly expected news of the dissolution of the Prime Minister of France, the Count de Maurepas, who had been greatly instrumental in prevailing upon his countrymen to take an active part in the contest between Great Britain and America, it was remarked by one of the guests that as De Maurepas

had witnessed the commencement of the American Revolution, it would probably grieve him not to survive its termination. "He has survived to witness it completely," replied Lord George; "the army has surrendered. The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper." He then, with visible emotion, drew forth a document announcing the disaster, and handed it to Wraxall to read aloud to the company.[1] It was in the course of the evening that the king's reply to the painful communication which had been despatched to him was received by Lord George Germaine. It was written in his Majesty's usually bold and steady characters, and yet, to the practised eye of Lord George, it afforded internal evidence that the king's mind was ill at ease. It was the king's practice in his correspondence with his ministers, as will have been remarked in these pages, to affix to his notes the exact hour and minute at which they were despatched from the palace, but, on this trying occasion, there was a significant departure from this almost invariable rule. As regards the sentiments contained in the note, they reflected, according to Lord George, the highest honour on "his Majes-

[1] Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, Nov. 29th: "They say that M. de Maurepas, who is dying, being told that the Duc de Lauzun had brought the news of Lord Cornwallis's surrender, said, — from Racine's 'Mithridate,' I think:

"'Mes derniers regards ont vu fuir les Romains.'"

ty's fortitude, firmness, and constancy of character." [1]

On Tuesday, the 27th of November, the king opened the session of Parliament with the usual speech from the throne. Retaining a firm confidence, he said, in the wisdom and protection of divine Providence, and firmly convinced of the justice of his cause, he had no doubt but that, "by the concurrence and support of Parliament, by the valour of his fleets and armies, and by a vigorous, animated, and united exertion of the faculties and resources of his people," he should be able to restore the blessings of peace to his do-

[1] Sir Henry Clinton's original despatch, announcing the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army, dated 29th October, 1781, No. 145, is indorsed as having been received in Downing Street "25th November, at midnight," viz., some hours after the conversation, which, according to Wraxall, took place at Lord George Germaine's table. From this circumstance, as well as from the fact of Sir Henry Clinton's despatch containing no "particulars" of the capitulation, it has been concluded that Sir Nathaniel's statement must be "entirely false." The "paper," however, which Wraxall read aloud, was evidently not Sir Henry Clinton's despatch, nor intended by Wraxall to convey the impression that it was, but the French account of the surrender, which, as may be seen by referring to the London newspapers of Monday, the 26th of November, was received at the secretary of state's office in the forenoon of the preceding day, and which contained much fuller particulars of the disaster than the English official account. Whenever Wraxall writes of what he himself actually saw or heard, there seems little reason, as far as we are able to judge, for questioning his truthfulness, however credulous he may at times have been in accepting as facts the statements of others.

minions. Such language as this, betraying, apparently, the resolution of the king and his ministers to prolong the unholy and disastrous war across the Atlantic, naturally provoked very severe animadversions from the opposition, in both Houses of Parliament. In the upper House, Lord Shelburne headed the attack on the government; while, in the Commons, Fox and Burke hurled their denunciations against Lord North and his colleagues in language of rare eloquence and most unsparing invective. It had been the general opinion, exclaimed Fox, that the speech from the throne would have invited Parliament to devise the most speedy and efficacious means of putting an end to the terrible calamities which at present afflicted the country, and of preventing the further disastrous expenditure of blood and treasure. But, instead, he added, of their having been gratified by so desirable an announcement, they had listened to a speech breathing vengeance, blood, misery, and rancour. He then gave vent to language such as has not been listened to in the House of Commons since the days of Charles the First, and such as George the Third may, as a true Christian, have forgiven, but which it was impossible that he should ever forget. "Those persons," said Fox, "who might chance to be ignorant that the speech from the throne was the composition, not of the sovereign himself, but of a Cabinet Council, would set it down as containing the sen-

timents of some arbitrary, despotic, hard-hearted, and unfeeling monarch, who, having involved his subjects in a ruinous and unnatural war to glut his feelings of revenge, was determined to persevere in it, in spite of calamity and even of fate. Divest the speech," said he, "of its official forms, and what was its purport? 'Our losses in America have been most calamitous. The blood of my subjects has flowed in copious streams. The treasures of Great Britain have been wantonly lavished. The load of taxes imposed on an overburthened country is become intolerable. My rage for conquest is unquenched; my revenge unsated; nor can anything except the total subjugation of my revolted American subjects allay my animosity.' As for ministers," he continued, "they were a curse to their country; they had made Great Britain an object of scorn and derision to the nations of the earth. But," he added, "the time will surely come when an oppressed and irritated people will firmly call for signal punishment on those whose counsels have brought the nation so near to the brink of destruction. An indignant nation would surely in the end compel them to make some faint atonement for the magnitude of their offences, on a public scaffold."

The reply of Lord North, however mistaken he may have been in his views, was able, dignified, and manly. Ministers, he said, had been accused of having instituted and persevered in the Ameri-

can war for the purpose of adding to the influence of the Crown. The charge was highly injurious and unjust. "Did not men know," he continued, "that the Americans wished to be governed by the king and their own Assemblies, and that they went to war because they would not be governed by the legislature of Great Britain?" It was not, therefore, to increase the influence of the Crown, but for the sake of the Constitution, — for the sake of preserving the supremacy and just rights and privileges of the Parliament of Great Britain, — that the war with the colonies had been carried on. A melancholy disaster, said Lord North, had befallen our arms in Virginia, but were we on that account to lie down and die? No! it ought rather to rouse, to urge, to impel, to animate us into action. By bold and united exertions everything might yet be saved. By dejection and despair everything must inevitably be lost. He had been threatened during the debate, he said, "with impeachment and the scaffold; but that threat should not deter him from doing his utmost to preserve the rights and legislative authority of Parliament. The war with America had been unfortunate, but it was not on that account necessarily an unjust one."

Lord North was answered by Burke in a speech of thrilling, if not convincing, eloquence. "Are we," he said, "to be told of the rights for which we went to war? Oh, excellent rights! Oh,

valuable rights! Valuable you should be, for we have paid dear at parting with you. Oh, valuable rights, that have cost England thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money! Oh, wonderful rights, that have lost to Great Britain her empire on the ocean, her boasted, grand, and substantial superiority, which made the world bend before her! Oh, inestimable rights, that have taken from us our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; that have taken from us our trade, our manufactures, and our commerce; that have reduced us from the most flourishing empire in the world to one of the most unenviable powers on the face of the globe! Oh, wonderful rights, that are likely to take from us all that yet remains!"

Pitt, also, speaking on the side of the opposition, acquired fresh laurels by his eloquence. "Mr. W. Pitt," writes Walpole, "again made a most brilliant figure, to the admiration of all men of all sides." Even those who remembered the brilliant eloquence with which Charles Fox, at the age of twenty, had addressed the House of Commons were not the less amazed at the finished oratory, the polished sentences, and the bitter invectives which they now listened to from the lips of his destined rival. Fox himself enthusiastically declared, in the course of the debate, that "he could no longer lament the loss of Lord

Chatham, for he was again living in his son, with all his virtues and all his talents."

Yet, brilliant, on this occasion, as was the display of eloquence on the part of the opposition, so powerful remained the parliamentary influence of Lord North, so great was the infatuation which pervaded both Houses of Parliament, and so unwilling were many members to stultify their recorded opinions and votes by pronouncing judgment against a war which they had so long and tenaciously supported, that the address was carried in the House of Lords by 75 peers against 31, and in the House of Commons by 218 votes against 129. To Lord North the king writes, on the following day, in allusion to the division in the Commons: "I am delighted at the majority, and not surprised that some principal members have wavered in their sentiments." It was not long, however, before waverers began to be converted into active opponents. So long as there had remained a prospect of lightening the pecuniary burdens of Great Britain by taxing America, the war had been a popular one; but now that the contest was evidently fraught with military disaster and financial distress, several independent members of the House of Commons, who had lately been stanch supporters of the government, began to withdraw from their allegiance. For instance, on the 12th of December, two wealthy and powerful commoners, Sir James Lowther, member for Cum-

berland, and Mr. Thomas Powys,[1] member for Northamptonshire, severally moved and seconded a resolution to the effect that any attempt to reduce America to obedience by force of arms was impolitic, and ought to be abandoned. The motion was lost, but it was only by a diminished majority of forty-one.[2] "I was rather disappointed," writes the king, on the following day, to Lord North, "at the majority not being greater against the question moved by Sir James Lowther."

Out-of-doors, moreover, as well as within the walls of Parliament, the public had begun to raise their voices against the further prosecution of the war. Meetings were convened by the Corporation of London; by the counties of Middlesex and Surrey; by the electors of Westminster, and by the West India merchants; at each of which, resolutions were passed condemnatory of the prolongation of hostilities. Ministers, who had long since been out of favour with the public, had, owing to a concurrence of adverse circumstances, become more unpopular than ever. The island of St. Eustatia had been recaptured by the Marquis de Bouillé. With the exception of Barbadoes and Antigua, all the Leeward Islands in the West Indies ceased to be in the possession of Great Britain. Minorca, containing the best harbour in

[1] Created, in 1797, Baron Lilford. He sat in five Parliaments for the county of Northampton, and died 26 January, 1800.

[2] 220 to 179.

the Mediterranean, had been compelled to capitulate.

But the event which, more than any other circumstance, tended to complete the unpopularity of the king's Tory ministers, was the inglorious return to England of Admiral Kempenfelt, who had been sent, with twelve sail of the line, to intercept a French fleet on its way from Brest for the East and West Indies, the capture of which appears to have been anticipated as a certain event. Kempenfelt, indeed, succeeded in falling in with the enemy, but, to his dismay, discovered that their force consisted of as many as nineteen line-of-battle ships, and consequently he felt it his duty to avoid an engagement. As might be expected, all the wrath of the country was poured upon Lord Sandwich, as first lord of the admiralty, who, while six ships-of-war were lying in the Downs, had allowed Kempenfelt to sail from England with so inadequate an armament. "If Lord Sandwich can weather it," writes Walpole to Mann, "he will be skilful or fortunate, indeed;" and Walpole adds, "Most mouths are opened against him, not only in opposition and in town, but at court." "The question of Kempenfelt," writes Sir George Savile to Lord Rockingham, "seems to lie in a mighty narrow compass. When you sent out twelve ships, did you know that they had nineteen, or not? If you did not, culpable ignorance; if you did, worse."

To attack Lord Sandwich in Parliament, and, in

the person of Lord Sandwich, the administration, was now the policy of the opposition. Accordingly, on the 7th of February, Charles Fox, in the course of a magnificent speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, not only charged him with being the author of the many naval failures and disasters which had disgraced the country during the war, but moved for a vote of censure upon his conduct. The result of the division manifested the growing weakness of the administration. The motion was defeated by a majority of only twenty-two, and when, on the 23d, the discussion was renewed by Fox, a majority of nineteen only was obtained by ministers.

Still more an object of dislike, as a minister, than Lord Sandwich, was Lord George Germaine. His declared and obstinate determination to advise the king to continue the war with America not only rendered him especially obnoxious to the opposition, but so detrimental was his general unpopularity to the well-being of the administration as to induce his colleagues to desire his retirement from office. "Let the consequence be what it may," had been his words in the House of Commons on the 12th of December, "I will never put my hand to any instrument conceding independence to the colonies. My opinion is, and has ever been, that the British Empire must be ruined, and that we never can continue to exist as a great or as a powerful nation, unless we retain the sovereignty

of America." On Lord North devolved the disagreeable task of communicating to his colleague the necessity for his resigning the seals. "Very well, my lord," was Lord George's reply, "but pray why is your lordship to stay?" It has been said, though apparently on insufficient authority, that it was with great unwillingness that the king accepted the seals from Lord George Germaine. At all events, the king's letters to Lord North betray no anxiety on this point. "Lord George," he writes, on the 26th of December, "is not unwilling to retire if he gets his object, which is a peerage. No one can then say he is disgraced;" and the king adds, "If you think it best to gratify Lord George, I will sound Mr. Jenkinson as to succeeding him." Lord George was accordingly offered a barony, but he haughtily insisted on being at once created a viscount. His aide-de-camp, he said, as well as his secretary and his advocate, had all been made barons, and he was unwilling to take rank below them.[1] This concession having been made to him, he was created, on the 11th of February, 1782, Viscount Sackville of Drayton in Northamptonshire; Mr. Welbore

[1] The persons alluded to by Lord George Germaine were Lord Amherst, at this time commander-in-chief of the army; Thomas de Grey, created Baron Walsingham in 1780, who had formerly been his under secretary of state in the colonial department; and Alexander Wedderburn, now Lord Loughborough, who had been Lord George's leading counsel at his trial by court martial in 1759.

Lord George Germaine.

Photo-etching from a rare old print

UNIV. OF MICH.

Ellis, afterward Lord Mendip, being at the same time appointed to succeed him as secretary of state for the colonies.

In more than one quarter, the elevation of Lord George Germaine to the peerage raised a vehement outcry, and nowhere a more furious and unmerited one than among the opposition lords in the upper House. They ought to have remembered that, whatever might have been Lord George's conduct at the battle of Minden, there had since elapsed an interval of twenty-two years, during which he had filled with zeal and ability more than one office in the state; and further, that his restoration to the Privy Council, in 1765, which had tacitly acknowledged his eligibility to hold those appointments, had been the act, not of his Tory friends, but of the Whigs themselves. But pity and generosity were alike lost sight of in the bitterness of party animosity. Lord Carmarthen not only moved a resolution to the effect that it was derogatory to the dignity of the House of Peers to raise to their order a person labouring under censure of court martial, but, even after the new peer had taken his seat on the benches of the House of Lords, he renewed his motion, in the words of Walpole, "like a bloodhound;" actually causing the sentence of the court martial to be read before Lord George's face.[1] The motion, which was met

[1] Francis Godolphin, Marquis of Carmarthen, succeeded in March, 1789, as fifth Duke of Leeds. "The king," writes Wal-

by Lord George with singular composure, was negatived by a large majority.

At length, on the 22d of February, 1782, when the unpopularity of ministers was at its height, and when the people of England were becoming more and more convinced of the madness of protracting the contest with America, General Conway, in a crowded and anxious House of Commons, moved an address to the throne, praying "that the war on the continent of North America might no longer be pursued for the impracticable purpose of reducing the inhabitants of that country to obedience." For many reasons, the task which he had undertaken could scarcely have been entrusted to more capable hands. Conway, it will be remembered, was the person who, in former years, had been the first to denounce Grenville's famous Stamp Act, and to foretell the terrible mischiefs with which it was pregnant, and who had afterward successfully moved for its repeal. On the present occasion he had alike diligently investigated, and thoroughly mastered, the merits of the all-important question on which he had engaged himself to speak; his patriotism and integrity were of the very purest cast; and lastly, being unconnected by political

pole, "was so angry at Lord Carmarthen's motion that he immediately ordered Lord George Germaine's patent to be notified in the next *Gazette*, which it was on the 11th." Lord Carmarthen had formerly been a lord of the bedchamber to the king, and afterward became lord chamberlain to the queen. He died 31 January, 1799.

ties with either the Rockingham or the Shelburne section of the Whig party, his arguments promised to carry with them all the weight which ought to attach itself to holy and earnest intentions. Happily the success which crowned his efforts was complete. "The effect of his speech," writes Walpole, "was incredible." The truth and sincerity which it breathed, combined with his manifest and affecting single-mindedness of purpose, and his intimate acquaintanceship with facts, rendered his speech, if not the most eloquent, at least one of the most convincing and effective of any in the memory of the oldest member of the House of Commons. Such was the effect which it produced that when, amidst a scene of extraordinary excitement, the result of the division was announced, it was found that the numbers were 194 to 193; thus leaving ministers with a majority of only one. Hearty congratulations complimented Conway on his noble success, of which the most eloquent was that of Charles Fox. Twice, he said, he had saved his country. This was his second triumph.

From this time, till the actual fall of the North administration, the House of Commons continued to present, almost daily, a scene of the keenest excitement. Attack after attack, attended with various success, was levelled at ministers. By both parties, every attempt was made — as had been the case during the memorable debates which

drove Sir Robert Walpole from his long tenure of power[1] — to secure the attendance and votes of the sick, the halt, and the lukewarm. The existence of the government was evidently becoming more and more precarious, and accordingly, as the chances of success fluctuated from time to time, the countenances of the members on the opposition side of the House are described as becoming more and more animated with confidence and hope, and those on the ministerial benches as correspondingly elated or dejected. As might be expected, the chief brunt of party violence fell upon Lord North, who was not only taxed with having brought ruin and humiliation on his country, but was also reviled for a further offence, of which he was certainly innocent, a greedy and unpatriotic attachment to the vulgar gains and godsends of office. To these attacks he was in the habit of replying with a composure and dignity which elicited admiration even from his enemies. He was resolved, he said, in the House of Commons, on the 5th of March, not to quit his post until he should receive his royal master's command to leave it, or till the will of the House, expressed in the most unequivocal terms, should point out the propriety of his

[1] "It was a most shocking sight," writes Horace Walpole, on the 22d of January, 1742, "to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides. Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude."

withdrawing from employment. "As to the emoluments of my situation," he exclaimed, "God knows, were they forty times greater than they are, they would form no adequate compensation for my anxiety and vexations, aggravated by the uncandid treatment that I frequently experience within these walls. It is not love of power or of greatness that retains me in my place. I speak in the presence of individuals who know how little I am attached to either." No one can doubt that there was truth in every one of these words. No one can doubt that, had it not been for the urgent entreaties of his sovereign, and his settled conviction that the measures advocated by the opposition were fraught with imminent peril to the Constitution, Lord North would long since have returned to that private station in which his many charming accomplishments and virtues so eminently qualified him to shine.

At all events, Lord North's desire for retirement was destined ere long to be gratified. The increasing weakness of the government had been sufficiently manifested on Friday, the 8th of March, when, on Lord John Cavendish bringing forward a string of resolutions to the effect that the present calamities which afflicted the country were attributable to the incapacity of the ministers of the Crown, a majority of ten only declared in their favour. This attack was followed by another, which took place on Friday, the 15th, when Sir

John Rous, member for Suffolk and a Tory, endeavoured to bring matters to a crisis, by proposing a direct vote of want of confidence in the government. On this vital occasion a reduced majority of nine was all that ministers were able to secure, and accordingly Lord North, perceiving that his ministerial days were numbered, prepared to descend from power with proper dignity and spirit. His wish, he told the House, was not only for peace, but for an administration that would act with unanimity and effect toward the general safety. He would form no obstacle to a coalition in which he should have no share of power or place. There were those, he said, who well knew that for years past he had been ready and willing to make way for such an administration, nor was it owing to any personal desire of his own that he had so long remained in his situation. "I declare to God," he exclaimed, "that no love of office or of emolument should detain me for a moment in place, if I could with honour leave it, and if certain circumstances, which I cannot now explain, did not prevent my resignation. A time may come, I flatter myself, when I can better speak upon this point. I act in obedience to a sense of duty, which neither persuasions nor menaces can influence me to abandon."

In the meantime, as the speedy return of the great Whig lords to power became more and more a matter of certainty, the king's distress and dis-

satisfaction may be readily imagined. Alluding to the majority of "nine," he writes to Lord North, on the 15th: "It looks as if the House of Commons are going lengths that could not have been expected. I am resolved not to throw myself into the hands of opposition at all events, and shall certainly, if things go as they seem to tend, know what my conscience, as well as honour, dictates as the only way left for me." Again the king writes, on the 19th: "After having yesterday, in the most solemn manner, assured you that my sentiments of honour would not permit me to send for any of the leaders of opposition and personally treat with them, I could not but be hurt at your letter of last night. Every man must be the sole judge of his feelings; therefore, whatever you or any man can say has no avail with me." This latter note was written on the eve of the memorable Wednesday, the 20th of March, on which day the Earl of Surrey had engaged himself to propose a second vote of want of confidence in ministers. That day had been impatiently expected both in and out of Parliament as well as by the king, and accordingly, when four o'clock on the 20th arrived, there had assembled not fewer than four hundred members of the House of Commons, each and all of them eager to listen to a debate which, in point of eloquence and party fierceness, threatened to match even the memorable one which, forty years previously, had preceded the downfall of Sir Rob-

ert Walpole. It was a treat, however, of which they were destined to be disappointed. At the very time when the House was filling, Lord North was engaged in a long conference with the king at St. James's, toward the close of which he succeeded in wringing from his Majesty the reluctant admission that, owing to the adverse spirit which pervaded the House of Commons, he considered it to be no longer in the power of his present servants to carry on the government, and consequently that he regarded the administration as at an end. "Then, sir," inquired Lord North, "had I not better state the fact at once?" The king offering no further objections, Lord North hurried off to Westminster in his court dress and blue riband, for the purpose of announcing his resignation to, and arresting further hostile proceedings in, the House of Commons.[1]

While this scene had been passing at St. James's, the House of Commons had been momentarily and anxiously expecting the appearance of the prime minister. Lord Surrey waited only for his arrival to commence his attack. Each time that the door of the House opened, every eye was turned in that direction. When, at length, the premier entered,

[1] On the preceding day the king had written to Lord North: "Till I have heard what the chancellor has done, from his own mouth, I shall take no step; and if you resign before I have decided what to do, you will certainly for ever forfeit my regard."

loud cries of "Order, order, places, places," accompanied him as he advanced toward the treasury benches, where he had scarcely seated himself for a few seconds before he again stood up and attempted to speak. Lord Surrey, however, who had a prior right to address the House, rose at the same moment, and as Lord North, notwithstanding the clamours of the opposition, manifested an earnest determination not to give way, a scene of the greatest confusion was the consequence. At last, Charles Fox, having found means to secure a moment's hearing, moved that "the Earl of Surrey do now speak." "I rise to speak to that motion," was the pleasant and adroit rejoinder of Lord North; and having thus succeeded in gaining the ear of the House, he at once announced the unexpected and exciting intelligence that not only had he ceased to be first minister of the Crown, but that it was the intention of his Majesty to effect an entire change in the administration. He then, with great feeling and tact, thanked the House for the kindness, forbearance, and indulgence, which for so many years he had experienced at their hands. His sovereign, he said, would probably find it easy enough to supply his place with a minister of sounder judgment and more brilliant abilities; but one more jealous of the honour of his country, one more anxious to advance its interests, and to maintain the Constitution inviolate, or one animated by more devoted

feelings of loyalty toward his sovereign, his Majesty would discover some difficulty in obtaining. Whoever, he continued, might be the individuals appointed to succeed him and his colleagues in the ministry, he trusted their measures might be such as to extricate their common country from its present critical situation, to render her happy and prosperous at home, and honoured and glorious abroad. As regarded his past conduct as a minister, he was aware, he said, that he was responsible for whatever measures he might have adopted. He had often been threatened with an investigation into his public conduct, but so far was he from shrinking from such an inquiry, that he would ever be ready to encounter it, let the ordeal be what it might. Lastly, he moved that the House adjourn for some days, in order to afford his Majesty time to effect such changes in the administration as he might deem proper.

No minister of this country, not even Sir Robert Walpole, ever laid down power and retired into private life with a more becoming cheerfulness and grace than Lord North. His wit and good humour never shone to greater advantage than in the season of his defeat and disgrace. For instance, on the night on which he communicated the fall of the ministry to the House of Commons, the snow happened to be falling thick and uninterruptedly, entailing much unexpected discomfort upon the greater number of the mem-

bers, who, in anticipation of a long debate, had dispensed with the attendance of their equipages till a much later hour. Accordingly, on the breaking up of the House, the only carriage visible was that of the ex-minister, who, as he stepped into it, could not refrain from casting back a look of good-humoured triumph upon the throng of luckless senators, chiefly his bitterest political enemies, who crowded the passage and doorway. "Good night, gentlemen," he said; "you see the advantage of being in the secret." "No man," writes his friend, Mr. Adam, "ever showed more calmness, cheerfulness, and serenity. The temper of his whole family was the same. I dined with them that day, and was witness to it." When, a few days after his resignation, a friend expressed some surprise at the unexpected event, Lord North is said to have smilingly applied to himself the words which Shakespeare places in the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey:

> "What, amazed
> At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
> A great man should decline?"
> — *King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Even on the painful and embarrassing occasion of his taking his final leave of the king, his accustomed pleasantry did not fail him. When he entered the royal closet the rain happened to be falling in torrents. "Have you been out to-day, — have you been out to-day?" inquired the king,

with that hurried nervous utterance which was usual with him when suffering from distress of mind. "Sir," replied the fallen minister, "I was turned out yesterday. I would not turn a dog out such a day as this." According to the questionable authority of Horace Walpole, the king's manner to Lord North on this occasion was ungracious almost to rudeness. "Remember, my lord," are said to have been his parting words, "it is you that desert me, not I you." [1]

By the resignation of Lord North, the King was placed not only in an embarrassing, but in a most humiliating position. Not only, within the last few weeks, had he emphatically declared that "no difficulties" should induce him to consent to a peace at the expense of separation from America, but, as we have seen, he had much more recently, and twice over, expressed his fixed determination "not to throw himself into the hands of opposition." After such protestations as these, the sacrifices, which he was now required to make, of summoning to his presence individuals who were not only pledged to the independence of America, but who had rendered themselves personally obnoxious to him, must have occasioned him the bitterest mortification. So distressing was the conflict which

[1] As this anecdote appears to rest on the sole authority of Walpole, it is as well again to point out, and, indeed, constantly to bear in mind, the inveterate aversion which that author, in his writings, almost invariably displays toward his sovereign.

prevailed in his mind, that he not only contemplated exchanging the crown of Great Britain for a calm retirement in his electoral dominions, but orders for fitting out the royal yacht with all expedition for sea are said to have been actually issued.[1]

At the time of Lord North's resignation, the great opposition party may be said to have consisted of two sections. At the head of one was Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, whose constitutional diffidence, and want of abilities of a high order, were to a great extent atoned for by his great territorial possessions, his parliamentary influence, his excellent common sense, and his unimpeachable integrity in public, as well as in private life. His principal supporters in Parliament were Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, men whose brilliant talents and marvellous eloquence more than made amends for the want of those qualities in their leader.

The chief of the other, and less powerful, section of the great Whig party was William, Earl of

[1] "The present king, George the Fourth," writes Lord Holland, "told me a story of his father's plan of retiring to Hanover, and described, with more humour than filial reverence, his arrangement of the details, and especially of the liveries and dresses, about which he was so earnest that it amounted almost to insanity. The period, however, of these strange fancies was, I think, that of Lord George Gordon's riots, not of the fall of Lord North's ministry. Perhaps he might have talked of such a project on both occasions, and he was more likely to communicate his half-formed intentions to his son in 1780 than in 1782."

Shelburne, afterward first Marquis of Lansdowne, a nobleman undoubtedly gifted with many of those high qualities which are requisite to fit a minister to rise to the highest office in the state. His figure was commanding; his address insinuating. Neither his political nor his personal courage were ever called in question. A certain grace attached to him as a lover of literature and the arts, and an encourager of science. His oratorical powers were considerable. When William Pitt, then a boy, first listened to him in the House of Lords, it was with the greatest admiration. "Lord Shelburne," he writes to his mother, Lady Chatham, "was as great as possible. His speech was one of the most interesting and forcible, I think, I ever heard, or even can imagine." Moreover, Lord Shelburne had the advantage of possessing great political knowledge and administrative experience. With foreign affairs perhaps no statesman of his age was more conversant. Lastly, he had not only closely studied, and made himself a complete master of finance, but the proud distinction has been awarded him of having been the first British statesman to comprehend and advocate the great principles of free trade. But unhappily, if Lord Shelburne's contemporaries are to be credited, these eminent qualities were thrown into the shade by an insincerity which amounted to a profound and systematic duplicity. Men, as is well known, nicknamed him Malagrida, after a celebrated Italian

Jesuit of that name. The king himself in one of his letters speaks of him as a "Jesuit of Berkeley Square." [1]

The principal persons who regarded Lord Shelburne as their leader were the high-minded Lord Camden, Colonel Barré, and John Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton. As these statesmen constituted the remnant of the party which had followed the banner of the illustrious Chatham, it was natural that his son, William Pitt, should ally himself to this section of the Whig party, instead of to that of which Lord Rockingham was the chief. It was natural, also, considering Lord Shelburne's parliamentary abilities and experience, and his ardent desire to prevent the separation of America from Great Britain, that the king should desire to see him at the head of his councils, rather than the nominee of Charles Fox and of the more thorough-going Whigs. Nevertheless, on the resignation of Lord North, the king caused overtures to be in the first instance made, through the chancellor, to Lord Rockingham, whose terms, however,

[1] Malagrida was strangled and burnt at Lisbon in 1761. "Do you know," once inquired Goldsmith of Lord Shelburne, "that I never could conceive the reason why they call your lordship Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man?" Goldsmith's real meaning was explained as follows by Doctor Johnson: "Goldsmith's blundering speech to Shelburne, which has been so often mentioned, and which he really did make to him, was only a blunder in emphasis; it meant, 'I wonder why they should use Malagrida as a term of reproach.'"

proved so hard, and who demanded such sweeping changes in the government, that the negotiation was broken off almost as soon as it commenced. "Lord Rockingham," said the chancellor, "was bringing things to a pass where either his head or the king's must go, in order to settle which of them was to govern the country." The king now applied to Lord Sheldburne to form an administration, but with the same unsatisfactory result, and accordingly, in his distress, he sent for Earl Gower. That nobleman, however, although not devoid of ambition, was either "too indolent or too timid to accept the post;" thus reducing the king to the humiliating necessity of summoning Lord Shelburne a second time to his presence. Lord Shelburne on this occasion very properly and judiciously recommended the king to send for Lord Rockingham; his own party, he said, not only being the weaker of the two, but he himself having many personal enemies, whereas Lord Rockingham had none. "If," writes Walpole, "he undertakes, he will carry very little strength, but ample unpopularity." Lord Shelburne himself subsequently remarked to Lord Rockingham, "My lord, you can stand without me, but I cannot without you."

When Lord Shelburne quitted the royal closet, it was with full powers to treat with Lord Rockingham as to men and measures, and with the distinct understanding that the latter nobleman was to be placed at the head of the treasury. Thus

far the king's conduct had been both constitutional and proper; but, unfortunately, so exasperated was he at the exorbitant demands which had been lately made upon him by the marquis, moreover, so morbidly reluctant was he to renew his personal intercourse with a nobleman whose power he feared no less than he despised his abilities, that, instead of sending for, and receiving him, with a good grace, he expressed his determination not to admit him into the royal closet till after the completion of his ministerial arrangements. So marked a manifestation of displeasure and distrust could scarcely fail to have the double effect of wounding the pride of Lord Rockingham, and of lowering him in the estimation of the public, and, accordingly, his first impulse was to reject the high post so ungraciously proffered to him by his sovereign. Urgently, however, and earnestly it was represented to him by the Duke of Richmond and Fox that his rejection of the premiership would be attributed by the public either to personal pique, or to jealousy of Lord Shelburne; and consequently, by this and by other arguments, he was induced, though not without some difficulty, to forego his objections. On the following day, Doctor Watson, the Whig Bishop of Llandaff, dined with him at his residence in Grosvenor Square, when the new premier confided to him the principal measures which it was his intention to press upon the consideration of the king and

Parliament. They consisted for the most part of the acknowledgment of American independence, the curtailment of the influence of the Crown, the disqualifying contractors for becoming members of the House of Commons, the exclusion of revenue officers from the privilege of voting at parliamentary elections, the abolition of sinecure offices, and the introduction of a general and stringent system of economy into the several departments of the state. No mention, it will be perceived, was made by the marquis of that great desideratum, parliamentary reform, and, consequently, the debt of gratitude which England owes Lord Rockingham, as the enlightened champion of liberal measures, is far less than it might otherwise have been.

At length, on the 27th of March, Lord Rockingham, in a personal interview to which he was admitted in the royal closet, was enabled to submit the names of the proposed members of the new Cabinet to the king. The list consisted of Lord Rockingham as first lord of the treasury; of Lord Shelburne and Fox as secretaries of state; of Lord John Cavendish as chancellor of the exchequer; of Lord Camden as president of the Council; the Duke of Grafton as privy seal; General Conway as commander-in-chief; Admiral Keppel as first lord of the admiralty; the Duke of Richmond as master general of the ordnance; and Dunning, the new Lord Ashburton, as chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. Thus, it will be per-

ceived, five members of the new Cabinet belonged to the Rockingham party, and five, if we may include General Conway, to the Shelburne party. Lord Thurlow was permitted to retain the great seal. The Duke of Portland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Colonel Barré, treasurer of the navy, and Sheridan, under secretary of state. The Whigs, since their last tenure of office, had foregone none of their ancient aristocratic exclusiveness. Even Burke, matchless as was his genius, was denied a seat in a Cabinet which, had it not been for his brilliant eloquence and untiring literary and parliamentary antagonism, might never have been called into existence. The post apportioned to him was that of paymaster of the forces. To William Pitt was tendered the lucrative situation of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, but he had previously, and somewhat presumptuously, declared in the House of Commons that he would accept no subordinate post [1] under any government,[2] and accord-

[1] Meaning no office which did not entitle him to a seat in the Cabinet.

[2] "So arrogant a declaration," observes Walpole, "from a boy who had gained no experience from, nor ever enjoyed even the lowest post in any office, and who for half a dozen orations, extraordinary, indeed, — but no evidence of capacity for business, — presumed himself fit for command, proved that he was a boy, and a very ambitious and a very vain one. The moment he sat down he was aware of his folly, and said he could bite his tongue out for what it had uttered." Yet in less than twelve months after his making this famous declaration it fell to the lot of "the boy" to be not only offered, but to refuse the premiership.

ingly, although his private means consisted of no more than three hundred a year, the offer was unhesitatingly refused. On the 30th of March, the new arrangements were gazetted with the usual phraseology, "The king has been pleased to constitute and appoint the most honourable Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, Lord John Cavendish, etc." "Pleased!" is said to have been Lord North's exclamation, on reading the Gazette; "why! I have often been abused for lying Gazettes, yet there are more lies in this single Gazette than in all mine put together."

It was on the same day, the 27th of March, on which the king was reduced to admit Lord Rockingham into the royal closet, that he addressed the following affectionate notes to the two statesmen whom he personally loved the best, and with whose services he the most reluctantly dispensed:

The King to the Earl of Dartmouth.

"27th March, 1782.

"LORD DARTMOUTH: — Though I have directed Lord North this morning to acquaint all the Cabinet that they must come and resign their respective offices before the levee this day, as I think it would make an odd medley to see some there kissing hands whilst others are to resign, therefore I shall, if possible, be at St. James's before one for that melancholy purpose.

"I own I could not let Lord Dartmouth hear

this without writing him a few lines to aver how very near he will always be to my heart, and that I have ever esteemed him since I have thoroughly known him in another light than any of his companions in ministry. What days it has pleased the Almighty to place me in! when Lord Dartmouth can be a man to be removed but at his own request. But I cannot complain. I adore the will of Providence, and will ever resign myself obediently to his will. My heart is too full to say more."

The King to Lord North.

"March 27, 1782.

"At length the fatal day is come which the misfortunes of the times, and the sudden change of sentiments of the House of Commons, have driven me to, of changing my ministers, and a more general removal of other persons than, I believe, ever was known before. I have to the last fought for individuals, but the number I have saved, except my bedchamber, is incredibly few. You will hardly believe that even the Duke of Montagu [1] was strongly run at, but I declared that I would sooner let confusion follow than part with the late governor of my sons and so unexceptionable a man; so that he and Lord Ashburnham remain.[2] The effusion of my sorrows has made

[1] Master of the horse from December, 1780, to December, 1790.

[2] John, second Earl of Ashburnham, groom of the stole, died 8 April, 1812, at the age of eighty-eight.

me say more than I intended; but I ever did, and ever shall, look on you as a friend, as well as a faithful servant."

It will be seen by this letter that, although the king, in the height of his distress, may possibly have been provoked into expressing himself in language of irritation on parting with Lord North, his affections had not been alienated from his old servant. One of the few conditions, indeed, for which he had stipulated with Lord Rockingham, had been a pension for his retiring favourite. "I have declared," writes the king to Lord North, "to those who are to form an administration, that no provision will be made except for you and Mr. Robinson." Considering, indeed, the long and intimate intercourse which had existed between the king and Lord North, it is difficult to believe that they could have parted without feelings of affectionate regret on both sides. Their intimacy had, from many causes, been of a much closer nature than usually exists between a sovereign and the chief of his councils. As boys they had associated among the lilacs and syringas at Kew, and had performed in the same juvenile dramatic performances at Leicester House.[1] In some re-

[1] In 1741 we find George the Third, then Prince George, performing the character of Portius to Lord North's Syphax, in Addison's classical play of "Cato." In the course of the performance each had to repeat some lines prophetic of their friendship in after years.

spects they resembled each other, not only in countenance, but in disposition. Lord North, on his part, could scarcely fail to be grateful to his sovereign for the flattering confidence, support, and affection, which he had so long extended to him; while, on the other hand, we know that the king never ceased to acknowledge the great obligations under which he lay to Lord North, for having come to his assistance when the Duke of Grafton had deserted him in 1770. Finally, during the last eventful twelve years of their lives, they had fought the same battles, incurred the same odium, and shared the same hazards. "If I was asked," writes the late King of Hanover, "which minister the king during my life gave the preference to, I should say Lord North. But the coalition broke up that connection, and he never forgave him."

> "*Portius.* . . . the friendships of the world are oft
> Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
> Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
> And such a friendship ends not but with life."
>
> —*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

And again,

> "*Syphax.* Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive,
> Still there remains an after-game to play."
>
> —*Act iii. Sc. 1.*

CHAPTER XI.

The New Ministers in the House of Commons — The King's Dislike to His New Advisers, Especially to Mr. Fox — The Prince of Wales — His Pursuits and Associates — His Intimacy with Fox — His Support of Opposition in the House of Lords — His Dissolute Habits and Undutiful Conduct to His Father — The New Administration — Ministerial Jealousies and Dissensions — Pitt's Motion for Inquiry into the State of the Representation of the People in Parliament — Death of the Premier, Lord Rockingham — Lord Shelburne Appointed Premier — Resignation of Fox — Fox's Political Influence Impaired by This Proceeding.

It was on the afternoon of the 8th of April that the new ministers took their places on the treasury benches of the House of Commons. As they walked, one by one, up the House, their appearance attracted a good deal of observation and even mirth. In those days, etiquette prescribed that the ministers of the Crown should present themselves in Parliament in court dresses; and accordingly, when Lord North and his late colleagues took their seats on the opposition benches, wearing greatcoats and boots, and when, on the other hand, the new servants of the Crown appeared on the ministerial side of the House

arrayed in the livery of a court of which they had been so long the systematic opponents, the sensation which the contrast presented may be readily imagined. Most remarkable among them were the figures of Fox and Burke, who, in lieu of their former blue and buff uniforms, the distinguishing colours of the American patriots, now appeared in their new places pranked out in lace ruffles, swords, and perfumed hair-powder. This double transformation, according to an eye-witness, presented one of the most amusing scenes he had ever witnessed. It produced, among other pleasantries, a joke from Lord Nugent, which rapidly circulated through, and occasioned much merriment in, the House. It happened that his lordship's house in Great George Street had recently been broken into by thieves, on which occasion, among other articles carried off, had been several pairs of laced ruffles, which, having been publicly and extensively advertised and minutely described, had rendered the robbery familiar to every reader of a newspaper. When, therefore, in the course of the evening, a friend happened to inquire of Lord Nugent whether he had discovered any trace of his stolen property, the eye of the wit naturally glanced toward the new ministers. "Why," he said, "I cannot exactly say that I have; yet I shrewdly suspect that I see some of my ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen now occupying the treasury benches."

The king, in addition to his general aversion to the Whigs as a party, imagined that he had many good reasons, personal as well as political, for being offended with, and disliking his new ministers. He disliked them, because he believed the measures which they advocated to be pregnant with peril to the Constitution; because he felt that the inflammatory language delivered by them for a long time past in Parliament — language too often, it is to be feared, spoken for mere party purposes — had gone far to incite the Americans to rebellion; and lastly, because the administration which they had forced upon him, instead of being a compact and vigorous one, already carried within it the seeds of dissension and debility. Moreover, there were those among his new servants who had rendered themselves individually obnoxious to him. The Duke of Grafton's abandonment of the government in 1770 still rankled in the king's mind. Lord Shelburne had not only made a personal attack upon him, two years previously, in the House of Lords,[1] but had recently given him additional offence by an exasperating tirade which he had delivered in that House against Lords North and Stormont. Lord John

[1] "By coming late," writes General Fitzpatrick to Lord Ossory, 2 December, 1779, "I lost the first half of Lord Shelburne's speech, but what I heard I thought excellent; very violent, and very personal to the king; in short, a counterpart of Charles's in the House of Commons."

Cavendish, we are told, "was now punishing the king on account of the treatment his brother, the late Duke of Devonshire, had met with from the court in 1762," while of the Duke of Richmond the king complained that he had behaved toward him with "unremitted personal ill conduct." "Persons," writes the king to Lord North, "must atone for their faults before I can attempt to forgive them. The Duke of Richmond has not put his foot into my apartments for seven years; but, not content with this, sent me a message by Lord Weymouth that, though he never came near me, he, as a lieutenant-general, asked my leave to go to France."[1] Of the other members of the administration, Dunning, whom the king had been compelled to raise to the peerage, had been the proposer of the famous resolution for diminishing the influence of the Crown. Burgoyne, the new commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, had recently by implication charged his sovereign in Parliament with entertaining dangerous designs, not only against the British Constitution, but against the universal rights of mankind. Burke, though the king had formerly wished to have him in his service, had recently become a zealous advocate for curtailing the

[1] Before the duke's subsequent acceptance of the office of master general of the ordnance in Lord Rockingham's ministry, he addressed an apologetic, and rather remarkable letter to that nobleman, for the purpose of being shown to the king.

patronage, and with it the power, of the Crown; while Lord Rockingham, in consequence of his moderate abilities and dilatory mode of transacting business, could scarcely expect to be a favourite with a monarch by whom industry and activity were regarded as indispensable qualities in his public servants, and whose own eye was constantly fixed on every department of the state.

But, of all new appointments, that of Charles Fox to be secretary of state was doubtless by far the most unpalatable to George the Third. So early as the year 1772, Fox, then a very young man, had deeply offended his sovereign by resigning his seat at the Board of Admiralty for the purpose of opposing the Royal Marriage Act, the passing of which measure the king is known to have regarded as no less essential to his own happiness and peace of mind, than to the well-ordering of the royal family. "I expect," he writes to Lord North, "every nerve to be strained to carry the bill. It is not a question relating to administration, but personally to myself, therefore I have a right to expect a hearty support from every one in my service, and I shall remember defaulters." Moreover, in the eyes of the king, Fox's offence was not a little aggravated by the democratic principles which, even at this early period, he had begun to advocate. "Charles Fox," writes Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, "is com-

menced patriot, and is already attempting to pronounce the words country, liberty, corruption, etc., with what success time will discover; yesterday he resigned the admiralty."[1] Within less than a year, indeed, he reëntered the ministerial ranks as a lord of the treasury, but in, as well as out of office, his conduct continued to be such as to displease and irritate his sovereign. We may mention, for instance, the "indecent arrogance" with which he pressed the prosecution of Woodfall, the printer, contrary to the wishes of his colleagues, and to the convictions of the House of Commons, — conduct which could not fail to be embarrassing to the government, and which consequently was certain to give offence to the king. Accordingly, on the 16th of February, 1774, we find the latter writing to Lord North: "I am greatly incensed at the presumption of Charles Fox in forcing you to vote with him last night, but approve much of your making your friends vote in the majority. Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honour and honesty, that he must become as contemptible as he is odious. I hope you will let him know you are not insensible of his conduct toward you." Again, on the 23d,

[1] George Selwyn, overhearing a member of the opposition exulting over Fox's desertion of the court, sarcastically observed, "You have no reason to triumph. You will be forced to pay his debts, as you did Wilkes's, or you will lose him again."

the king writes: "I think Mr. Charles Fox would have acted more becomingly to you and himself, if he had absented himself from the House; for his conduct is not to be attributed to conscience, but to his aversion to all restraint." The next day, Fox was dismissed from his seat at the treasury.

Such treatment, whether deserved or not, the young statesman was little likely either to forget or forgive. From this period, then, till his accession to high office in 1782, Fox had continued to wage an incessant and unsparing war against the court; nor, as his prospects of succeeding to power began to brighten, had his language or conduct become less intemperate. In addition to the frightful picture which, it will be remembered, he drew of his sovereign at the commencement of the present session, we find him on the 22d of February, only five weeks before he kissed hands as secretary of state, insisting in no less insulting terms on the existence of an "infernal spirit," which, he said, in reality ruled and "had nearly ruined the country." Nay, on the very evening of his becoming a minister and an adviser of the Crown, he had been bold enough to challenge one of its most essential prerogatives. Let the new ministers, he said, bear in mind that they owed their situations to the House of Commons. Very possibly, had the king and Fox been afforded opportunities of associating in private life, they

would not only have understood each other better, and valued each other more, but, by mutual forbearance and concession, they might together have formed a government as strong and durable as that which subsequently existed under the ministration of the younger Pitt. It might be argued that Fox was the advocate of measures to which it was very unlikely that the king would consent; yet, after all, Fox's political opinions at this time were scarcely more liberal than those of Pitt; and Pitt, be it remembered, before the close of the following year, was not only selected by the king to be his first minister, but, during the seventeen years that he filled that post, continued to enjoy the full confidence and support of his sovereign. Unfortunately, however, the king and Fox regarded one another through a distorted medium. The king, on his part, could have had but little knowledge of those many estimable and endearing qualities which lay under the surface of Fox's libertinism and clamorous advocacy of the sovereignty of the people. He had never known him —

"... in his happier hour
Of social pleasure ill exchanged for power."

He had never been captivated by the charm of his wonderful eloquence; he had never been afforded an opportunity of observing, and appreciating, that entire freedom from all rancour, affectation, and duplicity, that humane and

benevolent disposition, that redeeming enthusiasm for the classical lore of ancient and modern times, and that genial wit, and those playful manners, which rendered him the ornament and the idol of every circle in which he moved. Fox, on the other hand, had been equally devoid of opportunities of noting and admiring the simple virtues, the homely tastes, the domestic affections, the stainless morality, the cheerful, unaffected manners, the humble piety, the vigorous understanding, the calm and dignified fearlessness in the hour of peril, and the unwearying industry in the service of his subjects, which were the characteristics of George the Third. Unhappily, owing to Fox's own irregularities and imprudences, the king had been led to regard him in no better light than as an unprincipled and abandoned profligate, a needy and ambitious place-hunter, whose eloquence scarcely rose higher than "noisy declamation," which, to use the king's own words, prevented "real business" in the House of Commons.[1] Nor does Fox's estimate of the character of the king appear to have been of a much more flattering description. Incensed alike at the king's undisguised aversion toward

[1] Again, the king writes to Lord North, on the 3d of July, 1780: "As to Mr. Fox, if any lucrative, not ministerial office, can be pointed out for him, provided he will support the measures of government, I shall have no objection to the proposition. He never had any principle, and can therefore act as his interest may guide him."

himself, and at the pertinacity by which he had so long succeeded in excluding the great Whig families from power, Fox had taught himself to look upon his sovereign as a mere dull, obstinate, half-crazed, and narrow-minded bigot; a prince whose shallow understanding had never been improved by education, whose prejudices it was impossible to remove, and whose resentments it would be idle to endeavour to soften.

Independent of Fox's political delinquencies and personal libertinism, there were grounds, of a more delicate nature, which were calculated to render the tribune of the people especially objectionable to George the Third. At the time when Fox and his friends were installed in office, in March, 1782, the Prince of Wales — gay, handsome, agreeable, and clever — was in the twentieth year of his age. The king had been doatingly fond of his first-born when a child. He had caused him to be educated with the greatest care and attention, and had watched over his spiritual welfare with the most anxious solicitude. The good seed, however, had fallen upon unfruitful soil. The prince no sooner found himself emancipated from the ungenial tedium and restraint of Kew Palace and Buckingham House, than he commenced giving the deepest pain and offence to his father, not only by plunging into every kind of debauchery, but by advocating the political principles of his father's bitterest enemies. At

the age of eighteen he was the accepted paramour of the famous "Perdita," the gifted and ill-fated Mary Robinson.[1] Before he was twenty, he had employed his influence in carrying the Windsor election against the court. Unhappily, too, his libertinism was not the libertinism of a gentleman. To be carried home drunk, or to be taken into custody by the watch, were apparently no very

[1] Mary Darby, afterward Mrs. Robinson, once so famous for her beauty, her talents, and her misfortunes, was the daughter of a captain of a merchant-vessel trading from the port of Bristol, who, having fallen into pecuniary difficulties, subsequently entered the naval service of Russia, in which he died captain of a line-of-battle ship. She received her first education at the school kept by the Misses More near Bristol, afterward rendered celebrated by the genius and virtues of their sister, Hannah. At the age of fifteen she became the wife of a profligate attorney, named Robinson, who neglected her, and who, having ruined himself by his extravagance, became the inmate of a prison. In her difficulties she adopted the stage as a profession, on which, under the patronage of the Duchess of Devonshire and David Garrick, she achieved a considerable reputation. Her representation of Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," in which character she captivated the young Prince of Wales, is said to have been admirable. Hence, too, the prince derived his sobriquet of Florizel. Mrs. Robinson was the authoress of several works of fiction in prose, of a tragedy called the "Sicilian Lover," and of numerous poetical minor pieces, many of which are distinguished by taste and feeling. Her connection with the Prince of Wales commenced in 1780, when she was in her twenty-third year, and terminated in 1783. Not long afterward, she was seized with a rheumatic fever, which completely crippled her to the last hours of her life. Her death took place at her house at Englefield Green on the 28th of December, 1800, in the forty-third year of her age. Her remains, at her own especial request, were interred in the churchyard of Old Windsor.

unfrequent episodes in the early career of the heir to the throne. Under the auspices of his weak and frivolous uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the prince's conversation is said to have been a compound of the slang of grooms, and the wanton vocabulary of a brothel. The duke — who, in allusion to his nephew's Welsh principality, had the bad taste to style his nephew familiarly "Taffy," — kept a faro-bank for his amusement at Cumberland House, in Pall Mall; carried him to the lowest scenes of debauchery, and even introduced money-lenders, and still worse characters, into the prince's apartments at Buckingham House. Moreover, it was under the duke's influence that the prince's conduct toward his father became marked, not only by disobedience, but by the most undutiful contempt. The fact of the king's constant attendance in the hunting-field at this period was attributed, by those who knew him best, to a double desire to enjoy more of the society of his son, and to keep him out of the way of evil companions. Yet even this touching proof of parental affection and care produced no good effect, either upon his graceless heir or his still more graceless brother. The king's hour of dining, when resident at Windsor, was at this time three o'clock, and when in London four o'clock; yet the prince, as if with the purpose of exposing his father to the comments, if not the derision, of the royal household, rarely made his appearance at the former

place till four o'clock, or at the latter place till five. "When we hunt together," said the king to the Duke of Gloucester, "neither my son nor my brother speak to me; and lately, when the chase ended at a little village where there was but a single post-chaise to be hired, my son and brother got into it, and drove to London, leaving me to go home in a cart if I could find one." It should be remembered, for more reasons than one, that this domestic unhappiness, and these cruel indignities, were forced upon the king, not only by his nearest relatives, but at a period when his head was already bowed to the earth by the near prospect of the dismemberment of the great empire which had been committed to his charge, and by the impending dissolution of his favourite ministry. The king was indeed placed in a most painful position. When the Duke of Gloucester expressed some surprise to him at his submitting so patiently to the affronts which were put upon him, "What would you have me do in my present distress?" was his reply; "if I did not bear it, it would only drive my son into opposition, which would increase my distresses."

But it was not so much to the precepts and example of the frivolous Duke of Cumberland, as to those of the brilliant and fascinating Fox, that the king is said to have ascribed the profligate training and unfilial conduct of his first-born. It has even been affirmed, that, when the prince con-

ceived his boyish passion for Mrs. Robinson, Fox not only acted too friendly and accommodating a part on the occasion, but that the king's knowledge of this discreditable fact was the main cause of his personal aversion to the man whom he regarded as his son's destroyer. It is but fair, however, to Fox's memory, to endeavour to relieve him from this apparently unsubstantiated charge. It should be mentioned, then, that both in the king's correspondence, as well as in Mrs. Robinson's memoirs of herself, the only one of the prince's friends who is mentioned as having been a go-between on the occasion is Lord Malden;[1] whereas, had Fox had any share in the discreditable transaction, there can be little doubt that the king would have included his name in some of the angry comments which we find him addressing to Lord North on the subject. "My eldest son," he writes to Lord North on the 20th of August, 1781, "got last year into an improper connection with an actress and woman of indifferent character through the friendly assistance of Lord Malden. He sent her letters and very foolish promises, which undoubtedly by her conduct she has can-

[1] George Capel Coningsby, afterward fifth Earl of Essex, was born on the 13th of November, 1757, and accordingly he was only in his twenty-third year when, according, to Mrs. Robinson's version of the affair, he unexpectedly waited upon her with a direct avowal on the part of the prince of his passion for her. The earl, whose second countess was the celebrated vocalist, Miss Stephens, died 23 April, 1838.

celled."[1] Moreover, the inference would seem to be that it was not till more than two years after the prince had been introduced to Mrs. Robinson that Fox made her personal acquaintance, when he certainly became her ardent admirer. Three times during the year 1782 — in the months of August, September, and November — we find Walpole alluding to Fox's passion as a well-known conviction of the time. In September he writes to Lord Harcourt, "Charles Fox is languishing at the feet of Mrs. Robinson." It was this gossip which elicited from George Selwyn one of those happy conceits for which he was so celebrated. "Who should the Man of the People," he said, "live with but the woman of the people."[2]

Another offence, which has been imputed to Fox, was his presumed share in inducing the Prince of Wales to join the ranks of the opposition. Fox, however, on more than one occasion solemnly denied the truth of the allegation. So far, he told Lord Malmesbury, from either the Duke of Portland or himself having any desire to

[1] It appears by this communication that what the king justly calls the "enormous sum" of £5,000 was paid by him for the recovery of the prince's letters.

[2] These evidences of Fox's passion for Mrs. Robinson derive further corroboration from a scarce and scandalous little volume of the time, entitled "The Festival of Wit." The compiler of its contents has the impudence to state on the title-page that they were "procured and selected by K—— G——;" of course implying the king.

enlist the prince on the side of opposition, they had repeatedly endeavoured to impress on the mind of his Royal Highness, that a Prince of Wales should declare himself of no party whatever. This assurance Fox, in 1783, repeated personally to the king. On no single occasion, he protested, had he ever instigated the prince to disobedience; on no single occasion had he ever uttered a word upon political topics which he should be unwilling that his Majesty should overhear. The lord chancellor, according to Fox, was the author of the false aspersions which had been allowed to find their way to his Majesty's ear.

But though we may acquit Fox of the graver charges to which we have referred, there seems, on the other hand, to be little doubt but that his brilliant society and dangerous example were, indirectly, only too well calculated to influence the conduct and to contaminate the morals of the giddy heir to the throne. Senior to the prince by thirteen years, immoderately addicted to women and the play-table, delighting in conviviality and wild frolic, a spendthrift of his means, whenever he possessed any, and lastly, by his wit, his genius, and amiability, casting a glittering, though artificial, light over his libertinism, it was little to be expected that the prince should pass unscathed through so perilous an ordeal as Charles Fox's friendship. That they lived in the closest intimacy there is ample evidence to prove. For instance, before the

prince had completed his twentieth year we find him "drinking royally" with Fox, at the rooms of the latter in St. James's Street; the prince was a member of Brooks's Club, of which Fox was the oracle and the idol; and, lastly, from a very early period, we find the prince's letters to Fox familiarly addressed to him as "Dear Charles." "The Prince of Wales," writes Walpole, "had thrown himself into the arms of Charles, and this in the most indecent and undisguised manner. Fox lodged in St. James's Street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a levee of his followers and of the members of the Gaming Club, at Brooks's, all his disciples. His bristly black person, and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen nightgown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir of the crown attend his lessons and imbibe them." Doubtless, among the gay and the profligate who presented themselves at Fox's levees, there were others, as well as Fox, whose society was calculated to produce a pernicious effect upon the prince's morals and politics. At Brooks's, as the king appears to have been well aware, it was the custom of the prince's friends to speak of their sovereign with ribald irreverence; to ridicule his personal peculiarities, and even to lay wagers on the probable duration of his life. Possibly the prince

may rarely, if ever, have been present on these occasions; yet as his friends would scarcely have indulged in such indecencies had they supposed them to be unpalatable to him, the inference the king was likely to draw from such proceedings must have been a distressing one indeed.

The king, at this period, was not only enthralled by a political party which he cordially disliked, but, if public belief had any foundation in truth, his state of slavery was complete. Men spoke of the new administration as the "Regency," and of the new ministers as the "Regents." A caricature of the day, entitled "The Captive Prince or Liberty Run Mad," represents Shelburne, Richmond, Keppel, and Fox fixing fetters on the king's feet and ankles, while the last three are severally made to exclaim, "I command the ordnance," "I command the fleet," "I command the mob." In the meantime, the world, according to Walpole, looked on and smiled at the phenomenon of half a dozen great lords claiming "an hereditary and exclusive right" to retain the government in their families, "like the Hebrew priesthood in one tribe."

Considering the king's aversion to his Whig ministers, he seems to have thrown much fewer difficulties in their way, — if, in fact, he threw any at all, — as well as to have shown them a great deal more consideration, than they probably had expected. For instance, instead of his insisting, as the new Cabinet had anticipated, on his brother,

the Duke of Gloucester, being placed at the head of the army, Lord Rockingham no sooner proposed General Conway to him for the post of commander-in-chief, than, we are told, the marquis's suit was conceded "as easily as his other terms." The king, indeed, would seem to have grown almost in favour with his keepers. As instances, we may mention Lord Shelburne intimating to the lord chancellor how "amazed" he is at the amount of genius which he has discovered in his royal master; in the House of Commons, we find Burke, with tears in his eyes, descanting on a message from the throne as "the best of messages from the best of kings;" and lastly, on the same occasion, we find Fox dwelling on the "unparalleled grace" with which the sovereign had come forward to alleviate the sufferings of his people. Nor was it in the House of Commons alone that Fox began to speak in an altered tone of the prince whom he had so often and so bitterly attacked. On the 12th of April he writes to General Fitzpatrick: "The king appears more and more good-humoured every day, and I believed is really pleased with the full levees and drawing-rooms which he sees every day." Again Fox writes on the 15th: "All this time the king seems in perfect good humour, and does not seem to make any of those difficulties which others make for him." In fact, to the last day of the existence of the Rockingham administration, we find its leaders, little as they loved their

royal master, doing ample justice to his good intentions and good faith. "He felt it incumbent upon him," said the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords, on the 10th of July, "to declare that his Majesty had performed with a religious scrupulosity all that he had promised." Still stronger, on the same occasion, was the language of Lord Shelburne. "The noble duke," he said, "had done justice to the character of the common master whom they both served. His Majesty had not only performed all that he had promised, but he had done a great deal more than he had promised, when it was in his power to have evaded the performance of that which he had promised. And this he would say with truth, — that a prince more disposed to comply with the wishes of his people he believed never sat on the British throne."

A graceful concession, on the part of the king, to his new ministers, was his reserving for their disposal four Garters which had lapsed to the Crown previously to the resignation of Lord North. One of them, indeed, he claimed for his third son, Prince William Henry, afterward William the Fourth, but the three others, though he was anxious to set apart two of them for the Earls of Dartmouth and Ashburnham, he allowed the Dukes of Richmond and Devonshire, and Lord Shelburne, to appropriate to themselves. The young Prince of Wales, who was present at the

investiture of the new knights, is said to have described with much humour the different manner in which each received the honour at the hands of his sovereign. The Duke of Devonshire, said the prince, advanced to the throne as awkwardly as a clown; Lord Shelburne approached it fawning and bowing on each side of him like a courtier; the Duke of Richmond alone, said the prince, bore himself with the unembarrassed air of a gentleman.

The new ministers had been but a short time installed in power, before the dislikes and differences which existed amongst them began to be more and more apparent, and more and more prejudicial to the service of the Crown. Lords Rockingham and Shelburne, it is true, had exchanged outward civilities; but, nevertheless, their repugnance to each other had neither diminished, nor had their personal intercourse become less formal and cold. Their written correspondence at this time runs: "Lord Rockingham presents his compliments to Lord Shelburne," etc., and "Lord Shelburne presents his compliments to Lord Rockingham," etc. Discord, indeed, pervaded all ranks of the government. Burke and Fox detested Shelburne; Shelburne detested Burke, and was jealous of Fox. So early as the 12th of April, scarcely three weeks after the Rockingham ministry had kissed hands, we find Fox lamenting to General Fitzpatrick the want of unanimity which

existed among his colleagues. "We had a Cabinet this morning," he writes, "in which, in my opinion, there were more symptoms of what we had always apprehended than had ever hitherto appeared." Again Fox writes to Fitzpatrick, on the 28th: "Shelburne shows himself more and more every day; is ridiculously jealous of my encroaching on his department, and wishes very much to encroach upon mine. He hardly liked my having a letter from Grattan, or my having written one to Lord Charlemont. He affects the minister more and more every day, and is, I believe, perfectly confident that the king intends to make him so. Provided we can stay in long enough to have given a good stout blow to the influence of the Crown, I do not think it much signifies how soon we go out after." Walpole draws a similar picture of Shelburne's jealousies and artifices; accusing him of seizing every opportunity of ingratiating himself with the king, and obstructing the views of Lord Rockingham and Fox. Neither did the abstract facts of dislike on the part of the king, and of want of unanimity among themselves, constitute the only difficulties against which the new ministers had to contend. A chilling lukewarmness on the part of individuals who ought to have been their warmest supporters is bitterly complained of by Fox in his correspondence. On the 11th of May, in allusion to a motion which government had carried only by a majority of

three, he writes: "The attorney and solicitor-general were both against me, and I had the mortification to depend for support upon the lord advocate, Jenkinson, and Mansfield;" and in the same letter he adds: "I have given you but a small part of the cause of my ill-humour when I have confined myself to the House of Commons. The House of Lords has been the most shameful scene you can imagine. The Duke of Richmond, in points where he was clearly right, has been deserted by every minister present, more than once. Lord Rockingham and Keppel were absent." Another source of discord in the Rockingham Cabinet was the antagonism of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who not only cordially disliked his colleagues, and delighted in thwarting their measures, but on one occasion went so far as to divide the House of Lords against them. "It was said of him," writes Bishop Watson, "that in the Cabinet he opposed everything, proposed nothing, and was ready to support everything." Nevertheless, we find the great personages in the Cabinet, disunited as they were, indulging in their jokes. "It must have been very provoking to you," observed Lord Shelburne to Fox, "to see Lord Camden and the Duke of Grafton come down with their lounging opinions to outvote you in the Cabinet;" and on another occasion we find Lord Shelburne whispering to Fox, "That innocent man, General Con-

way, never perceives when he has the casting vote in the Cabinet." [1]

Unfortunately, the dissensions among ministers were not only fraught with detriment to their own interests, but to those of the community at large. When in opposition, they had not only inveighed long and loudly against the defective state of the representative system in Parliament — against bribery and corruption, and against the undue influence of the Crown — but we have seen at least one of them, the Duke of Richmond, proceeding to the length of advocating so democratic a measure as universal suffrage. Now then that the government of the country was in their hands, it might have been expected that they would have taken steps for sweeping away those infamous rotten boroughs, against which they had so frequently protested, and to the corrupt existence of which the mass of political depravity which they mourned over was mainly attributable. But, unhappily, the attainment of political power too often affects, if not the opinions, at least the policy, of the best-intentioned statesmen. Lord Rockingham, it would seem, was suddenly seized with fears for the Constitution; Lord John Cavendish was "diffident of the effect of any parliamentary reform;" Burke

[1] These trifling incidents were repeated by Fox to his nephew Lord Holland as instances of the felicity of words with which Lord Shelburne, whose language was usually inaccurate, could occasionally express himself.

considered that it was fraught with ruin to the country. Even the Duke of Richmond seems to have been not unwilling to abandon his favourite measure if he could do so without detriment to his character for consistency. "I do not wish," he writes to Lord Rockingham, "to tie you down to my plan, or to any particular measure. I only ask to have the committee. I trust to them for the measure, and only contend for some plan being adopted. My credit, as well as my opinion, binds me to require this." And he adds, "I am very sure that a committee, doing but little, will satisfy."

The result of this lukewarmness may be readily understood. When, on the 7th of May, not the ministry, but William Pitt, introduced into Parliament his celebrated motion for inquiring into the representative system, Fox and Sheridan were the only members of the administration, of any consideration, who gave it their hearty support. "Friend," writes General Burgoyne to Fitzpatrick, "was against friend among us." Fox spoke admirably on the occasion, and Sheridan with a brilliancy for which the House of Commons as yet had scarcely given him the credit. "I think," writes Burgoyne, "I never heard more wit than part of his speech against the [lord] advocate." Burke, on the other hand, not only withheld his support from his friends, but opposed the motion with all the vehemence of his excitable nature, "On Friday last," writes Sher-

idan to Fitzpatrick on the 20th of May, "Burke acquitted himself with the most magnanimous indiscretion; attacked W. Pitt in a scream of passion, and swore Parliament was, and always had been, precisely what it ought to be, and that all people who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the Constitution." Pitt's motion was negatived by a majority of twenty; the numbers being 161 to 141. The reformers, as Lord Macaulay has observed, never again had so good a division till they carried their great measure in 1832.

In the midst of the dissensions and jealousies which distracted the Cabinet, Lord Rockingham, after a tenure of the premiership of only fifteen weeks' duration, breathed his last. The event took place on the 1st of July, 1782, in the fifty-third year of his age. Of course, much eagerness was shown to ascertain on whom the vacant premiership was likely to fall. Undoubtedly Fox, on account of his relationship to the great Whig families, his transcendent abilities, and the industry with which he had applied himself to business while in office, might, without vanity, regard himself as not ill qualified for the post. He had resisted of late the great temptation of his life, the play-table; he had seldom looked into Brooks's, and had never once dined there since the king had placed the secretary's seals in his hands. "Fox," writes Walpole to Mann on the 5th of May, "shines as greatly in place as he did in opposition, though infinitely

more difficult a task. He is now as indefatigable as he was idle. He has perfect temper, and not only good humour but good nature, and, which is the first quality of a prime minister in a free country, has more common sense than any man, with amazing parts, that are neither ostentatious nor affected." And again, Walpole writes to Lady Ossory on the 7th of July: "I have no hesitation in saying, I think Mr. Fox the fittest man in England for prime minister. I say it aloud and everywhere."

Next to Fox, the person who, from his high rank, from the integrity of his private life, and by his parliamentary abilities, had a right to aspire to the premiership, was the Duke of Richmond. But there were circumstances, as Fox and the duke themselves must have severally well known, which militated against the vacant post being conferred either on one or the other. The duke, for instance, was untractable and unpopular. At this time he both disliked and was disliked by the king. Lastly, he was much too deeply pledged to carry out parliamentary and other reforms, not to render him almost as much an object of misgiving to the conservative section of the Whig party as to the Tories. Still greater were the disadvantages under which Fox laboured. The democratic principles which he professed in common with the duke, the dissoluteness of his private life, the fixed aversion with which he was regarded by the king,

and, lastly, the opposition which he was certain to encounter from the Shelburne section of the Cabinet, presented effectual bars to his being raised to the premiership, and thus deprived his country of the benefit which it might have otherwise derived from his transcendent abilities.

Of the old "Newcastle" or "Rockingham" party, which, in former days, had so often and so arrogantly dictated terms to the sovereign, but which, for some time past, had become greatly reduced in number and influence, there were now in the Cabinet the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Cavendish, Fox, and Admiral, now Lord, Keppel. But the party, though weakened, had foregone none of its ancient pretensions, and accordingly it was determined by Fox and his friends to resort to the presumptuous measure of dictating to the king a minister of their own choosing. Their choice fell upon a convenient cipher, William Henry, third Duke of Portland, a nobleman whose ducal rank, parliamentary influence, and irreproachable private character formed his principal, if not only, claims to the distinction. In proposing this arrangement, the principal difficulty which they anticipated was from the great probability of the Duke of Richmond taking umbrage at the preference being given to another; a difficulty which his favourite nephew, Fox, undertook to do his best to remove by explaining to him, as delicately and persuasively as possible, the views and motives of their common

friends. Years afterward we find Fox speaking of the singularly embarrassing character of the mission. "We must settle without delay," he wrote to the duke, "whom to propose as the successor of Lord Rockingham; and as you and I are both out of the question, owing to the decided part we have taken about parliamentary reform, I think the Duke of Portland should be the man." The duke's good sense and knowledge of human nature apparently kept him from manifesting any open displeasure at the time, yet the extent to which he was hurt and offended was subsequently proved by the altered part which he took in politics. There can be little doubt, indeed, that when, two years afterward, Pitt — instead of following his cousin, Earl Temple, into retirement — was prevailed upon to remain at the head of government to the exclusion of Fox and his friends from power, it was principally owing to the advice and influence of the Duke of Richmond. "There is no man living," was the remark of the king on that occasion, "by whom I have been so much offended as by the Duke of Richmond, and no man to whom I am so much indebted."

In the meantime, the king, in the due and proper exercise of his prerogative, had written to Lord Shelburne and offered him the premiership, a step which was not only very far from being palatable to the members of the Rockingham party, but which, in the breast of Fox, kindled an extraordi-

nary amount of indignation. From the hour, he insisted, that Lord Shelburne had come into power he had been guilty of gross and systematic duplicity. He had intrigued against his own colleagues. He had endeavoured to prejudice the king against them. Under these circumstances, added Fox, he had made up his mind that, in the event of Lord Shelburne closing with the king's offers, no consideration should induce him to serve under the leadership of such a man. It was to no purpose that Fox's personal friends, alarmed at his threats of resignation, endeavoured to divert him from his purpose. It was to no purpose that they pointed out to him the grievous injury which he was about to inflict, not only on his party, but upon his country. It was in vain that the Duke of Richmond and General Conway reminded him that the disruption of the pending treaty of peace, and consequently the renewal of hostilities with America, might prove the results of his retirement, and therefore implored him to continue at his post, at least till the completion of the treaty. Equally in vain also it was that Lord Shelburne offered him as large a share of power and patronage as, in the opinion of his relative, Lord Keppel, he had a fair right to claim. Fox himself admitted to Walpole that his resignation might occasion "a great deal of mischief," yet he persisted in clinging to his original resolution. "I did not think," he writes to General Fitzpatrick, on the 4th of July, "it had

been in the power of politics to make me so miserable as this cursed anxiety and suspense does."

On Wednesday the 3d, the day previous to these words having been written, Fox, in a private audience in the royal closet, proceeded to the unwarrantable length of personally pressing upon the king the expediency of his placing one of the friends of the late Lord Rockingham at the head of the treasury. Under no circumstances, probably, would George the Third have felt much inclined to follow Fox's advice, but, on the present occasion, having both sense and justice on his side, he had little reason for hesitation. Not only had the king selected the minister whom he conscientiously believed to be the best qualified to carry on the government with advantage to his crown and to his people, but, as regarded the relative merits of Fox's nominee, the Duke of Portland, and of Lord Shelburne, there could be little question to which of the two statesmen the meed of superiority belonged. The duke, as we have seen, was wanting in administrative ability, eloquence, and energy; qualities which the king not only found ready at hand in the person of Shelburne, but the latter nobleman was, moreover, possessed of great political courage, a virtue which was ever highly valued by George the Third. It was a frequent saying of Jeremy Bentham that Lord Shelburne was the only statesman he ever heard of who did not fear the people.

It was on the following day, Thursday, at St. James's, that previously to the sovereign making his appearance in the levee-chamber, Lord Shelburne and Fox were to be seen standing apart from the rest of the company, evidently engaged in warm, if not angry conversation. Fox, it seems, had bluntly put the question to Shelburne whether he had definitely accepted the post of first lord of the treasury, and having been answered in the affirmative, plainly intimated to him his intention of quitting the government. Accordingly, so soon as he entered the royal closet after the levee, he produced the seals of office, which the king, after paying him the compliment of desiring him to take further time for consideration, was — not very reluctantly, perhaps — induced to accept.

This very day Fox returned to his former evil courses, and to the society of his former evil companions. For instance, after having entertained the Prince of Wales at dinner,[1] — on which occasion the bottle is said to have circulated freely enough, — he proceeded to Brooks's, where he stayed till four o'clock in the morning, and then, dropping into White's, where he found Lord Weymouth, — one of the most jovial of boon companions, and one of the hardest drinkers of the day, — he sat up with

[1] "The prince," writes Fitzpatrick, "expressed much kindness toward him, assuring him that he should ever consider Lord Rockingham's friends as the persons the most to be depended upon, and as the best friends of the country."

him till a far later hour.[1] It was in allusion to Fox's return to the clubs and the faro-table, that Hare congratulated his friend on having quitted the service of the King of England to resume his allegiance to the King of Egypt.

"The resignation of Mr. Fox," writes his nephew Lord Holland, "is unquestionably one of the two passages of his public life most open to animadversion, and most requiring explanation." That Fox, on this occasion, was influenced as much by personal as by patriotic motives, appears to have been a common opinion at the time; nor, with the ampler means which posterity enjoys of weighing the merits of the case, does it seem easy to pronounce a different verdict. Such, at all events, was the conviction left on the mind of his colleague, General Conway, and such was also the opinion which Pitt,[2] who had hitherto had no reason to be prejudiced against Fox, expressed in private

[1] "Lord Weymouth," writes Wraxall, "was a man of very eminent talents, though accompanied with great singularities of character; highly convivial, whose conversation entertained and delighted; but in order to profit by his society, it was necessary to follow him to White's, to sit down to supper, to drink deep of claret, and to remain at table till a very late hour of the night, or rather of the morning."

[2] Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Harcourt on the 5th of July: "Mr. Pitt has returned his briefs to his clients, and within this hour the first battle will be fought in the House of Commons between him and Mr. Fox; the former declaring loudly against the factious resignation of the latter. This is Mr. Pitt's language, not mine."

as well as in public. Nevertheless, Fox's conduct has not only been warmly defended by his friends and admirers, but it would be uncharitable not to admit that he may have acted according to the convictions of his conscience. "I have done right; I am sure I have," he writes to Mr. Thomas Grenville. "The Duke of Richmond thinks very much otherwise, and will do wrong. I cannot help it. I am sure my staying would have been a means of deceiving the public and betraying my party, and these things are not to be done for the sake of any supposed temporary good. I feel that my situation in the country, my power, my popularity, my consequence, nay, my character, are all risked; but I have done right, and therefore in the end it must turn out to have been wise. If this fail me, the pillared firmament is rottenness, and the earth's base built on stubble."

But, although Fox may not have been guilty of a crime, there seems little doubt that he had committed an irreparable blunder. "From all whom I have seen," writes Lord Temple to his brother, Thomas Grenville, "my opinion is that Fox has undone himself with the public, and his most intimate friends seem of the same opinion." That, at all events, he committed the double error of exaggerating his own importance and of miscalculating his with the party to which he belonged, appears to be indisputable. By some unaccountable perversion of reasoning, he had persuaded

himself that the nation called for the Duke of Portland; whereas, to adopt a sarcastic remark of Walpole, till the duke had been nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, there were, perhaps, not one hundred men in England who were conscious of his existence. "I repeated my apprehensions" [to Fox], writes Lord Temple, "that the people would not stand by him in his attempt to quit upon private grounds, which from their nature would appear to be a quarrel for offices, and not a public measure." But notwithstanding this, and doubtless much similar sensible advice from the many friends who loved him, Fox evidently clung to the false and fatal conviction, not only that his conduct in quitting the government would procure him the applause of the public, but that public opinion, combined with family interest and the magic of his name, would ere long reconduct him to patronage and power. Equally mistaken was he in his estimate as to the effect which his resignation was likely to produce upon the conduct of his personal friends. He had evidently flattered himself that the greater number of his colleagues — especially his relatives, the Duke of Richmond and Lord Keppel — would have followed him into private life, whereas the only members of the administration who paid him that compliment were the Duke of Portland, Lord John Cavendish, Burke, and Sheridan. Another error committed by Fox was his parting with the powerful counte-

nance and friendship of the Duke of Richmond. So far, in fact, was the duke from approving of his conduct, that we find him not only "outrageous at the idea of resignation," but "indefatigable" in his endeavours to prevent other members of the Rockingham party following Fox's example. Even Keppel, much as he loved Fox, was prevailed upon, by the superior influence of the duke, to remain for a season at the head of the Board of Admiralty.

Between Fox and the Duke of Richmond this unfortunate state of affairs very nearly produced, not only a political rupture, but a personal quarrel. "Fox," writes Walpole, "being his Grace's nephew, the duke was most offended with him. I was fortunately one of those evenings with the duke, when Fox came to expostulate with him. I would have retired, but the duke pressed me to stay. Fox was very urgent, the duke very firm. I interposed, and told Fox, that though I was persuaded that no man in England was so fit to be minister as himself, yet I could not but disapprove his and his friends disuniting the party, nor thought they had sufficient grounds for breaking with Lord Shelburne. I entreated both him and the duke to argue without passion, and to remember that, being such near relations, they must come together again, and therefore I hoped neither would say what the other could never forgive. I did prevent any warmth, and they

parted civilly, though equally discontent with each other.[1]

The point in Fox's conduct which naturally weighed the heaviest against him in the opinion of his contemporaries was the fact that, on all important political questions, there existed very little difference between Lord Shelburne's views and opinions and his own. Even admitting, then, that Lord Shelburne may have been guilty of all the duplicity and chicanery with which he was charged by Fox, surely it afforded no sufficient excuse for the precipitate manner in which the latter flung up the seals of office, to the great detriment of public business. In the words subsequently addressed by Lord Temple to the king, he "abandoned the government in a situation, from various reasons, the most critical, and upon grounds which, upon every principle, public and private, were apparently indefensible." Moreover, admitting that he may have been actuated by purely conscientious motives, surely his subsequent conduct, when out of office, should have

[1] Lord Temple writes, on the 4th of July, to his brother, Thomas Grenville: "I have had a long conversation just now with the Duke of Richmond, who is unhappy, but determined to go on till the first breach on fair public grounds; and wherever or whenever he finds Lord Shelburne tripping, he has apprised him that he will quit, and the other has agreed to it with every seeming profession of cordiality; and thus matters stand." It appears by the Auckland Correspondence that Fox at this time spoke "in very harsh terms of the Duke of Richmond."

been very different from what it proved to be. Clearly, he should have acted the independent and dignified part of supporting his late colleagues so long as he approved of their measures, instead of allying himself, as he afterward did, with men whom he had, over and over again, denounced as the enemies of their country, thus increasing the repugnance with which he was regarded by his sovereign, and forfeiting his character for political honesty in the minds of thousands of his fellow countrymen.

CHAPTER XII.

The Shelburne Administration — Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Dundas Treasurer of the Navy — Fox's Explanation of His Conduct and Attack on His Former Colleagues — Reply of Pitt — Lord Shelburne's Defence in the Upper House — Rodney Vanquishes the French Fleet under De Grasse — Naval Tactics — "Breaking the Line" — Termination of the Siege of Gibraltar — Independence of America Acknowledged — Peace with France, Spain, and Holland — Ignorance of Englishmen on American Affairs — The King's Distress at the Loss of the American Colonies — Weakness of the Government — Attempt to Conciliate Fox — Rivalry of Fox and Pitt — Coalition of Fox with Lord North — Debates in Parliament — Ministers Defeated — Resignation of Lord Shelburne.

LORD SHELBURNE found but little difficulty in filling up the vacant places in the ranks of the ministry. Lord Grantham and Mr. Thomas Townshend, afterward Lord Sydney, succeeded Lord Shelburne and Fox as secretaries of state; Earl Temple was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the room of the Duke of Portland; Pitt, at the age of twenty-three, became chancellor of the exchequer, and the lord advocate, Henry Dundas, afterward Lord Melville, treasurer of the navy. Thus commenced, between the two latter eminent men, that long political partnership and private

Lord Shelburne

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friendship, which it was destined that death alone should terminate.

The business of the parliamentary session had now been nearly brought to a close. Only on one occasion — previously to the prorogation — did the House of Commons present a scene of any interest. On that occasion, every eye was fixed on Fox, as, divested of his court costume, and wearing his old familiar uniform of blue and buff, he walked up the House of Commons and took his seat on the opposition benches. Though still only in the thirty-fourth year of his age, he retained but slight appearance of youth; nor was it easy to imagine that the slovenly-looking being who was preparing to address the House had formerly affected the dress and manners of the exquisites of the day. "At five and twenty," writes Wraxall, "I have seen him *en petit maître* with a hat and feather, even in the House of Commons." Fox's figure was broad, heavy, and inclined to corpulency. His features were harsh, swarthy, and saturnine, in some degree resembling those of King Charles the Second, of whom he was the great-great-grandson. The most striking features in his face were his black and shaggy eyebrows, which at times stamped it with an almost repulsive aspect.[1] Those, however, who

[1] It is needless, perhaps, to observe that Fox's swarthiness of complexion forms part of the poignancy of the following happy quotation of George Selwyn's. "Selwyn," writes Mr. Eden to

enjoyed his friendship, or moved in the same social circle with him, were aware how different was the expression which his features were capable of wearing. When animated by conversation, or lighted up by a smile, they displayed, not only genius, but that perfect good humour and thorough benevolence which constituted the irresistible charms of this extraordinary man.

Close to Fox sat his two late colleagues, Lord John Cavendish and Burke. Below him sat Lord North. Fox's defence of himself was not less able or eloquent than had been anticipated by his admirers. With great spirit and force he denied that his abandonment of his party had been occasioned by either jealousy, rancour, or ambition. His conduct, he said, had met with the approval of the wise and the good. He had found himself in the midst of councils so distracted, and called upon to approve of measures so opposed to the public interests, that it would have been an act of treachery to his country had he consented to

Lord Loughborough, "had a dispute last week about the word 'central' against Lord Weymouth, who espoused 'centrical.' The next day somebody came and told him that Charles Fox had decided against him. 'Then,' said Selwyn, 'carry him my compliments with the following authority from the 'Rape of the Lock:'

"'Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of spleen.'"

continue a member of the Cabinet. No man of character, he exclaimed, ought to remain in that Cabinet. Lord Shelburne he indirectly attacked in the severest language. He represented him as a man in whom duplicity was systematic; as one who respected neither promises, nor engagements, nor principles; as one who was capable of carrying out the most corrupt measures by the corruptest of all means. Fox's hearers, much as they admired his eloquence, seem scarcely to have been convinced by his arguments. By Pitt he was openly and boldly charged with having sacrificed the interests of his country either to his ambition, his interests, or his animosities. "If," said the young chancellor of the exchequer, "the right honourable gentleman so much disliked Lord Shelburne's political principles or opinions, why did he ever consent to act with that nobleman as a colleague? Or, if he had suspected the noble lord of countenancing measures adverse to the interests of the country, why, instead of petulantly throwing up his employment, had he not called a Cabinet council, when the worth of his suspicions might readily have been ascertained?"

The task of defending the Cabinet fell principally upon Conway, whose speech, but for his evident determination to avoid an irreparable rupture with Fox, would in all probability have been a more effective one. In the House of Lords the vindication of the government was more satis-

factory. There, in an able, sensible, and manly speech, Lord Shelburne not only denied the truth of the charges which had been brought against him, but retorted by laying all the blame of the recent rupture in the Cabinet at the door of his late impracticable colleagues. On the subject of their attempting to dictate a minister to the king, Lord Shelburne was especially severe. It was the principle, he declared, of his master in politics, the great Lord Chatham, that the country ought on no account to be governed by an oligarchical party or by family connection. It was the custom, he said, among the Mahrattas, for a certain number of powerful lords to elect a peishwa, whom they vested with the apparent plenitude of power, while he was, in fact, but the creature of an aristocracy, and nothing more than a royal pageant. For himself, Lord Shelburne declared, "he would never consent that the King of England should be a King of the Mahrattas." On the 11th of July, Parliament was prorogued till the 5th of December.

The year 1782 was marked by many important events, both at home and abroad. Measures were passed in Parliament for preventing excisemen and custom-house officers from voting at elections, and contractors sitting as members of the House of Commons; a motion was carried in that House, for erasing from its journals the disgraceful and arbitrary resolution which, thirteen years previously, had declared Wilkes to be incapacitated to

sit as a representative of the people; and lastly, Burke brought forward his celebrated bill for reforming the civil list establishments, which, notwithstanding the opposition which it met with from Lord Chancellor Thurlow in the House of Lords, he succeeded in carrying through Parliament.

As regarded affairs abroad, the year had commenced in the same gloom and despondency with which the previous one had closed. In the month of May, for instance, we find Lord Rockingham writing to the Duke of Portland: "We feel in the moment the most pressing want of seamen. It is no secret that we have now ten ships of the line with scarce a man to put in them." Brighter days, however, were about to dawn on the fortunes of England. In an interview which, in the preceding month of December, had taken place between Sir George Rodney and the king, the latter, ever placing the fullest confidence in the skill and gallantry of the navy, had prevailed upon Sir George to return at once to the West Indies, notwithstanding the insufficiency of the force which the admiralty was, for the present, enabled to place under his orders. On quitting the royal closet, Rodney happened to encounter his friend, Sir Walter Farquhar, who heartily wished him success against the foe. "Many thanks to you, for your good wishes," replied Rodney, "and in return I promise to bring you back a present of De

Grasse." If their flags should meet, he said, on another occasion, "one of us must be a prisoner." On the 17th of January he succeeded in weathering Ushant. On the 19th of February he reached Barbadoes. "The fate of this empire," writes Lord Sandwich to him, "is in your hands, and I have no reason to wish that it should be in any other."

On the 8th of April the heart of Rodney was gladdened with the tidings that the French fleet, commanded by De Grasse, was loosing from its moorings and preparing to put to sea. It numbered thirty-three sail of the line; while the British fleet by this time consisted of thirty-five. Conspicuous amidst the former soared the masts of the famous and formidable *Ville de Paris*, the magnificent present of the City of Paris to Louis the Fifteenth, and the largest ship that floated on the waters. For two days Rodney endeavoured to bring on an action with the enemy, but it was not till the 12th that he was successful. Needless perhaps it is to remark, that it was on this occasion that Rodney, for the first time, put in practice the memorable manœuvre known by the phrase of "breaking the line." The sea was tranquil and the sky cloudless; thus justifying a subsequent remark made by Lord Loughborough in the House of Peers, that Rodney's victory combined all "the pomp, the pride, and circumstance of war." The signal for close fighting having been given, Rodney

was the first to lead the way in the direction of the enemy's fleet. Sir Gilbert Blane, who breakfasted with him half an hour before the action, and who stood by his side during nearly the whole of that memorable day, has related how gallantly the admiral bore down on the French ships in his flagship, the *Formidable*, and how triumphantly, after having received and returned the fire of one half their force, he broke, "under one general blaze and peal of thunder," through the enemy's line. While the *Formidable* was sailing past the *Glorieux*, French line-of-battle ship, which was lying almost a wreck upon the waters, but with her colours still attached to one of her fallen masts, Rodney calmly called the attention of Sir Gilbert Blane to the resemblance which she bore to a fallen hero, as described by his favourite poet, Homer. "Now," he exclaimed, "will be the contest for the body of Patroclus!" Throughout the action, which lasted from sunrise to sunset, he never quitted the quarter-deck for a minute. The only refreshment which he indulged in was a lemon, which he constantly held in his hands, and frequently applied to his lips. Fortunately he escaped without a wound or a contusion. To Lady Rodney he writes, on the day after the battle: "Providence does it all, or else how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line, every one of which, I believe, attacked me; but the *Formidable* proved herself worthy of her name."

Rodney's manœuvre was completely successful. From the moment that the *Formidable* broke through the enemy's line, victory may be said to have declared in favour of the British. One by one, the French ships lowered their colours, leaving, however, the French ensign still fluttering from the tall mast of the huge *Ville de Paris*, the flag-ship of De Grasse, till the surrender of whom it was felt that the triumph was incomplete. At length the proud flag was seen to descend; a sight which, in the words of Sir Gilbert Blane, sent through each British bosom a "thrill of ecstasy" which no language could adequately describe.

De Grasse had done all that could have been expected from the most intrepid and patriotic commander. When Lord Cranstown, after the action, proceeded on board the *Ville de Paris* to receive his sword, he found her sides completely riddled with holes, and her rigging torn to pieces. She had neither a sail, nor a mast capable of carrying a sail. The scene of slaughter which Lord Cranstown witnessed was more terrible than he could have imagined. Even the quarter-deck, on which the French admiral was standing almost alone, was strewed with the wounded and the dead. The principal emotion which De Grasse displayed was astonishment, — astonishment that, in so short a space of time, his fleet should have been defeated, at finding his magnificent ship a prize in the hands

of the enemies of his country, and himself a prisoner. He remained, that night, on board his own ship, and on the following day became the honoured guest of Rodney. "It is odd," writes the latter to Lady Rodney, "but within two little years I have taken two Spanish, one French, and one Dutch admiral."[1] When the news reached Plymouth that the renowned *Ville de Paris* had become a British prize, some French officers, who were returning from thence to their own country by a cartel, laughed the rumour to scorn. "Impossible!" they said. "Not the whole British fleet could take the *Ville de Paris*."

Such are the more interesting details connected with that memorable victory, which alike restored the tarnished honour of Great Britain, prevented Jamaica falling into the hands of France and Spain, humbled the pride of the house of Bourbon, and enabled the court of St. James's to treat for peace with her powerful foes on honourable, instead of disgraceful terms.

In the meantime, the Rockingham ministry, ignorant as yet of the glorious victory which Rodney had won, had thought proper to recall him to England. The order for him "to strike his flag and come home" is dated the 1st of May,

[1] Since the Duke of Marlborough had brought Marshal Tallard a prisoner to England, after the battle of Blenheim, no French naval or military commander-in-chief had been captured by the English.

seventeen days before the tidings of his great success arrived to shame the obtuseness of ministers, and to spread frantic delight throughout the metropolis. "In a very little time," writes one of his delighted daughters to him, "all London was in an uproar. The whole town was illuminated that night. We were at the play. When we went in, the whole house testified, by their claps and huzzas, the joy they felt at the news, and their love for you. Their acclamations lasted for, I am sure, five minutes. You may judge how happy we were."

To the king, whose personal kindness to him Rodney has repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged, as well as to Lord Sandwich, who, of late at least, had appreciated and supported him, the success of the great admiral must have been especially gratifying. The Rockingham ministry, indeed, reaped the advantage of his great achievement, but it was to the late administration, who had sent out the expedition, that the merit was unquestionably due. "The late ministers," writes Walpole, "are robbed of a victory that ought to have been theirs; but the mob do not look into the almanac." "I would say to the present naval Alexander," said Lord North, in the House of Commons, "True, you have conquered, but you have conquered with the arms of Philip."

The Whigs contented themselves with rewarding Rodney with the lowest step in the peerage,

and a paltry pension of two thousand a year. It was less by twelve hundred a year than the pension which Lord Rockingham had recently procured for his friend, Colonel Barré;[1] less by two thousand a year than Lord Shelburne had obtained for his friend Dunning; less, also, by two thousand a year than Lord North had acquired at the close of his calamitous administration. The rank, too, in the peerage conferred on Rodney was a grade lower than that to which Admiral Keppel had recently been raised, for services vastly inferior. "My own ancestor," said Lord Sandwich, in the House of Lords, "was for his services made an earl and master of the wardrobe for three lives. Surely, what Sir George Rodney has done no less merits an earldom, with an annuity of two or three thousand pounds to be annexed to it. The last action alone deserved so much."

It was said of Rodney, in his day, as it has since been said of Nelson, that he was too much addicted to self-laudation; somewhat too prone to put himself forward as the hero of his own tale. For instance, it has been related of him, that, after his memorable victory, he caused a chair to be placed on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship, where, seated in the moonlight, with his eyes turned toward the colossal bulk of his splendid prize, the

[1] Colonel Barré's pension was nominally £3,000 a year, but according to Earl Stanhope the amount of its gross receipts was £3,200.

Ville de Paris, he is said to have indulged in an extravagant panegyric on the services which he had rendered his country, mingled with invectives on the ingratitude of men in power. Some foundation there probably was for these charges against Rodney; yet who, that remembers the acts of the hero, and the many kindly and graceful qualities of the man, but will pardon him for a weakness which other great men have doubtless indulged in as freely, though they may not have exhibited it so incautiously? For ourselves, we should forgive him were it only for the affection which we find him bearing for his absent terrier, "Loup," — his "faithful friend," as Rodney styles him, — and for the care which he took of the famous little bantam-cock, which not only shared its master's perils on the glorious 12th of April, but which, at each broadside the *Formidable* poured into the *Ville de Paris*, crowed and clapped its wings as if exulting in the promise of victory. "Loup," it seems, on Rodney's departure from home to take command of the fleet, had manifested how great was his grief by attaching himself to one of his master's coats, and refusing to take food for three days. "Remember me," writes Rodney to his wife, on the 12th of February, "to my dear girl and to my faithful friend, Loup. I know you will kiss him for me."

Scarcely less redounding to the honour of Great Britain, or less important in its results, was the

glorious termination, in the month of September, this year, of the protracted and memorable siege of Gibraltar. For more than three years its devoted garrison, exposed to every possible description of peril and privation, had offered a noble resistance to the united armaments of Charles the Third of Spain and of Louis the Sixteenth of France. During that time, the restoration of that grand and solitary rock to the Crown of Spain, had been the nightly prayer of the Spanish monarch. "Is it taken?" was daily his waking and anxious inquiry. Every effort which power, wealth, valour, and ingenuity could bring into play had been exhausted to effect its reduction; yet, at the close of the long and eventful siege, the British flag continued to float, as it still floats, on one of the proudest and lordliest conquests in the world. The final attack took place on the 13th September, when a tremendous cannonade was opened upon the fortress from a vast fleet of floating batteries, mortar-vessels, and gunboats. It was answered, however, by an incessant and well-directed discharge of red-hot shot, which, fortunately setting fire to the formidable floating batteries, occasioned so awful a havoc among them, that, on the following morning, floating spars and shattered hulls were the only visible remains of the formidable armada of the preceding day. From that time, although the siege was nominally protracted, Gibraltar was safe from cap-

ture. The veteran and gallant governor, Sir George Eliott, was decorated with the Order of the Bath upon the ramparts, and was subsequently raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Heathfield.

The American war may be said to have terminated with the resignation of Lord North. For some time longer, indeed, the British continued unmolested in the few strong positions over which their flag had floated at the interruption of hostilities, but all idea of conquest had been long since abandoned. Peace was ardently longed for on both sides of the Atlantic, and accordingly, on the 30th of November, provisional articles were signed at Paris, in which Great Britain formally acknowledged the thirteen American provinces to be free and independent States. The natural result of the concession of American independence was peace between Great Britain and France and Spain, the preliminary articles of which were signed at Versailles on the 20th of January, 1783; a cessation of hostilities having in the meantime been agreed to with Holland, which a few months afterward terminated in a peace between the two countries. The terms which Great Britain obtained from her enemies were not only severely commented upon at the time, but in Parliament drew down many violent attacks upon Lord Shelburne and his colleagues. In our own day, however, it seems to be pretty generally conceded that those attacks were

mainly attributable to political jealousies and party hatred; and further, that the terms obtained by Great Britain were as favourable as she had either the right to expect or the power to exact. "There is not the slightest reason," writes Lord Macaulay, "to believe that Fox, if he had remained in office, would have hesitated one moment about concluding a peace on such conditions."

Parliament, in the meantime, had been opened on the 5th of December by a remarkable speech from the throne, in which the king formally announced the independence of the American provinces. "Did I lower my voice when I came to that part of my speech?" was his inquiry of Lord Oxford, so soon as the embarrassing ceremony was at an end. Next to the welfare and happiness of his own people, which the king believed to be jeopardised by American independence, he took to heart the disastrous consequences which he imagined the separation would entail on the Americans themselves. "In thus," runs the speech from the throne, "admitting their separation from the Crown of Great Britain, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire; and that America may be free from those calamities, which have formerly proved in

the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest, affections, may and, I hope, will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries. To this end, neither attention nor disposition on my part shall be wanting."

There is no part of the political conduct of George the Third which has entailed upon him severer censure than the persistency with which he approved of the war with America even to its "bitter end." It was a question, however, on which, as we have already seen, he was very far from standing alone in his views and sentiments. So long, in fact, as there had appeared a reasonable prospect of reducing America to obedience, and of drawing a revenue from her resources, the Americans had been regarded by a large majority of the people of Great Britain as rebels, and the war consequently had been a popular one. The fact is, that, up to a late period of the last century, the ignorance of the English, in all things pertaining to America, appears to have been lamentably great. When, only a few years previously to the passing of the Stamp Act, Lord Ligonier recommended the defence of Annapolis to the old Duke of Newcastle, "To be sure," is said to have been the duke's reply, "Annapolis ought to be protected; of course Annapolis must be protected. By the bye, where is Annapolis?" Not less curi-

ous is it to find Colonel Barré assuring Josiah Quincy, the younger, that only fourteen or fifteen years had elapsed, since more than two-thirds of the people of Great Britain were of the opinion that the Americans were negroes. By degrees, however, they had arrived at a juster knowledge of the real strength of America, as well as of the folly and injustice of prolonging a contest which had so recently met with their entire approval. "The American war," writes the historian Somerville, "is now condemned and execrated by those who lament its calamitous effects, without any retrospect to the motives, the feelings, and the justifiable grounds of entering into it, which produced almost an unanimity of national sentiment at the time of its commencement. Persons of my own age, who were wont, as I well remember, to express themselves with a passionate zeal on this subject, and who considered all those who held a different opinion the tools of faction and abettors of rebellion, have not only changed their sentiments, but seem to have forgotten them as much as if they had lost all sense of personal identity."

"The war against the insurgent colonies," writes the late Sir George Lewis, "had at first been highly popular." Earl Russell also makes the same admission. "It cannot be denied," he says, "that, in his resistance to American claims, George the Third had the full concurrence of his people. The national pride revolted from any

submission to demands loudly put forth, and accompanied with menaces of rebellion." Again, in 1775, we find Lord Rockingham admitting it to be his own conviction, as well as that of his friends, Lord John Cavendish, the Duke of Manchester, and Sir George Savile, "that the violent measures toward America are fairly adopted and countenanced by a majority of individuals of all ranks, professions, or occupations, in this country." "The American war," said Lord North, in the House of Commons, "has been suggested to have been the war of the Crown, contrary to the wishes of the people. I deny it. It was the war of Parliament. There was not a step taken in it that had not the sanction of Parliament. It was the war of the people, for it was undertaken for the express purpose of maintaining the just rights of Parliament, or, in other words, of the people of Great Britain over the dependencies of the empire. For this reason it was popular at its commencement, and eagerly embraced by the people and Parliament. Could the influence of the Crown," inquired Lord North, "have procured such great majorities within the doors of the House of Commons as went almost to produce equanimity? Or, if the influence of the Crown could have produced those majorities within doors, could it have produced the almost unanimous approbation, bestowed without doors, which rendered the war the most popular of any that had been carried on for many

years? Nor did it ever cease to be popular until a series of the most unparalleled disasters and calamities caused the people, wearied out with almost uninterrupted ill success and misfortune, to call out as loudly for peace as they had formerly done for war."

Moreover, to the very close of the American contest, not only the king, but other good and wise men, beheld in the impending separation of Great Britain from her colonies the irremediable disgrace and almost certain ruin of their country. Lord Chatham, for instance, may be said to have sacrificed his life to his endeavours to prevent the dismemberment of the empire, and Lord Shelburne, one of the most clear-sighted statesmen of his time, had anticipated the event with no less despondency. He would never, he said in the House of Lords in 1778, consent that America should be independent. Should their independence, he exclaimed, be conceded to them, "the sun of Great Britain is set, and we shall no longer be a powerful or respectable people." More than once he had repeated in Parliament that he who should sign the independence of America "would consummate the ruin of his country, and must be a traitor." Even so late as the summer of 1782, when, to use his own words, he had "waked from those dreams of dominion," we find him exclaiming in the House of Lords that though the sun of England would set with the loss of America, he hoped to

see it rise again, and was resolved to improve the twilight.

It may be argued that the king, following the example of Lord Shelburne and others, ought to have perceived at an earlier period the improbability of Great Britain being able to hold her colonies as a conquest, and consequently should long ago have abandoned the attempt. But excuses might be found for him which are inapplicable to other persons. He not only regarded independence as pregnant with national dishonour and ruin, but it would be his reign, as he well knew, which would be pointed to as the epoch of the dismemberment of the British Empire, and upon him personally was likely to be cast three-fourths of the opprobrium. If his policy had been wrong, it had at least been approved and upheld by the educated and learned in the land, — by the Church, the Law, and the landed interest. "I am grieved to observe," writes Lord Camden to Lord Chatham, "that the landed interest is almost altogether anti-American." "The court," writes Walpole, "had now at their devotion the three great bodies of the Clergy, Army, and Law." And again, Burke writes to Fox: "The Tories universally think their power and consequence involved in the success of this American business. The clergy are astonishingly warm in it." Moreover, let it be remembered that, throughout the contest with America, the king had apparently been kept

lamentably ill-informed in regard to the real views and feelings of her people. He had not, like Lord Chatham, had a Franklin privately to advise with, and to enlighten him on the subject; nor, like Lord Rockingham, a Governor Wentworth; nor, like Lord Dartmouth, a Joseph Reed; nor, like Burke, his Massachusetts informants and friends. His means of intelligence were, almost necessarily, confined to such public despatches as his ministers felt it their duty or their policy to lay before him; those despatches not only frequently containing the partial representations of irritated governors and other dissatisfied colonial placemen, but sometimes claiming the greater credit and consideration from their having been penned by native Americans themselves. Other excuses might be found for the king. Was it likely, it may be asked, that the most resolute monarch of his time should have consented to the partition of his dominions, and have surrendered up the brightest jewel in his diadem, without a struggle to the last? "Rather," said the Empress Catherine the Second of Russia, "than have granted America her independence, as her brother monarch, King George, had done, she would have fired a pistol at her head." Lastly, of all men living, the generous prince who had been the foremost to encourage the American loyalists to repair to his standard was the least likely to be first to abandon them to the hard fate which awaited them at the hands of their fellow countrymen.

The king's affliction at the loss of America is known to have been alike poignant and lasting. Fortunately, self-reproach had no share in his distress. However unwise, however unfortunate, may have been his policy, he had at least the satisfaction of reflecting that the motives which had influenced his conduct had been neither those of ambition, nor of a thirst for empire; but a firm conviction that he was doing no more than his duty in endeavouring to avert, by all lawful means in his power, a catastrophe which he believed to be alike pregnant with humiliation to his Crown and fatal to the interests of his country. How many persons, probably, there are, — by whom George the Third has been denounced as a tyrant, a simpleton, or a bigot, — who, if they had been his contemporaries, instead of having had the advantage of judging of past events by the light of known results and modern experiences, would have been found sharers of the king's views, and supporters of his policy!

At the time when the English Parliament assembled before Christmas, Lord Shelburne's administration had existed for five months. The number of his followers, in the House of Commons, was computed to amount to only one hundred and forty; those of Lord North to one hundred and twenty; those of Fox to ninety. The rest of the House may be said to have consisted of independent members. Thus, it will be

seen, Lord Shelburne's position could scarcely be much weaker than it was. He did his utmost, indeed, to ingratiate himself with the king, but, against a majority in the House of Commons, the king was powerless. So early, indeed, as the month of July, we find Lord Loughborough agreeing with William Eden that it was impossible the present ministry could stand. It was manifest, indeed, that unless two of the rival parties coalesced against the third, no administration that might be formed could last for many months.

In this state of affairs, Lord Shelburne, it is said, would have willingly come to terms with Lord North, had not Pitt positively refused to sit in the same Cabinet with that nobleman. In the meantime, the administration was almost daily affording evidence of increasing exhaustion. On the 23d of January, the Duke of Richmond plainly intimated to the king that so great was his dissatisfaction with Lord Shelburne he would attend no more Cabinet meetings. On the following day, Lord Keppel resigned his post of first lord of the admiralty, and, a few days afterward, Lord Carlisle threw up his appointment of lord steward of the household. It was under these circumstances that, at the earnest instigation of Pitt, Lord Shelburne reluctantly consented to his opening a negotiation with Fox, to whose house accordingly the young chancellor of the exchequer

repaired by appointment on the 11th of February. As might have been expected, he found Fox quite as much bent on proscribing Lord Shelburne, as he himself was resolved on not coöperating with Lord North. The abruptness, indeed, with which Fox denounced Lord Shelburne appears to have given considerable offence to Pitt. He had not come there, he said, drawing himself up, for the purpose of betraying Lord Shelburne, and he presumed, therefore, that any further discussion was unnecessary.[1] "From this period," writes Bishop Tomline, "may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives."

The same day, Pitt met his cousin, William Grenville, to whom he related the particulars of his interview with Fox. He had asked Fox but one question, — whether there were any terms on which he would ally himself with the ministry, — to which the reply had been: "None, while Lord Shelburne remains." As Grenville shrewdly

[1] This interview between Pitt and Fox, as well as another, which took place between them in 1792, are pointed out by the late Sir George Lewis as being additional to a third interview which took place between them in December, 1790, at a consultation on the subject of Warren Hastings's impeachment, which interview, in the opinion of Lord Sidmouth, was "the only occasion on which Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were ever brought together in private life." There was, however, unquestionably a subsequent meeting between them, on the subject of peace with France, in June, 1804.

writes to his brother, Lord Temple: "The one must be very desperate, the other very confident, before such a question could be so put, and so answered." The young statesman was in the right. Fox was already both confident and deep in those lamentable negotiations with his former antagonist, Lord North, which constituted the great error and misfortune of his public career. Only three days after his interview with Pitt, he and Lord North met at the residence of George North, afterward third Earl of Guilford, where they finally cemented that unnatural political alliance, which has ever since been emphatically distinguished as "The Coalition." [1]

Unnatural that alliance most unquestionably was. For years past, in the House of Commons, Fox had been in the habit of expressing himself hostile to almost every political principle advocated by Lord North, and of systematically op-

[1] As early as the 14th of July, 1782, Lord Loughborough, in a letter to William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, thus foreshows the practicability of the future and famous "Coalition." "My notion, in short, is that part of the old [Lord North's] administration, with the remnant of the Rockingham party, could form a stable government. Their opposite faults would correct each other, and amongst them they would possess more character, and more of the public confidence, than any other assemblage of men. The first thing is to reconcile Lord North and Fox. The first, you know, is irreconcilable to no man; the second will feel his ancient resentment totally absorbed in his more recent hostility, which I think he has no other means of gratifying."

posing all his measures. Over and over again, in language too passionate and too eloquent not to have made indelible impressions on the members of the House, he had charged Lord North and the late ministry with corruption, incapacity, treachery, and falsehood. Over and over again he had laid at their doors all the miseries and calamities which the American war had entailed on the country, and had even threatened them with an ignominious death on the public scaffold. He had denounced Lord North as "void of honesty and honour." He had opposed his being granted a pension on the plea that "men who have ruined their country were not entitled to the rewards of meritorious service." Should he ever make terms with any one member of the late ministry, were his words in the House of Commons, he would "rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind." He further denounced them as men "who, in every public and private transaction, as ministers, had shown themselves void of every principle of honour and honesty." In the hands of such men, he exclaimed, he would not trust his honour even for a moment.

As Walpole observes, in one of his letters to Lady Ossory, there is a trite old saying that "the dearest friends must part," but now a new axiom had been established that "the bitterest enemies may embrace." It has been said, indeed, that

neither Lord North nor Fox had ever personally fostered any ill feeling toward each other, but, even if the fact could be proved, it would tend but little to palliate the exceptionable character of their new alliance. Not impossibly, each may have persuaded himself that, by acting as he did, his country would be a gainer; yet if the world attributed their conduct to other and less worthy motives, they had assuredly little reason to be surprised. Those motives, in the opinion of the majority of their fellow countrymen, were assignable to ambition, to the desire for power and place, and to a personal and common repugnance to Lord Shelburne. Even the choice of means by which they proposed to turn out the administration — namely, opposition to the terms of the treaty of peace — was suggestive of egregious laxity of political principle. "That nothing," writes Lord Macaulay, "might be wanting to the scandal, the great orators who had, during seven years, thundered against the war, determined to join with the authors of that war in passing a vote of censure on the peace."

On the 17th of February, a majority of thirteen peers in the upper House recorded their approbation of the treaty of peace, by voting an address of thanks to the Crown. In the House of Commons the address was violently opposed both by Fox and Lord North. Although, for many days past, vague rumours had gone abroad that the tribune of the people and the champion of high prerogative had

mutually forgiven their personal animosities, and had made up their political differences, yet the House of Commons were scarcely prepared for those startling evidences of good understanding and good fellowship which gradually developed themselves in the course of the night's debate. Fox, indeed, kept back from the knowledge of the House the fact of his having entered into formal political engagements with Lord North, yet, when taunted by Dundas and others on the subject of his altered language, he seemed to glory at finding himself fighting in the same ranks with his ancient enemy. The state of things, he said, which had occasioned their political enmity no longer existed. The American war, and with it the feuds and the rancour which it had engendered, were at an end. He was happy at all times to bury his animosities in oblivion, but his friendships he hoped would never die. He had found the noble lord, he added, an honourable adversary, and he had no doubt of his openness and sincerity as a friend. Fox's speech was listened to by many with indignation, if not contempt. "It was an age of great conspiracies," said Powys, the member for Northamptonshire. "A monstrous coalition had taken place between a noble lord and an illustrious commoner; the lofty assertor of the prerogative had joined in alliance with the worshippers of the majesty of the people."

It was four o'clock in the morning when Pitt rose

to speak. On the result of his eloquence may almost be said to have depended the fate of the ministry. He was ill, however, and irritable, and consequently able to do justice neither to himself nor to his colleagues. In the opinion of his former tutor, Bishop Tomline, his speech on this occasion was one of the feeblest he ever delivered. He was even betrayed into resorting to personalities; taunting Sheridan, for instance, with his connection with the stage, and advising him to reserve his dramatic turns and epigrammatic points for his theatrical audiences. The retort of Sheridan was admirable. "If ever," he said, "I again engage in those compositions to which the right honourable gentleman has in such flattering terms referred, I may be tempted to an act of presumption. I may be encouraged by his praises to try an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters in the play of the 'Alchymist,' —the Angry Boy." When, at seven o'clock in the morning, a division took place, ministers found themselves defeated by a majority of sixteen; a majority which would doubtless have been still larger but for the offence which the discovery of the intimacy between Fox and Lord North gave to many of the members.[1] "Some of the stanchest friends of Fox and the Cavendishes," writes Walpole, "left them because they had joined Lord

[1] "There are great numbers of members," writes Lord Bulkeley to Lord Temple, "who are outrageous at the junction of Fox with Lord North."

North, and some of Lord North's friends deserted him because he had united with Fox." Wraxall also mentions the discomposure of Fox, when, on looking around him in the House of Commons, he ceased to behold on the opposition benches the familiar faces of many of his friends.

On the 21st of February, the opposition, through their mouthpiece, Lord John Cavendish, moved in direct and explicit terms a condemnation of the conditions of the peace. A curious and exciting, as well as interesting, debate followed. Again party spirit was carried to the most violent lengths; again the fiercest invectives were levelled at the new and unholy alliance, of the existence of which there could no longer be well a doubt. For once in his life, Lord North, as Walpole informs us, "betrayed the utmost anguish" at the taunts and reproaches to which he was exposed. More especially he is said to have winced beneath a witty and withering sarcasm of Thomas Pitt, member for Old Sarum. The noble member in the Blue Riband, said his merciless assailant, had not only, by his persistence in the American war, inflicted the most cruel wounds upon his country, but now, by opposing the peace, was doing his utmost to prevent a healing salve being applied to them. The case, he added, reminded him of that of a man at Bury, who, on learning that a brother-in-law, whom he had caused to be assassinated, was in a fair way of recovering from his wounds, had

visited him in his sick-chamber and torn away his bandages.

His gifted cousin, William Pitt, delivered on this occasion a speech which lasted for two hours and three-quarters. On its success or failure, as he himself must have been well aware, would depend, in all probability, his almost immediate elevation to the premiership, or else a long postponement of the realisation of the dreams of his early ambition. To all appearance the chances of success were greatly against him. In addition to labouring under the disadvantages of youth, of indifferent health, and insufficient experience in public affairs, he had to contend, not only against the eloquence of such parliamentary giants as Burke, Sheridan, and North, but against one who would have been a giant in any age and in any country, Charles Fox. That Pitt fully appreciated and freely admitted the formidable powers of his destined rival, ample evidence exists to prove. When, a few months afterward, on the first and last occasion of his crossing the British Channel, the Abbé de Lageard put the question to him how a nation so moral as the British could submit to be governed by a statesman whose irregularities in private life were so notorious as those of Fox, Pitt's reply was at once generous, comprehensive, and graceful. "You have never," he said, "been under the wand of the magician." At another time Pitt made the remark that whenever he thought he had spoken

better than usual he found that "Fox surpassed himself in his reply." That under these circumstances, Pitt, before replying to Fox, should have been anxious to catch every argument, nay, every word, that fell from the lips of Fox, was only natural. But he was still ill; so ill that, dreading the sudden consequences of a disordered stomach, he was to be seen, while Fox was speaking, with his hand upon the handle of a door which opened into a portico behind the old House of Commons. Indisposed, however, as he was, he not only spoke admirably, but his speech on this occasion has been pronounced by his admirers as one of the very finest he ever delivered. Rising immediately after Fox had sat down, he inveighed against his "unnatural coalition" with Lord North, in language of lofty indignation. "The triumphs of party," he said, "with which this self-appointed minister seems so highly elate, shall never seduce me to any inconsistency which the busiest suspicion shall presume to glance at. I will never engage in political enmities without a public cause. I will never forego such enmities without the public approbation; nor will I be questioned and cast off in the face of this House by one virtuous and dissatisfied friend." "If," he added, "this baneful alliance is not already formed; if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnised, I know a just and lawful impediment, and in the name of the public safety I here forbid the banns."

But it was upon Lord North that the weight of Pitt's eloquent indignation principally fell. Whatever, he said, might appear dishonourable or inadequate in the proposed articles of peace was chargeable to the noble lord in the Blue Riband, whose profuse expenditure of the public money, whose temerity and obstinacy in protracting a notoriously pernicious and oppressive war, and whose utter unfitness to fill the high station which he had recently quitted, rendered a peace of any description absolutely necessary for the preservation of the state. After a touching allusion to the exalted political precepts which he had imbibed from his illustrious father, he spoke with cheerfulness of his own approaching retirement into private life, concluding his memorable oration with the fine lines of Horace:

"Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit," etc.

On coming to the words, "Et meâ virtute me involvo," — which he omitted, — he pointedly and modestly paused for a moment or two, and then, emphatically striking the table with his hand, added:

". . . probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro."
— *Horat., Lib. 3, Carm. 29.*

But, splendid as was the triumph achieved by the young statesman, his efforts proved powerless against the united strength of Fox and Lord North. When, at three o'clock in the morning, the House came to a division, ministers again found themselves in a minority; the numbers being 207 to 190.

This remarkable debate took place on Friday, the 21st of February, and on Monday, the 24th, Lord Shelburne resigned the premiership. At two o'clock on that day, General Cuninghame writes to Lord Temple: "Lord Shelburne is now in the closet resigning, and most of his colleagues in the outward room to follow his example. The chancellor's resignation is doubtful." Thus did a House of Commons, which has been commonly represented as unusually corrupt, and as unduly influenced by the court, overthrow two several administrations in the course of a single year.[1]

[1] "Twice in one twelvemonth," writes Walpole, "the same House of Commons overturned two administrations, — a strong argument against touching the mode of representation. Did it want correction, if a Parliament chosen by the court, and reckoned most corrupt and abandoned, tore two ministers from the king in one year?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Fox and His Friends Agree to Recommend the Duke of Portland to the King as Premier — William Pitt Pressed to Accept the Premiership, but Declines — The Office Offered to Lord North, but Declined by Him — The Prince of Wales Allies Himself with Fox and His Party — Distress of the King at Having the Whigs Forced upon Him, and at the Misconduct of the Prince of Wales — The King Urges Pitt to Accept the Premiership — Pitt, after Consulting with His Friends, again Declines — Critical State of Public Business — The King Blames the Coalition, and the Coalition Blames the King — Public Opinion in Favour of the King — After Another Attempt to Engage Lord North, the King is Compelled to Call in the Duke of Portland, Who Becomes Premier — The Coalition Ministry — Burke and Sheridan Not in the Cabinet — Pitt's Motion for Parliamentary Reform Defeated — Political Caricatures by Sayer and Gillray — Mutual Bearing of the King and His New Ministers, Particularly Fox, in Their Intercourse on Public Business.

Fox and Lord North now looked upon their triumph as complete. So satisfied, indeed, were they that the defeat of Lord Shelburne would occasion their own immediate return to office, that they commenced making their ministerial arrangements even while that nobleman was still in power. Severally waiving their individual pretensions to the premiership, they agreed to dictate to the king a minister who would be satisfied with the high

honour of being the first servant of the Crown, though enjoying only the semblance of power. Their choice fell upon the third Duke of Portland, a nobleman of whose moderate claims to hold high office we have already had occasion to speak, and whose only apprenticeship in state business consisted in his having been lord chamberlain in Lord Rockingham's first administration and recently, for five months, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The duke proved to be as docile and passive an auxiliary as Fox and his friends could possibly have desired. No less convinced than Fox and Lord North of the immediate elevation of their party to power, we find him, so early as the 22d of February, — two days previously to Lord Shelburne's resignation, — having the assurance to write to Earl Temple urging him, in a "most secret and confidential" letter, to transfer his services as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the embryo administration of which the duke had evidently made up his mind to be the chief. The son of George Grenville, however, not only unhesitatingly declined the offer, but subsequently took upon himself the responsibility of addressing a letter to his sovereign, in which he severely reprobated the conduct of Fox and his adherents. "It is my earnest prayer," he writes, "that your Majesty's wisdom and firmness may save the kingdom from the calamities which must be the consequences of this unprincipled coalition, — unprincipled, because they can

be bound to no political or moral principles in common. And with these feelings, I shall retire with satisfaction to that obscurity from which your Majesty's great goodness called me." With no less presumption, the duke, on the 24th, "without having received any invitation from the king," pressed the Duke of Richmond to remain in office as master general of the ordnance. But, nearly related as his Grace was to Fox, and personally prejudiced as at this time he was against the king, he rejected the overture with disdain. He had seen his name, he said, attached to so many protests against Lord North that it was impossible he could act in concert with that nobleman. He had blamed his friends, he added, when they retired in the summer. He hoped they would not now blame him if he did the same. Fox, in fact, to use Lord Russell's words, had selected a "field of battle the worst he could have chosen." Moreover, by his "unwarrantable pretention," in now, for the second time, disputing the king's constitutional right of nominating his own first minister, he must necessarily render himself more objectionable than ever to his sovereign.

In the meantime, great indeed was the king's affliction at the prospect of having to surrender at discretion to the man whom he alike regarded as a dangerous political empiric, and as the contaminator of the morals of his first-born. Moreover, his affliction was increased by the humiliating

reflection that it was no longer the great Whig party, as a body, which threatened to take him captive, but a mere section of his former tyrants. In this trying crisis, his chief hope of deliverance appears to have lain in the disgust which he rightly imagined that Parliament and his subjects would feel at so unnatural a coalition as that between Fox and Lord North. Little as was the love or respect which he bore for Lord Shelburne,[1] he would willingly have prevailed upon that nobleman to remain at the head of the government despite his discomfiture in the House of Commons, in the hope that perseverance and a good cause would be ultimately rewarded with success. "The king," writes William Grenville to Lord Temple, on the 19th of February, "is decidedly with Lord Shelburne." Lord Shelburne, however, appears to have regarded the prospect before him as an utterly hopeless one, and accordingly, greatly to the distress, if not the indignation, of the king, he persisted in his resolution of throwing up the reins of government. "He [the king]," writes Lord Temple, "recapitulated [to me] all the transactions

[1] In a letter to Lord North, written in March, 1778, we find the king speaking of his dislike to Lord Shelburne being inferior only to the aversion which he felt toward Wilkes. It is possible that the king's remark may only have been meant to apply to Colonel Barré, whose name he couples with that of Lord Shelburne. In another letter, however, the king mentions his having been "highly incensed" at certain language used by Lord Shelburne; and in a third letter he styles him "the Jesuit."

of that period with the strongest encomium upon Mr. Pitt, and with much apparent acrimony pointed at Lord Shelburne, whom he stated to have abandoned a situation which was tenable, and particularly so after the popular resentment had been roused." According to Lord Holland, Lord Shelburne, on the other hand, not only "always complained that the king had tricked and deserted him in 1782 and 1783," but "always suspected the court of secretly conniving at his downfall." How little weight, however, is to be attached to these charges may be gleaned from the foregoing evidence of Mr. Grenville and Lord Temple.

The resignation of Lord Shelburne, combined with the king's aversion to Fox, opened a splendid future for Pitt. On the day on which he delivered his brilliant speech in defence of the Shelburne administration, he wanted three months to complete his twenty-fourth year. Yet, notwithstanding his youth, and brief as had been his apprenticeship in the conduct of public business, it was the opinion of more than one experienced and far-sighted statesman of the day, that he was the fittest person to lead the councils of his sovereign. Among those persons was Lord Shelburne himself, to whose credit it was that, when the Lord Advocate Dundas exhorted him to recommend Pitt to the king for the premiership, he readily and zealously undertook the commission. That Lord Shelburne anticipated many objections on the part

of the king is extremely probable. Not only on account of Pitt's youth, and from his being the son of the haughty and impracticable Chatham, was the advice likely to be unpalatable to the king, but the political principles of the youthful statesman were, in many respects, diametrically opposed to those of the court. They differed, indeed, in no material points from those of Fox. Pitt had shown himself thoroughly liberal in his views. He had spoken, in the House of Commons, in favour of Burke's measure for economical reform. He had opposed the war with America, and advocated American independence. He was the avowed enemy of close boroughs, to the existence of which he attributed all the misfortunes which of late years had befallen the country. He had supported Alderman Sawbridge's bill for shortening the duration of Parliaments, and lastly, he had himself introduced into the House of Commons a measure for parliamentary reform.

On the other hand, Pitt had many qualities which were calculated to render him agreeable to the king. He was industrious, and the king regarded industry as a virtue. He was virtuous, and the king venerated virtue. With a bare pittance of three hundred a year, he had rejected a salary of five thousand. When, therefore, Lord Shelburne mentioned him in the royal closet as being the fittest person to hold the reins of power, the proposition was listened to by the king with

anything but dissatisfaction. "The king," writes Dundas, on the 25th of February, "received it eagerly, and instantly made the offer to Mr. Pitt with every assurance of the utmost support. Mr. Pitt desired to think of it. I was with him all last night, and Mr. Rigby and I have been with him all this morning, going through the state of the House of Commons. I have little doubt that he will announce himself minister to-morrow." "Dined at Pitt's," writes his friend Wilberforce, on the 24th, "and heard of the very surprising propositions."

But, strong as must have been the temptation, and great as was the difference between dispensing coronets and Garters and returning to his barrister's wig and gloomy law chambers in Lincoln's Inn, Pitt, after having maturely weighed the difficulties which stood in his path, rejected the splendid overture. "The offer," writes his cousin, William Grenville, to Lord Temple, on the 26th, "was made to Pitt of the treasury with *carte blanche*, which after two days' deliberation he has this day refused." "The offer," writes Walpole, "no doubt was dazzling, and so far worth accepting, as to obtain the chariot for a day was glorious at his age."[1]

[1] "He certainly," writes Walpole, "consented for a few hours, but soon retracted. Some thought Lord Shelburne dissuaded him from jealousy; but there might be another reason; the king made the offer very drily and ungraciously." We have seen how completely Walpole was wrong in both these surmises.

Next to Pitt, the king would apparently have preferred seeing Earl Gower at the head of the treasury, but that nobleman very naturally shrank from undertaking a task for which Pitt had declared himself to be unequal. The king had now no other alternative but to advise with one or other of the leading members of the coalition, and accordingly it was for Lord North, as being less objectionable to him than either Fox or the Duke of Portland, that he sent. Not that George the Third, at this period, could have regarded the conduct of Lord North with any other feelings than those of grief and anger, if not disgust. So cruelly, indeed, did he imagine himself to have been abandoned and betrayed by his former minister and friend, that happening to meet the venerable Earl of Guilford in the queen's apartments, the sight of the father flung him into a state of agitation which he found it impossible to conceal. "My Lord Guilford," he exclaimed, as he wrung the earl's hands, "did I ever think that Lord North would have delivered me up in this manner to Mr. Fox?" [1] Lord North, it must be remembered, had been for many years

His friends, writes Pitt to his mother, on the 25th, "are sanguine in the expectation of his success; Lord Shelburne himself most warmly so." "The king," adds Pitt, "when I went in yesterday, pressed me in the strongest manner to take Lord Shelburne's place."

[1] Francis, first Earl of Guilford, the father of Lord North by Lucy, daughter of George Montagu, Earl of Halifax, died 4 August, 1790, in his eighty-seventh year.

the depositary of the king's political secrets. His long and affectionate intimacy with the king had enabled him to acquire a thorough insight into the private weaknesses, prejudices, and predilections of his royal master, and this important knowledge he was now enabled to carry with him to the camp of his new allies. Moreover, since his new relationships with Fox, the former Tory champion of prerogative had begun to advocate principles which could scarcely fail to be very offensive to the king. He not only adopted Fox's wholesome axiom that no sovereign of this country ought to be his own minister, but he volunteered the almost republican doctrine that the "appearance of power" was all that ought to be conceded to a King of England. In his new zeal, he was even led to betray to his Whig friends an unguarded expression which had escaped the king's lips in the course of one of their recent conferences. The king having spoken of Fox's party as a faction, Lord North repeated the offensive term to Fox; thus in all probability sowing the seeds of fresh animosity between the king and his domineering subject.

Moreover, the personal ingratitude displayed by Lord North deeply wounded and distressed the king. If one who had served him so long, and whom he had rewarded so liberally, could prove faithless, what other statesman was there in whom the king could place confidence? He had loved

and trusted Lord North as he had loved and trusted no other minister since his accession, not even excepting Lord Bute. He had delighted in loading him with favours and honours. He had elevated him to the premiership; had honoured him with the Garter, and had conferred upon him the honourable and lucrative appointment of warden of the Cinque Ports. He had raised his brother to the rich bishopric of Winchester, and had bestowed on Lady North the rangership of Bushy Park. He had not only appointed his father, Lord Guilford, treasurer to the queen, but granted him the reversion, on the death of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, of a post of great profit in the customs, with further reversions to two of Lord North's own sons, Francis and Frederick, afterward successively Earls of Guilford.[1] To Lord North

[1] The post in question was that of "Comptroller Inwards and Outwards." In the time of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, who held the appointment by patent dated January 24, 1748, the net produce of his receipts, after deduction of all expenses, taking one year, was £1,302 13*s*. 4*d*.; the amount of his salary being only £375, and his fees £1,348 13*s*. 4*d*. The practice, in the last century, of conferring lucrative posts in the customs on men of rank appears to have been carried to a disgraceful extent. Thus, in 1784, the Duke of Manchester held the appointment of "Collector Outwards," Sir Banks Jenkinson that of "Collector Inwards;" Lord Pelham was surveyor general, and Lord Stowell, surveyor. Duties undoubtedly they were called upon to perform, but they appear to have generally managed to perform them by deputy. In 1795, when Francis, Earl of Guilford, held the appointment of comptroller, his salary was £255 a

himself, when labouring under pecuniary difficulties, he had opened his purse, and, on his retiring from office, the king had granted him a pension of four thousand pounds.

During three several interviews which took place at this period between George the Third and his former minister,[1] the king earnestly entreated Lord North to break off his connection with Fox and resume the premiership, while the latter no less urgently pressed his sovereign to send for the Duke of Portland. The king, however, as he told Lord North, was resolved not "to put the treasury into the hands of the head of a faction," and accordingly the negotiation was broken off.

Of the steps which, during the next fortnight, the king took to form a government, no very interesting particulars have been recorded. We know, however, that on the 5th of March he was closeted with the lord chancellor and Lord Gower; that on the 12th and on the 16th he again saw Lord North; and lastly, on the 19th we find him reduced to the bitter and humiliating necessity of sending for the Duke of Portland, and authorising him to take steps for forming an administration. The king, in order to avoid what he considered the disgrace

year, with £100 a year for a deputy, and £20 a year for a clerk; his remaining emoluments being made up by fees, which, no doubt, were very considerable.

[1] On the 1st, 3d, and 4th of March.

of an unconditional surrender, would willingly have retained Lord Thurlow on the woolsack, but to this concession Fox obstinately refused to agree. "I hope," was the coarse expression of the Prince of Wales at a party at the Duchess of Cumberland's, "that d——d fellow, the chancellor, will be turned out." There will be no peace, retorted the chancellor, till the prince and Fox are secured in the Tower. The king could now pretty clearly perçeive the state of bondage in which it was intended that he should be kept. For instance, when he solicited the Duke of Portland to show him a list of the proposed new "arrangements," — that "profligate list," as William Grenville styles it — not only did the duke decline to apprise him of any other names but those of the members of the Cabinet, but, as the king told General Conway, a moderate request to be informed of the name of the intended new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was preferred in vain. The king even complained of being treated with personal incivility. At all events, whatever might be the consequences, he resolved on breaking off the negotiation. The indignation of Fox, and of his sanguine partisans, was naturally excessive. The king, said the Prince of Wales out loud at his mother's drawing-room, had refused to accept the coalition, but by G——! he should be made to agree to it. "George the Fourth," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 18th, "has linked himself with Charles Fox."

It was at this time that George the Third took into his confidence a young scholar in his twenty-fourth year, the second son of that once obnoxious minister, of whom the king had formerly said that he would rather see the Evil One walk into his closet than George Grenville. This person was William Grenville, afterward prime minister, and better known as Lord Grenville. His first interview with his sovereign took place at Buckingham House on the 16th of March, on which occasion the king bitterly complained to his new ally of the distracted state of the kingdom, all the misfortunes of which he attributed to the apostasy of Lord North. Political party, he said, no longer consisted, as in former times, of two honourable sections, Whigs and Tories, but was split into factions, the component members of which had no higher object in view than the attainment of power and place, however disastrous might be the consequences to their country.[1] Fox he "loaded with every expression of abhorrence." Of Lord North — "that grateful Lord North!" as he called him — he spoke in strong terms of resentment and disgust. Neither was he much more sparing of

[1] Bishop Watson expresses the same views in speaking of the coalition. "It left the country," he writes, "without hope of soon seeing another respectable opposition on constitutional grounds, and it stamped on the hearts of millions an impression which will never be effaced, that patriotism is a scandalous game played by public men for private ends, and frequently little better than a selfish struggle for power."

his invectives in speaking of the Duke of Portland. It was his conviction, said the king, that Fox and Lord North had found much difficulty in agreeing between themselves, and it was owing to this difficulty that the country had been left so long without a government. Yet, added the king, it was upon him that they were now attempting to thrust the odium of the mischievous delay. His personal aversion to both of them, he repeated, was great, but were he compelled to choose one or the other of them for his minister, he should prefer Lord North.

When Mr. Grenville, a few days afterward, was admitted to a second interview in the royal closet, he found the king's manner much less agitated, and his language much more temperate. At some length he expatiated on the characters of Fox and Lord North, "whom," says Mr. Grenville, "I think he described very justly, though certainly not in the most flattering colours." Lord North, he said, was a man "composed entirely of negative qualities;" one who, for the sake of securing present ease, would risk any difficulty which might threaten the future. Of Fox, so far as his great abilities were concerned, the king spoke in very flattering terms. Yet, while he freely awarded him the merit of genius, of eloquence, and quickness of parts, he insisted that those qualities were neutralised by his want of application, by his scanty knowledge of public business, and more

especially by his utter want of discretion and judgment.

In the meantime, the king's health, as usually happened to him in seasons of great political excitement, threatened to give way under the great distress and humiliation to which he was subjected. Mr. Grenville, for instance, in his account of their first interview, describes him as having been "highly excited," and as speaking with such "inconceivable quickness," that it was with difficulty he could command the king's ear even for a few moments. The prospect of being enslaved by Fox, the ingratitude of Lord North, and the severance of the American colonies from the mother country, evidently, one and all, preyed very heavily on his mind. While in conversation with Mr. Grenville, the king happening casually to allude to American independence, it struck the young statesman as being a "most bitter pill indeed for him to swallow." Moreover, the continued misconduct of the heir to the throne, who by this time had openly and enthusiastically declared himself a friend to the coalition, was the source of deep additional distress to the king. The prince, as we have said, was a member of Brooks's Club, where, as Walpole tells us, the members were not only "strangely licentious" in their talk about their sovereign, but, in their zeal for the interests of the heartless young prince, even wagered on the duration of the king's reign.

The Duke of Portland was also a member of Brooks's, where either he, or, more probably, his friends, were indelicate enough to allow the king's correspondence with the duke to be handed about among the frivolous macaronis and idlers of the place, and subjected to what Walpole styles their "irreverent jests." These circumstances were doubtless well known to the king, and accordingly, when superadded to his other cares and distresses, readily account for his distressing state of mind and body. "The king was ill," writes Walpole, on the 30th of March, "and fell away much with vexation." He even repeated his threat of retiring to his Hanoverian dominions. The queen, he told the Lord Advocate Dundas, had consented to his taking this extraordinary step.

In this, his great distress, the king's thoughts once more turned to Pitt, on whom he again eagerly and repeatedly pressed the premiership. Their correspondence commences on the 23d of March, and ceases on the 25th:

The King to Mr. Pitt.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, March 23, 1783, $\frac{m}{50}$ p^t 8 A. M.

"Mr. Pitt is desired to come here in his morning dress as soon as convenient to him.

"G. R."

"At two this morning," writes Dundas, on the 24th, "I was called up by an express from Mr. Pitt. I have seen him this morning, and although

I shall not be sanguine upon anything till it is actually fixed, I flatter myself that Mr. Pitt will kiss hands as first lord of the treasury on Wednesday next." The king was even more sanguine than Dundas. The same day, — at ^{m} p^{t} 5 P. M., — he writes from Windsor to Pitt: "After the manner I have been personally treated, by both the Duke of Portland and Lord North, it is impossible I can ever admit either of them into my service. I therefore trust that Mr. Pitt will exert himself to-morrow to plan his mode of filling up the offices that will be vacant, so as to be able on Wednesday morning to accept the situation his character and talents fit him to hold, when I shall be in town before twelve ready to receive him."

But the young statesman, after having again taken into full consideration the difficulties which beset his path, again deemed it prudent to reject the splendid offer so flatteringly pressed upon him by his sovereign. On the 25th, Dundas writes to his brother, "It is now my opinion that Mr. Pitt will not accept of the government. How all this anarchy is to end, God only knows." The following half-reproachful note from the king to Pitt concludes their brief, but remarkable correspondence:

The King to Mr. Pitt.

"WINDSOR, March 25, $\frac{m}{35}$ p^{t} 4 P. M.

"MR. PITT: — I am much hurt to find you are determined to decline at an hour when those who

have any regard for the Constitution, as established by law, ought to stand forth against the most daring and unprincipled faction that the annals of this kingdom ever produced.

"G. R."

In the meantime, not only had the country been for five weeks without a government, but the state of public affairs was in the highest degree critical. The Mutiny Bill had not been passed. The treaty of peace had not been signed, and consequently France, ever ready to take advantage of the internal dissensions of Great Britain, might at any moment feel justified in recommencing hostilities. The militia, on being disbanded, had not only mutinously insisted upon retaining their clothes, but so helpless had been the War Department as to be compelled to accede to their demand. Lastly, the sailors at Portsmouth refused to sail to the West Indies till paid their arrears of wages, and the treasury was without the means of satisfying their claims. "The government," writes William Grenville to Lord Temple, "is broke up just when a government was most wanted. Our internal regulations, — our loan, our commerce, our army, — everything is at a stand, while the candidates for office are arranging their pretensions. In the meantime, we have no money, and our troops and seamen are in mutiny." According to the king, this lamentable state of

things was attributable to "the most unprincipled coalition the annals of this or any other country can equal;" while Fox, on the other hand, laid all the blame on his sovereign. It was "the most insolent domination," he said, in the House of Commons, "that ever disgraced a free country." Doubtless, had the coalition been as popular with the country as it was powerful in Parliament, the king must long since have been compelled to surrender at discretion. The public, however, took part with their sovereign. Addresses to the House of Commons, in favour of the treaty of peace, poured in from all quarters. Generally speaking, the conduct of Fox and his friends was attributed to factious jealousies and selfish ambition. For instance, so zealous a Whig as Bishop Watson admits that the conduct of his former friends was alike pregnant with imminent danger to the Constitution, and had destroyed all his confidence in public men. "I clearly saw," he writes, "that they sacrificed their public principles to private pique, and their honour to their ambition." Even Fox's most intimate friend, Fitzpatrick, acknowledges that the coalition was "universally cried out against." "Unless," he writes to Lord Ossory, "a real good government is the consequence of this juncture, nothing can justify it to the public." Fox, himself, indeed, acknowledged to his friends that he had taken a step which, unless ultimately

crowned with success, must be "pronounced indefensible."

On the 1st of April, the king, before formally delivering himself up to the tender mercies of Fox and the Duke of Portland, made a final attempt to induce Lord North to accept the premiership. Lord North, however, continued obdurate. "I have told your Majesty," he replied, "that I cannot." "Then," said the king, "you may tell the Duke of Portland he may kiss my hand to-morrow." Little doubt can exist as to the continued intensity of the king's distress. To Lord Temple he writes, the same day: "I trust the eyes of the nation will soon be opened, or my sorrow may prove fatal to my health if I remain long in this thraldom. I trust you will be steady in your attachment to me, and ready to join other honest men in watching the conduct of this unnatural combination; and I hope many months will not elapse before the Grenvilles, the Pitts, and other men of abilities and character, will relieve me from a situation that nothing could have compelled me to submit to, but the supposition that no other means remained of preventing the public finances from being materially affected."

Little time was allowed to elapse before the names of the members of the new Cabinet were announced to the public. The Duke of Portland was gazetted as first lord of the treasury; Lord North and Fox as secretaries of state; Lord

John Cavendish, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Stormont, president of the Council; and Lord Keppel, first lord of the admiralty. The Great Seal was put into commission. Burke, notwithstanding his splendid abilities and the great services which he had rendered his party, was again excluded from the Cabinet, being obliged to content himself with his former lucrative post of paymaster of the forces. Sheridan was honoured with no higher a post than secretary of the treasury. Pitt was strongly urged to join the new administration, but unhesitatingly refused.[1]

Prosperous times had now arrived for the members of Brooks's and the men of pleasure. Of Fox's intimate friends, the Earl of Northington was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Richard Fitzpatrick, secretary at war. Of Fox's old schoolfellows at Eton, the Earl of Carlisle was made privy seal; William Windham was appointed Secretary for Ireland; Anthony Morris Storer was in due time nominated minister plenipotentiary at Paris during the absence of the Duke of Manchester; while for another Eton schoolfellow, Earl Fitzwilliam, Fox, as will presently be seen, had in contemplation a still more

[1] To Lord Ossory, Fox writes, on the 9th of September: "If Pitt could be persuaded, — but I despair of it, — I am convinced if he could, he would do more real service to the country than any man ever did."

important office. It was to the credit of one at least of these men of fashion, that he not only admitted his own unworthiness, but expostulated with Fox on the inexpediency of his appointments. "I am sure," writes Lord Northington to Fox, from Ireland, a few months afterward, "men of abilities, knowledge of business, and experience, ought to be employed here, both in the capacity of lord lieutenant and secretary; not gentlemen taken wild from Brooks's to make their *dénouement* in public life. I feel very forcibly the truth of this observation in my own instance, and wish heartily it was better supplied."

When, on the 2d of April, the new ministers kissed hands, the king is said to have had some difficulty in concealing his vexation. Lord Townshend, who was present, humourously observed that, on Fox kissing hands, he observed his Majesty "turn back his ears and eyes, just like the horse at Astley's, when the tailor he had determined to throw, was getting on him." Nevertheless, the king behaved both toward Fox and the Duke of Portland in a gracious manner. Lord North, on the contrary, he received with a marked coldness which denoted even aversion.

To the country at large, the new administration was scarcely more acceptable than it was to the king. To use the words of Walpole, all parties, in the opinion of the public, had become so "jumbled and prostituted that no shadow of principle seemed

to remain in any party." It was little to the credit of the new ministers, that, when they submitted to Parliament the articles of peace which they proposed to substitute for Lord Shelburne's rejected treaty, they were found to be almost identical with those which, owing to Fox's and Lord North's opposition, had not only been the means of overthrowing the late government, but had nearly reduced the country to a state of anarchy. Still less was it to the credit of Fox and his Whig colleagues that they proved false to those great principles of freedom which constituted their main claim to popular favour. A wise and strong measure of parliamentary reform might have repaired most of the defects in the Constitution, but unhappily Burke and Lord North were agreed in opposing any change in the existing system of popular representation, and consequently when Pitt introduced into Parliament a motion for disfranchising corrupt boroughs, and giving additional members to the counties and metropolitan districts, he was defeated by so large a majority as 144. "Nothing done in reform!" writes Lord Temple to Lord Northington, "except the creation of new offices, and the whole attention of ministers exclusively turned to the book of Numbers."

The result of the coalition between Fox and Lord North could have been gratifying to the personal vanity of neither. Fox, though his former constituents returned him for Westminster, was

hissed and hooted as he stood on the hustings. The three per cent. consols had been at seventy when the coalition entered into office. Before the end of the year they had declined to fifty-six. Ridicule as well as invective was plentifully levelled at the members of the new administration. "Caricatures," says Mr. Wright, "were hurled against them in greater numbers, and in a better style of execution, than had been witnessed for several years." The most notable artists were Sayer, and a young man, James Gillray, who afterward shone as the greatest of all British caricaturists. Fox himself once observed that Sayer's caricatures had done him more mischief than all the attacks made on him in Parliament or by the press. Walpole incidentally speaks of the "cartloads of abuse and satiric prints" which were current at the time. The Duke of Portland, as being a mere cipher in the hands of others, naturally came in for his full share of derision. It was one of the many jokes which were flung at him, that the duke was "a fit block to hang Whigs on." The duke's elevation, remarked George Selwyn, reminded him of the old Puritan tract, "A shove to an heavy-breeched Christian." "The nation," writes Walpole, "certainly did not call for his Grace, who, till his nomination to Ireland, scarce an hundred men knew to exist. He has lived in ducal dudgeon, with half a dozen toad-eaters, secluded from mankind behind the ramparts of Burlington wall, and overwhelmed

by debts, without a visible expense of two thousand pounds a year."

Considering the broad differences of opinion and principle which existed between the king and Fox, their personal intercourse seems to have been conducted in a much more friendly manner than might reasonably have been anticipated. "The king," writes Fox, on the 18th of April, "continues to behave with every degree of civility, and sometimes even with cordiality;" and again he writes, on the 26th of July: "No peerages, no marks of support, but civility enough." Lord Holland, indeed, charges the king with missing no opportunity of "twitting" his minister on the subject of the treaty of peace, but, as far as we have been able to discover, on no better authority than the following extracts from the king's letters:

The King to the Right Hon. Charles J. Fox.

"WINDSOR, July 19, 1783, $\frac{m}{40}$ p^t 7 A. M.

"Every difficulty in conducting peace this country has alone itself to blame [for]. After the extraordinary and never to be forgot vote of February, 1782,[1] and the hurry for negotiation that

[1] The king evidently alludes to General Conway's motion in the House of Commons on the 27th of February, 1782, for discontinuing the American war; a motion which was carried against Lord North's ministry by 234 votes against 215. He told Lord North at one of their recent interviews that "since the vote respecting the American war" he had felt the greatest indifference on political subjects.

after ensued, it is no wonder that our enemies, seeing our spirit so fallen, have taken advantage of it."

The King to the Same.

"WINDSOR, August, 1783, $\frac{m}{48}$ p^t 9 A. M.

"I cannot say that I am so surprised at France not putting the last strokes to the definitive treaty so soon as we may wish; as our having totally disarmed, in addition to the extreme anxiety shown for peace during the whole period that has ensued [since] the end of February, 1782, certainly makes her feel that she can have no reason to apprehend any evil from so slighting a proceeding."

The King to the Same.

(Extract.)

"WINDSOR, September 7, 1783, 7 A. M.

"Nothing can be more avowed than the desertion of the court of Lisbon; but after Lisbon has so much lowered herself, can any one be surprised that courts treat her accordingly?

"G. R."

That the king, when the subject of American independence happened to be touched upon, may have occasionally given vent to an irritable expression is not improbable. It was a subject which, so long as he retained his reason, never failed to occasion him the most poignant mortification, and accordingly we are assured that Fox, in his inter-

course with his sovereign, ever sedulously avoided the topic. We are further assured that Fox did his utmost to conciliate the king; nor was George the Third insensible to the consideration shown him by his minister. Long afterward he volunteered the admission that Fox had at least behaved to him like a gentleman, and he added — in reference apparently to the treatment which he formerly experienced at the hands of George Grenville, and of the Duke of Bedford — that it was no slight consideration to have to deal with gentlemen.[1]

[1] "It has always been my opinion," writes Fox, "and, I believe, always will be, that power (whether over a people or a king) obtained by gentle means, by the good-will of the person to be governed, and, above all, by degrees, rather than by a sudden exertion of strength, is in its nature more durable and firm than any advantage that can be obtained by contrary means." "The king's conduct toward the coalition ministry," writes Sir Walter Scott, "was equally candid, open, and manly. He used no arts to circumvent or deceive the counsellors whom he unwillingly received into the Cabinet; nor did he, on the other hand, impede their measures by petty opposition. While they were ministers he gave them the full power of their situation; not affecting, at the same time, to conceal that they were not those whose assistance he would voluntarily have chosen."

END OF VOLUME III.

APPENDIX.

The Right Hon. Joseph Planta to the Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker.

"BLITHFIELD LODGE, LITCHFIELD, Nov. 17, 1836.

"MY DEAR CROKER: — Your first question is, 'Did Queen Charlotte understand and enjoy the delicacies of the table, — meat, wine, etc.?' In answer to which I beg leave to say that Queen Charlotte fully understood everything that related to domestic life, and consequently could regulate a table to the most minute item. She could, moreover, enjoy and appreciate what was placed before her; but she was not in the slightest degree a *gourmande*, and could and did equally relish the simplest food.

"Your second question is, 'Had Madame Schwellenberg[1] any real influence?' The answer I have received to this is,[2] that it is too important

[1] The famous "Cerbera" of Madame D'Arblay's Diaries.

[2] The "answers" to this, and to Mr. Croker's other inquiries, were no doubt obtained from Miss Planta, who for many years was most confidentially employed about the person of Queen

a question to answer on an uncertainty; but you may depend upon what follows as the truth. Madame Schwellenberg had no political influence whatever. The weight she had with the queen was confined to her Majesty's domestic arrangements. In these Madame S. certainly exercised considerable sway, and was, in short, so despotic, that she was better served, and more attended to, than the queen herself. Her servant, Robère (as she called him), always waited at the step of her door, that she might not have to ring a bell; and a very constant expression of hers was, that if such and such a thing was good enough for her Majesty, it was not good enough for her.

"Your third query is, 'Did the equerries of George the Third ever dine with their Majesties at Windsor?' To this I am answered, that with the answer to this question such equerries, as might be alive, might not be pleased, as they would probably wish to have it supposed that they had had the honour of dining with his Majesty. From which it clearly appears that they never did dine with their Majesties.

"What do you say to Charles the Tenth's death? It is as well, is it not? and Louis

Charlotte. "Miss Planta's post in the Court Calendar," writes Miss Burney, in 1786, "is that of English teacher; but, it seems to me, that of personal attendant upon the two eldest princesses. She is with them always when they sup, work, take their lessons, or walk."

Philippe's son will never reign? That is my idea of the probabilities. Another failure of our Downing Street policy is at Lisbon, the very centre (as it should be at least) of our foreign policy and influence! Oh! what would our dear late friend,[1] who made his most eloquent effort on Portugal, have said if he had [thought] such things possible for England? Three hundred marines landed! to be recalled again in the evening at the dictation of a rascally rabble of national guard!

"Ever yours,

"J. PLANTA."

Original Letters from George the Third to Viscount Weymouth.

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Nov. 24, 1775, p^t^ 11 A. M.

"LORD WEYMOUTH: — Lists of successions from Ireland of so old dates must rather surprise you, and I think it right, therefore, just to mention the cause of the delay. Major Dundas, of the 15th Light Dragoons, having applied, on the number of lieutenant-colonels to the regiments in Ireland proving unfit for service when called upon to go with their corps to America, I directed that he must be recommended to one of the regiments, unless, [by] Lieutenant-Colonel Meadows's exchanging from the 12th Light Dragoons for one of those lieutenant-colonelcies, Dundas could be

[1] George Canning.

recommended to succeed him. Lord Harcourt has never explained that affair, till the letter you communicated to me the day before yesterday; therefore the delay comes from Ireland. I have drawn the lists, that you may order the commissions to be prepared. As some of the lists come to be notified by the secretary at war, the regiments being now on the British establishment, I have, therefore, sent those to him; consequently, the whole proposed by the lord lieutenant has been consented to.

"Lord Barrington does not object to his recommending ensigns for the additional companies of the 53d, 54th, and 27th Regiments, as proposed in the lord lieutenant's letter of the 2d November.

"The lists of successions transmitted on the 14th of November are perfectly regular. The commissions must, therefore, in consequence, be prepared."

[No date.]

"Lord Weymouth: — I desire you will consult Lord Granby, Lord Barrington, and Major-General Hervey on the enclosed report of the court martial; as you did when the two soldiers were tried on the former occasion."

[No date.]

"I am extremely glad to find the law proceedings will now begin to move; the more so on

account of the resolution come to at the meeting last night, which meets my thorough approbation."

"St. James's, May 24, 1778, $\frac{m}{15}$ p^t 11 A. M.

"Lord Weymouth: — I transmit you the letter I received yesterday from Lord North, with a copy of my answer, and the letter I received from him in the evening; also the draft of one I propose sending him to-morrow. I desire you will bring them after the drawing-room this day. I wish to see you before my conversation with the attorney-general. Do not come later than three."

"Kew, May 25, 1778.

"Lord Weymouth: — Probably, before you receive this, you will have seen Mr. Thurlow,[1] and had a full account of what passed between us. I desire you will come here to-morrow a little before two. I shall expect you in your undress.

"*P. S.* The enclosed is a copy of the letter I have sent to Lord North, which I desire you will return in one of the black boxes."[2]

[1] Thurlow, at this time attorney-general, was constituted lord chancellor on the 3d of the following month, and created Baron Thurlow.

[2] "Agreeably to your recommendation, I have told the attorney-general that I mean to accompany the Great Seal by the reversion of a tellership and a floating pension." This is most probably the letter referred to by the king, though it may possibly have been another letter, written by him to Lord North on the same day on which he writes to Lord Weymouth (May 25th) relative to a motion of Sir William Meredith's in the House of Commons for papers relative to the state of the navy.

"KEW, May 31, 1778.

"LORD WEYMOUTH:—As it is necessary that you should, as early as possible, be acquainted with every political transaction, I enclose you a letter I received last evening from Lord Suffolk, the copy of the solicitor-general's[1] letter, which I thought too material to return without receiving that, and my answer, in consequence, which was meant to be civil, and, in the present unexplained situation, to be cautious. You will return them when you come to court."

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, Novr. 20, 1778, $\frac{m}{20}$ p^t 8 A. M.

"Lord Weymouth is desired to send his opinion whether there is any objection to communicate the three letters which have passed since those seen last week; also whether Lord Suffolk knows Lord Weymouth has perused them, as I wish to be correct in the whole of my conduct.[2]

"Did anything occur at the meeting yesterday concerning the speech, or any other point?"

[1] Alexander Wedderburn. On the 11th of the following month he was appointed to succeed Thurlow as attorney-general.

[2] The letters alluded to by the king have probably reference either to Lord North's earnest entreaties, at this time, to be allowed to resign the premiership, or else to Lord Barrington's resignation of the post of secretary at war, which, on the 16th of the following month, was conferred upon Charles Jenkinson, afterward Earl of Liverpool. "I authorise you," writes the king to Lord North, on the 24th of November, "to offer the place of secretary at war in the first place to Mr. Jenkinson, and, if he declines, to Lord Beauchamp."

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, April 5, 1779.

"Lord Weymouth's draft to Sir Joseph Yorke, I would fain hope, must open the eyes of the States General, or at least convince them that it is worthy of mature consideration whether the town of Amsterdam, at the instigation of France, is not plunging them into a very untoward scene, and for which they are by no means prepared."

Original Letters from William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, to Thomis Hollis, Esq.

[From the prominent part which Lord Chatham has played in a large portion of these pages, the author is induced to lay before the reader the following letters, or rather notes, addressed by that great man to the eccentric, and once well-known philanthropist, virtuoso, and antiquary, Thomas Hollis, Esq., of Corscombe, in Dorsetshire. The originals are in the possession of Edgar Disney, Esq., of the Hyde, Essex, by whose kindness the author is enabled to introduce them into his work.]

THOMAS HOLLIS, whose ardent attachment to civil and religious liberty, and whose princely encouragement of literature and the fine arts are still remembered in other countries besides England, was born in London on the 14th of April, 1720. In the partial language of a contemporary,

"he was a man formed on the severe and exalted plan of ancient Greece, in whom was united the humane and disinterested virtue of Brutus, with the active and determined spirit of Sidney; illustrious in his manner of using an ample fortune, not by spending it in the parade of life which he despised, but by assisting the deserving, and encouraging the arts and sciences, which he promoted with great zeal and affection, knowing the love of them leads to moral and intellectual beauty; was a warm and strenuous advocate in the cause of public liberty and virtue, and for the rights of human nature and private conscience. His humanity and generosity were not confined to the small spot of his own country. He sought for merit in every part of the globe, considering himself as a citizen of the world, but concealed his acts of munificence, being contented with the consciousness of having done well." Horace Walpole, also, — in summing up the names of the few persons of note in England, in 1769, who had avowedly embraced republican principles, — speaks in very favourable terms of Hollis as "a gentleman of strict honour and good fortune, a virtuoso, and so bigoted to his principles, that, though a humane and good man, he would scarce converse with any man who did not entirely agree with his opinions. He had no parts, but spent large sums in publishing prints and editions of all the heroes and works on his own side of the question. But he was

formed to adorn a pure republic, not to shine in a depraved monarchy."

Among other works printed, at a great expense, by Hollis, were the political writings of Milton, Algernon Sidney, and James Harrington. According to his biographer, the story of his life was a mere catalogue of generous and public-spirited actions, there being few useful or benevolent institutions of which he was not a member and a benefactor. The British Museum was indebted to him for many valuable gifts. The library at Berne was enriched by him with a valuable collection of English books, which he presented anonymously. To Harvard College, in the United States, he was not only a munificent benefactor in his lifetime, but, by his will, bequeathed £500 to the college library, to be laid out in books.

The high opinion entertained by Hollis of the splendid talents of Lord Chatham, as well as gratitude for his exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty, were probably the original occasions of his making the acquaintance of the Great Commoner. This high opinion, however, became twice temporarily affected, once in 1761, by Mr. Pitt accepting a pension for himself and a peerage for Lady Chatham; and again in 1766, when the man of the people deserted the House of Commons for a coronet. On this latter occasion, the indignation of Hollis, at what he regarded as the apostasy of his idol, appears not only to have

been excessive, but to have been the cause of the discontinuance of their correspondence from that time till the month of October, 1772. For instance, to Edmund Quincy, Junior, at Boston, Hollis writes, on the 1st October, 1766, that it is with the "deepest concern" that he has seen the "recent unparalleled prostitution and apostasy of the once magnanimous and almost divine ——, who is now totally lost in parchment and Buteism;" and he adds, "The Thane [Bute] exults prodigiously on the occasion; and he and all his mongrels are, in reality, in full scent and cry to run him down with some present shows of deference and power toward him, lest he should retreat again before he had done dirty work enough in public to render his character in all respects utterly irretrievable. Unhappy man! to have survived his own matchless administration, and his speech for the repeal of the Stamp Act." On another occasion [6th February, 1767] Hollis speaks of Lord Chatham as "Lieutenant Turnover, acting as commander-in-chief, at this present, by permission of White-rose, the favourite [Bute], who would be thought retired."

The following few brief particulars, relating to Hollis, have been kindly communicated to the author from a private and most trustworthy source.

"I am sorry to say I cannot remember any anecdotes of Mr. Hollis worth your having. Such trifles, however, as I can call to mind I will write down.

"Did you ever hear that, when his lodgings in London were on fire, the only thing that he thought of saving was the portrait of John Milton, now at the Hyde? This he did far more out of admiration of his political opinions than on account of the grandeur of his genius as a poet.

"He adopted Brutus's dagger and the cap of liberty as symbols of his republican opinions, as represented on the pedestal of the marble bust of him at the Hyde.

"In a strange whim, he named some of his fields after Grecian and Roman patriots and heroes, such as Brutus and Alcibiades; and even after abstract things, such as reason and liberty.

"His finale was his burial by torchlight — as some said, in republican humility — in one of his fields. Others thought this eccentricity savoured more of vanity, but, odd as he was, I believe he was sincere."

Mr. Hollis's death took place at his seat in Dorsetshire, on the 1st of January, 1774, seventeen days after the date of the last note addressed to him by Lord Chatham. He was talking to his workmen in one of his fields at Corscombe, when he fell down in a fit and expired.

I.

"Octr. 9, 1761.

"Mr. Pitt presents his compliments and sincere acknowledgments to Mr. Hollis; is justly proud

of such a testimony, and trusts that the manly and the virtuous will not condemn retreat, when the means of acting to good and worthy purposes are at an end." [1]

II.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, May 5, 1762.

"Mr. Pitt presents his compliments to Mr. Hollis, returns him many most sincere thanks for the favour of his obliging note, and trusts he will be persuaded that Mr. Pitt feels infinitely more satisfaction and pride from the very friendly and kind opinion of Mr. Hollis, than from all the expressions of his Holyness." [2]

[1] This note is in reply to a complimentary one from Hollis, dated the 7th October, 1761, two days after Mr. Pitt's resignation of office. "At the time of writing this letter," writes Hollis (MS.), "I was ignorant of the pension of £3,000 a year, granted to Mr. Pitt, etc. It is true, I wish this pension had not been accepted; but yet, it can never be considered as an equivalent for his services; or as taken by him from any other motive than as subsistence money."

[2] This is an allusion to a letter addressed to Mr. Hollis by Thomas Jenkins, dated Rome, April 17, 1762, the contents of which had evidently been communicated to Lord Chatham. "People here were astonished to hear of our great success at Martinico, which had been represented by the French and their friends as impossible. The Pope told an English gentleman, a Mr. Weld, of Dorsetshire, who was introduced to him on Tuesday last, that the taking of Martinico was so unexpected an event, that, if not so well attested, it could not have been believed; and that the glory of the English nation was now at such a height that he, the Pope himself, should have esteemed it an honour to be an Englishman. The plan for taking Martinico was, if I mistake not, Mr. Pitt's."

III.

"HAYES, Novr. 19, 1764.

"Accept, dear sir, my best acknowledgments for your obliging trouble in forwarding the parcel from him who is now no more.[1] How affecting the circumstance! and how endeared this monument of his esteem! '*Debitâ spargam lachrymâ favillam.*' Your friendly heart must, I know, partake the friendly duty. I am with the warmest sentiments of esteem and consideration, dear sir,

"Your faithful friend and most humble servant,

"WILLIAM PITT."

IV.

"BOND STREET, Tuesday, Jany. 21 [1766].[2]

"Mr. Pitt sends all thanks and respects to Mr. Hollis, strengthened by his concurrence, animated by his approbation.

[1] Count Francesco Algarotti, chamberlain to the King of Prussia, F. R. S. and A. S. S. He dedicated to Mr. Pitt his work, the "Saggio sopra l'Opera in Musica," and to Mr. Hollis his "Saggio sopra l'Academia di Francia che è in Roma." The latter had conceived a great affection for him, and was a warm admirer of his accomplishments and virtues. The count died at Pisa, 24th June, 1763. This note is in reply to a short one from Hollis, dated 14th November, 1764, the copy of which is indorsed by him, "On sending him a parcel, which was forwarded from Leghorn, April 16, by Count Algarotti, containing the first two volumes of a new edition of his work printed there this year, which parcel came not to my hands until this day."

[2] This note was written at a period of considerable excitement.

"He trusts that his sons will grow up to feel that the head of Phocion,[1] sent to Burton-Pynsent from the heart of a Hollis, will ever stand the proudest ornament of our house. The dissertation is indeed masterly."

V.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Octobr. ye 1st, 1772.

"DEAR SIR: — Your very kind attentions bestow equal pleasure and honour on one who will be too happy to revisit, under the same polite and benevolent auspices, beauties which have left lively impressions. I understand the mayor's day at Lyme is to fall in the course of next week, and, moreover, some engagements do not leave me master of my time before Monday, ye 12th October. If that day should suit Mr. Hollis's convenience, I will give myself the satisfaction of meeting him at Axminster that evening, and hope to have the pleasure of travelling with him the next morning from beauty to beauty, according to the pleasing route he has been so good to point out. I am much indebted to Mr. Tucker and Mr. Coude for the obliging offer of lodging me; but we found, upon examining, the chambers of the inn such as, for one night, not to wish any other. Lady Chatham desires to present her best compli-

[1] An antique bas-relievo in Oriental alabaster purchased for him [Hollis] some years before for twenty guineas by Mr. Jackson out of the Palazzo Lancellotti at Rome.

ments, and the young people, who feel honoured by such mention of them, beg to offer theirs.

"I am with truest esteem and perfect consideration, dear sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"CHATHAM."

VI.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Octr. 7, 1772.

"DEAR SIR: — Abundance of real thanks for the polite attention of your kind letter, which assures me of the pleasure of meeting you on Monday evening at Axminster. If weather proves favourable, nothing will be wanting to render the jaunt delightful. The great master of the picture will, I trust, bestow the finest lights to view it in. What you tell me of the partial disposition of the worthy people of Lyme is justly valued and felt; but let me add, what I do not hesitate to confess, that the sentiments with which you honour me, and the value you attribute to my past efforts, leave hardly room in my heart for other sensations.

"Lady Chatham desires to present her best compliments, and many thanks for the favour of the hare.

"I am with the highest esteem, dear sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

"CHATHAM."

VII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Octr. ye 21st, 1772.

"Mr. Hollis is desired to accept many sincere acknowledgments for his kind attention in sending Mr. Bowring, a man of excellent understanding, in his way; a living Museum Rusticum; more especially a true son of Pan, and consummate in sheep.

"Lady Chatham desires to present her best compliments. Our young people are flattered and alarmed with the thought of exhibiting to Mr. Hollis their puerile powers of the scene. Bold is the attempt; but papa and mama, who, not undelighted, rock this cradle of Tragedy, exhort them to dismiss their fears. Mr. Hollis will allow them to send timely notice of the performance, and he will, by his presence, give much real pleasure and honour to old and young at Burton-Pynsent."[1]

VIII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Saturday, Octr. 31 [1772].

"Many compliments from Lord and Lady Chatham attend Mr. Hollis. They wish extremely for the pleasure of receiving him; and our adventurous youth aspire to have the honour of showing

[1] Indorsed by Hollis: "Delivered to Farmer John Bowring, who had been at Burton by desire of Lord Chatham, to view his lordship's estate there, in order to the better management of it."

him somewhat of the inside of their little theatre. Wednesday next is fixed for displaying it, and if Mr. Hollis will be so good to accept on that day a dinner (at two o'clock), a well-aired bed at night, and a most cordial welcome, he will bestow a high satisfaction on his humble servants, old and young."

IX.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Nov. 26, 1772.

"Lord and Lady Chatham's best compliments attend Mr. Hollis, together with abounding thanks for the honour of his kind note. The large approbation he is so good to express of the novitiate of the small tragedians, could not but touch sensibly, and powerfully animate, the various parties concerned in a picture, drawn in the spirit of Athens or Rome, and which would have been flattering, whenever applied, in either. Old and young all beg to offer their united grateful acknowledgments for sentiments so partial.

"Lady Chatham claims with pleasure her right to add her special portion of thanks for the favour of the basket of game.

"Lord Chatham will peruse with avidity the publications of the honest New Englanders; genuine fruits of unsophisticated, masculine good sense, and of virtue uncorrupted."[1]

[1] This note is a reply to an adulatory letter from Hollis to Lord Chatham, of which the following is a characteristic extract:

X.

Lady Chatham to Mr. Hollis.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Decr. 10, 1772,
past three o'clock.

"Honest Farmer Bowring, wishing to return as soon as may be, Lady Chatham desires to offer these hasty and very sincere acknowledgments to Mr. Hollis for the honour of his most obliging attention. He will not wonder, if he should not be forgot at the convivial board to which we are just sitting down, and that the Lipari of Old England[1] (his kind present of the day) should be destined to flow in grateful libations to his truly honoured name.

"Thomas Hollis has the honour to present his best compliments and thanks to Lord and Lady Chatham for their kind reception of him at Burton-Pynsent, and for the very singular and truly elegant entertainment of which they were pleased to make him partaker; an entertainment that he never thinks of but with applauses and wonder! Plutarch himself, that refined good man, had he seen it, must have been delighted, and given equal rank, at once, to the family of Chatham with the Gracchi. He requests the favour of Lady Chatham, to accept a basket of game [a hare, a pheasant, and two brace of woodcocks], and he begs his most particular respects and acknowledgments to Lord Pitt, Lady Hester, Lady Harriot, and the two younger gentlemen. It is hard to say in what way this astonishing young set would show themselves in comedy, should they take to it."

[1] A "quarter barrel" of mead, which had been sent by Hollis to Burton-Pynsent, with the following note: "Thomas Hollis has the honour to present his compliments respectfully to Lady Chatham, and to request her ladyship's obliging acceptance of a small barrel of mead, which has been brewed these thirty years."

"Lord Chatham, who has a fit of the gout, though not of the most severe, desires to join in all sentiments of respectful esteem, and warm good wishes. The young people beg to offer their best compliments."

XI.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Decr. ye 29th, 1772.

"Lord and Lady Chatham desire to inquire after Mr. Hollis's health, and to offer him all the old-fashioned, kind remembrances of the season; which they trust he will accept, not as compliments, but real good wishes.

"Lord Chatham admires and loves Mr. Tucker's sermon before the respectable body of the Massachusetts; the divine Sydney rendered practical, and the philosophic Locke more demonstrative! What a model for the 30th of January,[1] did not visions of mitres and translations hide these things from the eyes of court apostles!

"Gout has made a visit, and seems kindly taking leave."

XII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Jany. 4, 1773.

"Accept, my dear sir, very many sincere thanks for the trouble you are so good to take about my farming cares, and for the kind manner in which you employ your pen upon a rural administration

[1] The anniversary of the execution of Charles the First.

lying at present in little less disorder than that in higher places. I taste much the very friendly and solid advice you so obligingly suggest, to let a part, or the whole, of my land here; and shall certainly [adopt] this prudent idea, as soon as some plans of amusement, more than profit, are somewhat farther advanced. One principal object, in the class of amusement, I want first to complete, and this is, an easy and agreeable communication around the whole farm for my riding, and for the little chaise, as Lady Chatham is, as well as my daughters, very fond of this commodious and healthful way of taking air and exercise.

"Whenever I shall carry into execution the letting part of the estate, Moretown, I cannot wish a more desirable tenant than John Petty; of whose skill in farming, and of whose integrity, I do not think the worse on account of his bucolic orthography.[1] His handwriting is very good; his youth

[1] Lord Chatham, having found farming a not very profitable speculation, would appear to have requested Hollis to consult with John Bowring, and recommend him a person for "bailie." Accordingly Hollis writes back, that Bowring recommends a young man, named John Petty, the son of a substantial farmer, and most respectable Protestant Dissenter, who is willing to be security to the amount of a thousand pounds for his son, if required. At the same time, Hollis delicately suggests whether it would not be more to Lord Chatham's advantage to let the whole, or part of his estate; the elder Petty being quite willing to rent it, and to put in his son, John Petty, as tenant to the earl. "Tenants of character in these times," he writes, "you could not want. Impositions, and vexations numberless, you would forego. Profit you would reap; and hay, corn, butter,

is compensated by the sobriety of his disposition, and by good training under the eye of a father, a substantial, honest, knowing farmer. I should be glad to see John Petty, together with good Master Bowring (whose heartiness and good farming sense charm me), whenever it may best suit their convenience, and propose to settle with John Petty to come as bailie, to act under my friend Bowring's advice. My present bailie is to go from me at Lady Day.

"I now blush, my dear sir, to cast my eye back over this length of small businesses, with which your goodness allows me to trouble you; and that, too, before one of the most interesting articles of your kind letter, your own health. I trust all the worst of a cold so violent is over; and I should be freed from anxiety on the subject by what you say of your convalescence, if I did not know that the care of yourself is the least likely to employ your thoughts. I hope, however, you will be more careful of a thing, which, from the generous use

cheese, milk, cattle, you might receive from the tenants at fixed market-price; cheaper far, it is probable, than your lordship, or most other noblemen or gentlemen, could raise them. My lord, I hope I am not too free; but the subject draws me with a hearty, downright good-will." "May every superior felicity," concludes Hollis, "attend the family at Burton-Pynsent — a Non-such — and your lordship be preserved to us long, a pillar of cloud and of fire, to go before and lead these nations, and their elected family, the way through those difficulties and dangers which surround them, and which no Englishman nor Irishman could ever have had the heart to seek out!"

you make of life, is not, most evidently, to be considered as your own.

"All here unite in warm wishes, that health, and the blessings known to the ingenuous, noble, and benevolent, may be ever yours. I am, with respectful and affectionate esteem, dear sir,

"Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

"CHATHAM."

XIII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Jan. 5, 1772.

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir, for the speedy arrival of my trusty friend, Bowring, who has just left me to pass the evening with Mr. Speke. Bowring's discretion went so far as to drop his fellow traveller, John Petty, at the inn at Curry, lest so sudden an apparition might cause too much speculation among those whom it may concern. This piece of circumspection is the cause of my having nothing as yet to say on those letters of recommendation, as Lord Bacon terms it, the outside of John Petty. I am to see the young man to-morrow morning, and have, in a manner, previously settled matters with my friend Bowring, in pursuance of your judicious advice.

"I mean to fix the day for Petty's coming for the 1st of February, which period will allow time for early fairs for cattle. Other considerations also are strong for putting an end to present misrule. A parting bailie cannot be too soon parted with. I

have proposed for the outset of my new governor, £25 per annum, lodging and board, which, I imagine, will satisfy; and I would gladly have all parties pleased.

"The friendliness and hearty good-will of your honest Dorsetshire farmers, in my favour, flatter me highly, and nourish some reflections solidly pleasing to my mind. The good tidings contained in your kind letter, relating to your health, rejoice me greatly; and the vivâ voce testimony of honest master John Bowring, to the same effect, was an additional satisfaction. Believe me, dear sir, with every sentiment of highest regard,

"Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

"CHATHAM.

"*P.S.* My present shepherd is a very old servant of the place, and an honest fellow; no favourite of the reigning powers.

"I have seen John Petty this morning, and like him well. His looks bespeak order and rule, with ingenuous plainness. Shoulders fit to bear the weight of more acres than mine!"

XIV.

"Wednesday, ½ past one, Feb. 3, 1773.

"MY DEAR SIR: — The instructive conference with my honest counsellors is just broke up. I am greatly edified by the intelligence of both, in the respective characters of their minds. The gift of utterance is with Master Petty. More clearness

and sagacity I have rarely seen; Master Bowring, no way behind in native sense, and overflowing with heartiness and zeal. Your goodness in giving me this profitable, and, to my mind, pleasing acquaintance, is a very real obligation, added to no short list of friendly offices treasured in memory.

"The account of your inflammation of the lungs alarms still, though past. Some retrospects cannot be viewed but with sensible pain. Let it, my dear sir, I beseech you, serve for a useful lesson of caution for the future. Nothing so dangerous as a sudden revulsion of humours, tending downward, especially by wetting the feet. I must not delay my parting guests by indulging, as I wish, the pleasure of conversing with you.

"Boston is, I find, in a high ferment of spirit. The town meeting has honoured me, by order, with their resolutions printed. These worthy New England men feel as Old England ought to do. If rights and liberty were truly dear here, they could not be opposed there. Virtues would not be crimes, even in the eyes of courtiers. Corrupt as the times are, God only knows the issue.[1]

"Lady Chatham presents her best compliments,

[1] Hollis writes to Lord Chatham, Feb. 15, 1773: "I shall take the liberty to send your lordship another New England publication, the title of which is at present forgotten, though reprinted in England by my means. It contains, among other matters, a political dissertation, first inserted in a Boston newspaper, which is thought to be a beauty, and shows fully the genius, and general turn of thinking, of the present North Americans."

and the youth, you favour so highly, beg to offer their respects. I am, with warmest esteem and consideration, dear sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient,

"CHATHAM."

XV.

(In Lady Chatham's handwriting.)

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Wednesday, March 31, 1773.

"Lord Chatham cannot let good master Henry Petty return, without making him the bearer of all respects and thankful acknowledgments to Mr. Hollis, for the interest he most kindly takes in his recovery.[1]

"The friendly gout now seems returning to its due course, after being checked by the sore throat and fever, which came across, and much disturbed nature in her intended operations. He rejoices much in Mr. Hollis's perfect health, and was pleased to hear of him ranging the wholesome heights of Dorset, breathing pure morning air, and looking down with regret, like the guardian spirit in 'Comus,' —

"'On the rank vapour of this sin-worn world.'

[1] "Farmer Bowring and the elder Petty seem to have been charmed with Lady Chatham's good sense and condescension. To Lord Chatham, Hollis writes, on the 14th of April following: "Farmer Petty and Mr. Bowring are full of the praises of Lady Chatham. 'She is a woman of business, too,' cried Farmer Petty. 'What a fine creature to breed out of!' replied Farmer Bowring."

Lord Chatham hopes the prolongation of Mr. Hollis's stay at Urles will more firmly establish the health he now enjoys.

"Master Henry Petty is the most intelligent of men in his way. The son promises not to degenerate from the sire; is active, provident, and always in his business. It is not doubted but he will prove a complete bailiff.

"The secretary, Lady Chatham, desires to assure Mr. Hollis of her best compliments and all good wishes. The young family beg to be allowed to join in the same."

XVI.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, April ye 13th, 1773.

"I flatter myself, my dear sir, that an account of my advances toward health will not be uninteresting at Urles, upon which place, I am happy to hear, that blessing smiles. I am recovering, thank God, apace, and hope soon to have strength to mount my steed. In the meantime, I air daily, some hours, in my coach.

"I am led also by your kind friendship to talk to you of another matter, not less near to me than myself, and my own health. This matter is the instruction of Lord Pitt in military science, to which his mind strongly calls him. Will you allow me, then, without further apology or preface, as between friend and friend, to jump at once to my request of your advice and assistance?

Captain Kennedy, the very short taste of whose acquaintance at Lyme struck me extremely, together with his distinguished reputation as an officer, and your knowledge of his many accomplishments, is the object of this letter.

"Pitt has an ardent desire to be instructed in fortification; is well grounded in mathematics; and has an aptness to use the pencil. Where could this laudable desire to be initiated into the scientific branch of war be so advantageously satisfied, as under the instructions of Captain Kennedy, could it be possible to obtain such a particular favour? I am in no way entitled to take the liberty to sound this respectable veteran on the subject. Your advice and assistance, my dear sir, is my only resource, which I shall be highly indebted by being honoured with. Should my most earnest wish, in this very interesting affair, be favourably received by Captain Kennedy, Pitt might pass some time at Lyme; and perhaps, if his health permits, Captain Kennedy might be prevailed with to do me the honour to pass a month in the summer at Burton-Pynsent, where the pleasure of his company would be sure to give very real pleasure. My coach, too, would always be at his command to convey him, from time to time, to Lyme, as often as he pleased.[1]

[1] The allusions to "Captain Kennedy," in this letter, will be best explained by the following extract of a letter from Hollis to Lord Chatham, dated April 14, 1773: "It is apprehended," he

"I feel how great a freedom I am taking with Mr. Hollis; but the name, which implies all kind offices to man, and to me in the largest measure, assures me of forgiveness, and forbids more excuses.

"Lady Chatham desires to present her best compliments, and our young Academy beg to offer theirs.

writes, "that in point of ability as an engineer, experience and skill as an officer, and general accomplishments as a gentleman, Mr. Kennedy is the very man to initiate, guide on, Lord Pitt, in his laudable design of outline knowledge in the manner figured by your lordship; that Mr. Kennedy will be proud of such an *élève*, and feel the great honour of your lordship's confidence and trust in him; that, if it shall be necessary, he will receive Lord Pitt into his house, and treat him there, in a plain real way, with a fit decorum and respect; that he will accept cheerfully, and with highest content, satisfaction, and gratitude, and, rather with the need of it, any 'honorary' with which your lordship shall think proper to reward him." Kennedy is described by Hollis as a "great invalid," with "some peculiarities of disposition;" as wedded to the "pure and benign air" of Lyme Regis, and that probably he "could not, would not think it safe to remove from it, on any consideration, no not even for a month." "In the house with Mr. Kennedy," adds Hollis, "lives Mrs. ——, of many years his mistress: it is probable for convenience, and little else. She is a comely person, about thirty; sensible, clean, an excellent housekeeper, and somewhat given to prate and to village consequence and scandal, to which the acuteness, turn, humour, irony, of her colleague, have, in a principal degree, led her on. Six years of the flower of my life have I devoted to see 'many cities and many men's manners,' and, before and since, have turned over many books ancient and modern, but never, through my whole observation, have I met the character of Mr. Kennedy." Hollis mentions, in this letter, that he had been intimately acquainted with Captain Kennedy since the year 1750, when they had met at Venice.

"I am, with highest esteem, my dear sir, your most obedient,

"And obliged humble servant,

"CHATHAM."

XVII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, April 18, 1773.

"DEAR SIR: — I have most gratefully felt, and maturely weighed, the various parts of your kind letter, in answer to my request.

"The lights therein contained, and the prudent advice so obligingly suggested, are ample to my purpose, and leave nothing to be desired on the head of information. As I understand you are to go to Lyme very shortly, I shall esteem it a most real favour, if you will break, and propose to Mr. Kennedy my earnest wishes and request, that Lord Pitt might receive from him the best lessons I can desire for him on that essential, but little understood branch of service by our young officers, fortification.

"I imagine that two or three months, under such able instruction, might suffice to give a general outline of that scientific branch, and that the principles of Vauban, for example, and the construction of various polygons, on that great man's propositions, might be very thoroughly gone through in that time; so as that afterward Lord Pitt might work with some utility by himself, till he goes out into the army. His mind is strongly

bent on the pursuit, and I am sure he will be a diligent disciple.

"If Mr. Kennedy's answer should be favourable, I propose that Lord Pitt should pass some months of the summer at Lyme, in a lodging, which shall be taken for him, if I should not arrange matters so as to come to that place myself, perhaps for a month. I hope to be able to send him, toward the latter end of May, but can fix nothing absolutely yet, as to the time.

"I have now, my dear sir, used very freely your indulgence in permitting me to trouble you; but knowing perfectly that you meant I should avail myself of your good offices, I will not add to your trouble by many excuses.

"Things seem hastening to a crisis at Boston. Their answer to Governor Hutchinson[1] contains many curious particulars, and is strongly reasoned, but the times are most adverse to their claims. Even the opposition deserted them, and the Whigs are offended, or take the pretext at the Bostonians raising the power of the Crown, at the expense of the authority of Parliament. I have ever found this thrown in my way, when I spoke in favour of these true sons of civil and religious liberty. I look forward to the time with very painful anxiety. The whole Constitution is a shadow. Toleration has been again proved a mockery. The Bishop of Lincoln's lawn is pure

[1] Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts.

and unspotted. I shall henceforth call him the Protestant bishop.[1]

"I am with perfect esteem, dear sir, your most obedient,

"And affectionate humble servant,

"CHATHAM.

"*P. S.* Lady Chatham desires her best compliments. Honest Bowring is delightful, and his rural encomiums more flattering than courtly compliments."

XVIII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, May ye 9th, 1773.

"Lord and Lady Chatham's compliments, best compliments, attend Mr. Hollis. They are anxious to know how his cold is, and will rejoice to learn that he no way suffered by the very kind visit with which he honoured them. The three days' silence since gives much satisfaction, as it signifies Mr. Tucker's consent. All wishes here are bent to taste, when practicable, the rare climate of Lyme out of England, though non-residence of the prebend will rob the place of a great part of its health-inspiring influence.

"The most ingenious and deep-reaching James Harrington is, as I conceived, express and full for a national, established religion. His authority is weighty, and my notions concerning some establishment are chiefly regulated by his principles.

[1] Dr. John Green. He died in 1779.

I only think he puts toleration, which has a right to be absolute, under too much control; for he subjects it to an appeal, in certain cases, to magistrates, and the council of religion, to determine in matters of private judgment and conscience.

"May I beg my compliments to Mr. Kennedy?"

XIX.

"LYME REGIS, Tuesday, past 8.

"Lord Chatham's best compliments and abundant thanks attend Mr. Hollis for the honour of his very kind inquiries after the health of Burton and the Lyme detachment. All, respectively, are, I thank God, well. The singular charms of humble rocks, from which we are just returned (William, Mr. Wilson,[1] and the writer of the note), fill our imaginations beyond expression, and balance the softer beauties of Pinney. Lyme Regis and its environs grow more and more into admiration.

"The rapid progress my young engineer makes under the admirable and kind instructions of his accomplished master, fills my mind with as much solid satisfaction and joy as the beauties of nature around us feed the eye with delight. We wish particularly for the benevolent friend and kind guide to all these pleasures and advantages.

[1] The Rev. Edward Wilson, private tutor to Lord Chatham's children, and afterward private tutor to William Pitt at the University of Cambridge. He died, in 1804, Rector of Binfield, in Berkshire, and a Canon of Windsor.

"The Riddle of Darkness will soon unfold itself, and save the labour of expounding."

XX.

"LYME REGIS, Tuesday Night, July 20, 1773.

"Many compliments attend Mr. Hollis from Lord Chatham. He is much mended by Lyme, the delicious; is going, for two or three days, to Burton, and hopes to have the satisfaction of carrying to Lady Chatham a good account of Mr. Hollis's health; tidings truly interesting on our hill. The young military goes on to my wish. Your friend, Mr. Kennedy, more than teaches; he inspires: such is the progress. How happy your kind aid to root and branch! Without it, one would have wanted the health-restoring air of Lyme, and the other, the unspeakable advantages of the most accomplished and most obliging of instructors.[1]

"Both the soldier and the lawyer beg to offer their respectful compliments."[2]

[1] To Lady Chatham Lord Chatham writes from Lyme Regis, on the 11th of June: "Mr. Hollis came to us on Wednesday, and contrived to show me more beauties in the course of yesterday than I could have discovered without him in a twelvemonth. Amidst all the beauties of creation his own mind holds, by far, the most prominent place. He is the happiest of beings by dispensing continually happiness to others."

[2] Lord Pitt, "the soldier," and William Pitt, "the lawyer," were severally pursuing their studies at Lyme Regis at this time.

XXI.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, July 29, 1773.

"What thanks to Mr. Hollis can be enough for giving [me] to read immortal Buchanan, *De Jure*, — a volume, small in bulk, but big in matter, — even all the length and breadth, depth and height, of that great argument, which the first geniuses, and master-spirits of the human race, have asserted so nobly. From him first, *ceu fonte perenni*, they have all drunk, and happiest who has drunk the deepest! Freedom looks down, well pleased, upon the happy spot, to contemplate the truest of her sons strewing the pious oak-leaf over the deathless memory of the long-departed Buchanan. Could a second have sprung from the same country, what humiliations would have been saved to poor England! May your journey to town be prosperous, and your return from the polluted capital be speedy!

"Lady Chatham presents her best compliments. She is just setting out for Lyme, to come back to-morrow.

"I have honoured my own name, as you so kindly wished."

XXII.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Sept^r. 12, 1773.

"All compliments and highest regards attend Mr. Hollis from Lord and Lady Chatham, ever

flattered by the honour of his kind attentions, and the favourable and friendly interest he is so good to take in all that concerns them. They rejoice in the continuance of Mr. Hollis's health, and that he has not put it to the trial ordeal of London in the dog-days. Whenever he goes, all warm good wishes accompany him from Burton-Pynsent. Our paper has not the letter signed 'Agricola.'[1] Lord Chatham proposes following the two boys to Lyme Regis, very shortly."

XXIII.

"Lyme Regis, Sunday, Sept^r. 18, 1773.

"Lord Chatham returns very many thanks to Mr. Hollis for the honour of his obliging inquiries, to which the soldier citizen and the lawyer of the Constitution beg to add their respectful acknowledgments. He left all at Burton-Pynsent well, yesterday morning, and had the satisfaction to find the detached party at Lyme Regis in perfect health also. His own health is good, some equinoctial sensations of gout excepted.

"All wishes unite under our roof, for the continuance of every felicity to Mr. Hollis.

"The letter signed 'Agricola' deserves all the kind sender of it said concerning it.[2] The happi-

[1] "The letter signed Agricola, author unknown, was inserted in the *S. J. C.* [*St. James's Chronicle*] of Sept. 4, 1773, and related to corn, nationally considered."

[2] "Thomas Hollis is sorry to send a dirty newspaper, scratched after the mode, to Lord Chatham; but the letter, signed Agricola,

est acquisition of new territory is increased cultivation. The plough is an amiable conqueror, and far outshines the sword of Alexander.

"'Omnis aratro
Dignus honos.'

"If Doctor Tucker should be open to treat for his house, I shall be desirous to take it, at an annual rent, furnished as it is, for a term of three years, with a clause of emption, at my option, at the end of that term. The sum for the purchase-money might be provisionally settled. Pardon this detail, which your goodness allows me to think not uninteresting to you."

XXIV.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Nov^r. 30, 1773.

"Lord Chatham, having his hands lame from gout, devolves to Lady Chatham the agreeable task of expressing to Mr. Hollis abundance of very sincere thanks for his most kind inquiry and friendly wishes for the health of Burton-Pynsent and more particularly for the recovery of William. The post of yesterday brought, thank God, a most comfortable account; he having been out in a carriage, and gaining strength every day.

appears to be of so important, sublime, and beneficent a nature, that he believes his lordship will not be displeased to see it, though it is scratched and dirty."

"Lord Chatham is greatly indebted to Mr. Hollis for the curious book, and for the permission to peruse it at leisure, after which it will be carefully returned.[1] The author and the recommender have excited no small impatience to read, as soon as gout allows.

"The winter suns and winter verdure of Lyme are truly comfortable; and we too can boast the brightening ray, and verdant sheep-walk upon our hill, as honest Bowring can testify, who gives us most real satisfaction by his good tidings of Mr. Hollis's perfect health."

XXV.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Saturday, Decr. 11, 1773.

"A thousand thanks attend Mr. Hollis from Lord Chatham, for the most valuable tract returned herewith. The noble author does honour to his age and country, and shows that old England could think and feel. The preface by the editor is superexcellent, and does not degenerate from the venerable chancellor, chief justice, and patriot of the days of Plantagenet.

"Gout still hangs and prevents the use of the pen. A filial secretary with pleasure employs her hand. Lady Chatham, together with the rest of

[1] "A treatise 'of the Revenue of the Kings of England,' by the celebrated Sir John Fortescue; with a preface by the late judge, Sir John Fortescue Acland."

the circle, desires to present all compliments and sincere good wishes.

"Accounts from William continue more and more favourable." [1]

XXVI.

Lady Chatham to T. Hollis.

"BURTON-PYNSENT, Decr. 15, 1773.

"Lady Chatham presents her best compliments to Mr. Hollis, and is extremely flattered by the honour of his very liberal present of hares from the sweet feed at Urles Hill, which gives them a very valued superiority.

"The expected traveller is not yet arrived, the day of his leaving London having been postponed; but to-morrow, it is hoped, will bring him safe, and with increased strength, to the ardent wishes of the whole family circle here. He will be made very proud and happy by the honour of Mr. Hollis's most obliging remembrance of him.

"Lady Chatham begs to present her best compliments to Mr. Hollis; rejoices much in the good account of his health, in which Lord Chatham, with all at Burton-Pynsent, join.

"Gout continues to linger, and has been at-

[1] Indorsed by Hollis: "Lady Hester or Lady Harriot Pitt, Burton-Pynsent, Dec. 11, 1773; received at Urles the same day by Farmer John Petty; answered Dec. 13th."

tended for three or four days past with cramps that are disagreeable." [1]

Mr. Hollis died on the 1st of January following the date of this letter.

[1] Indorsed by Hollis: "Lady Chatham, Burton Pynsent Dec. 15, 1773; received the same day at Urles. Having sent her ladyship a basket of game consisting of four hares and a woodcock."

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